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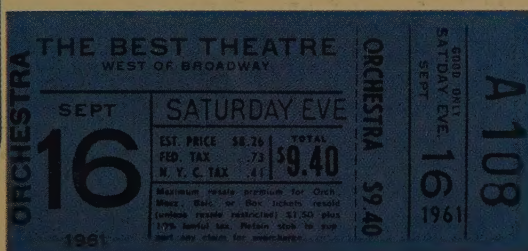
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SAFETY FILM



Henry Wolf

A Publisher's Note

The magazine industry is not flourishing. Important magazines have gone out of business in recent years, and others, among the oldest and the largest, are currently in trouble. Why, then, a new publication at such a time?

Since the demise of "Vanity Fair" a quarter of a century ago, there has been no all-embracing publication of culture and the arts, and particularly of the performing arts. It is the devout hope of the editors and myself that SHOW Magazine will fill this void. During the thirties, with depression at one end and war at the other, people were naturally preoccupied with matters other than the arts. It is hardly surprising that it was during this period that "Vanity Fair" faded away. But in the fabulous fifties art had a great renaissance: the new television industry, more than seven hundred art cinema houses throughout the country, some five thousand community theaters, the National Cultural Center in Washington and Lincoln Center in New York, the various legislative measures designed to support the arts. One cannot deny, too, that in recent years not a single art—from modern dance to gardening—has failed to possess a magazine in which to express itself. But why, when there are two pictorial magazines and three news magazines to encompass all the news, has there not been one magazine like SHOW to combine the arts? And in particular the dramatic arts of motion pictures and legitimate theater, which, until the advent of television, were hardly on speaking terms?

I believe there are two reasons why there has never been such a magazine. First, because Hollywood and New York have always been ideological enemies, the one catering too often to a twelve-year-old mentality, the other to the avant-garde and the intellectual snobs. Second, because if a potential publisher happened to thumb through either a typical fan magazine or one of the many stage, art, or dance magazines of the forties or fifties, there would have been little from an advertising or business standpoint to encourage him to rush into a new publishing venture. And then, television. So vast and all-encompassing that none of the performing arts can stand aloof either from it or henceforward from one another, television has become the great leveler. Not only does it bring the arts together under one roof, but it has accomplished an even greater feat—it has brought the arts and industry together, too. Capitalists can no longer turn up their noses at beatniks, lest they find themselves sponsoring a show about Greenwich Village. On the other hand, writers and artists who like to be "far out" can never

quite forget that Lorenzo de' Medici in the form of General Motors or the Hallmark Hall of Fame is standing at their elbow.

Is it simply the fact that television is the richest art in history that is important to the artist? No, one has to go further and remember *why* it is so rich—because it serves the largest audience in history, too. Herein lies a power for good or evil which cries out for creative criticism and the intellectual mirror of a publication in which the art which encompasses them all can take a good look at itself—and either laugh or cry. Possibly it is for the lack of such a mirror that television has fallen into such low repute that even the government has become aroused. But it is not only censure which this great new art needs but praise for the good things—for the magnificent shows which appear once and disappear forever in a sea of mediocrity. Does the television industry desire such self-appraisal? I hope and believe it does, for one reason: a magazine of judgment, if accepted by a discriminating public, would be a link to that public which the cold statistics of a Nielsen report could never approximate.

Television is huge and awe-inspiring, but we must not forget that it is the child of motion pictures and the grandchild, if you like, of the legitimate stage. These two arts, though they no longer possess a virtual monopoly of the entertainment field, as they did in previous times, are as important to our culture today as ever. We will approach motion pictures and stage with a sense of history, but we will never be living in the past. We will be involved and concerned with their current problems and trends. We cannot, for example, ignore the alarming fact that the present form of the professional theater is close to facing extinction. On page 39 of this issue, we make our first effort at solutions. We cannot, either, be satisfied with mere reporting of the increased number of better films, American and foreign. We will encourage this trend, and try always to be in advance of it.

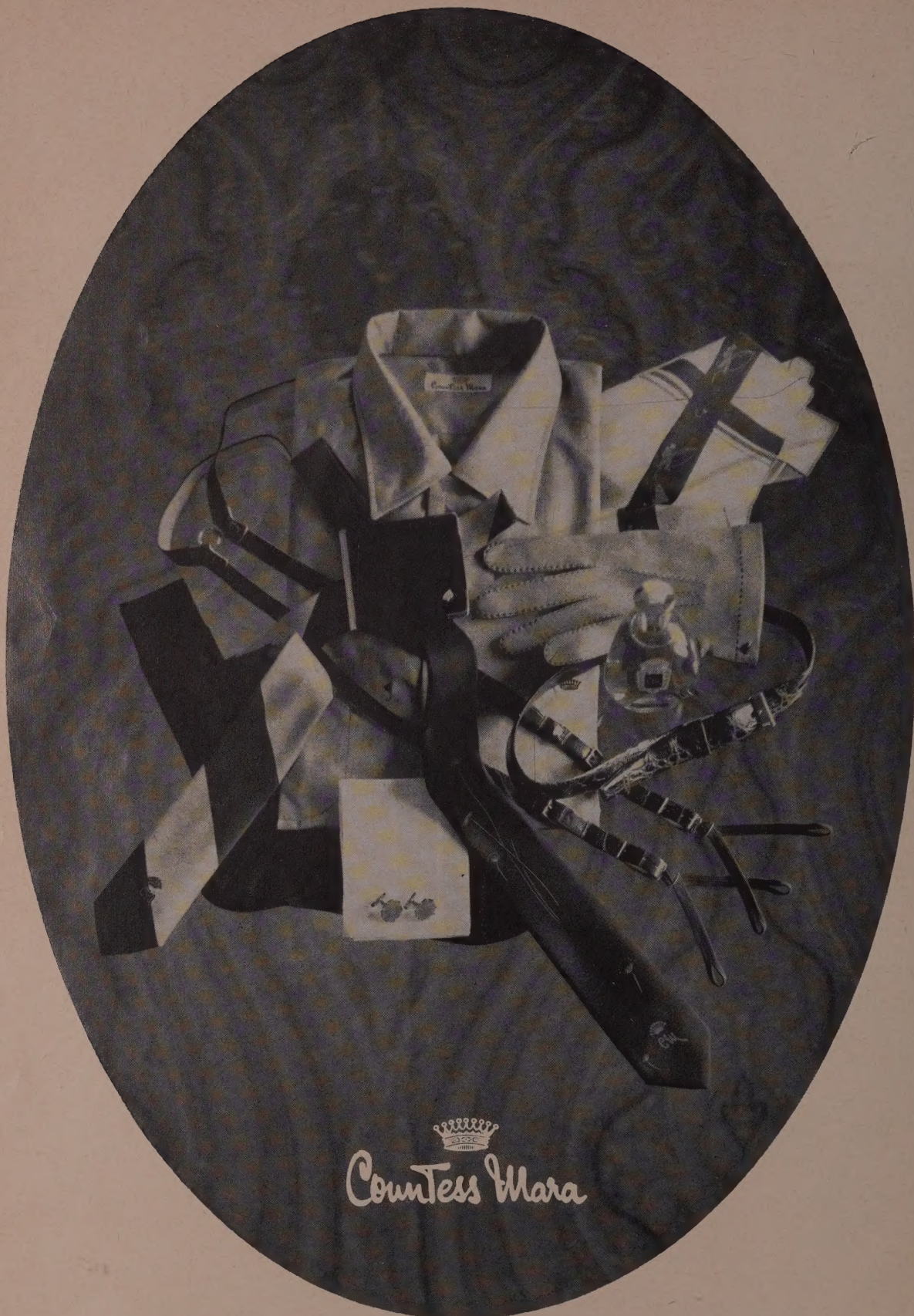
SHOW will be the definitive magazine of the performing arts, and our view of those arts will be broad. There will be times, for example, when the political scene will naturally fall into our ken. When it does, we will cover it. In the same way we will examine other areas which are not often explored for the American public. We believe in that public. We believe that because they are not always intellectuals, they are not necessarily idiots either. We believe that most of them genuinely want better plays, better movies, better TV, better art, better music. We will attempt to help them achieve those ends.

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For One Man In A Million!

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Associate Editor:
HELEN LAWRENSON

Senior Editor:
ROBERT KOTLOWITZ

Senior Editor:
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SIDESHOW

School Days

Among the most cheerful of the season's thirty million back-to-schoolers are six hundred young New Yorkers who reported at 8 A.M., September 7, to a seventy-year-old pile of grimy brick and sandstone that houses the High School of Performing Arts at 120 West 46th Street, in Manhattan. P.A., as the school is called by its pupils, is just up the street from the offices of *Variety* and is separated only by Duffy Square and a huge, symbolic litter basket from the Helen Hayes and Lunt-Fontanne Theaters, to the stages of which most of its pupils aspire. Part of a city-wide vocational high-school system charged with training young citizens to take their places in the needle, aviation, electrical, and other trades, as well as in the performing arts, P.A., so far as anyone knows, is the only publicly supported theater trade school in the country.

All of P.A.'s pupils are there by choice and are, in fact, a carefully screened elite. All must maintain a B average in a full college-preparatory course while simultaneously taking four hours of instruction and training each day in one of the school's three "shop" subjects: dance, acting, and instrumental music.

In an effort to make sure its pupils benefit from this arduous schedule, which amounts to twice the ordinary high-school workload, P.A. selects youngsters on the basis of junior-high-school grades as well as through talent auditions. Of the many who apply

for admission each year, about a thousand get as far as the auditions conducted by faculty members and working professionals. Of these, only about two hundred come away clutching the little white cards that indicate they have been accepted for the school's three-year program.

P.A. is proud of both its academic and shop instruction. Since the school was established in 1949, seventy-five per cent of its graduates have gone on to college or advanced professional training. An even higher percentage have become performers, though statistics here are sketchy because of the stop-and-go nature of budding show-business careers. "There's no certain way to assess the contribution of our pupils to the professional theater and other performing arts, but it's safe to say it's immense," says Frank H. Payne, the Teacher-in-Charge of P.A., who came to his job soon after the school was founded, after many years of teaching in more conventional schools in New York and elsewhere. "We surveyed our graduates in 1955 to see what they were doing, and were amazed at what we found. We would have been pleased if seventeen or eighteen of our alumni were working. But dozens and dozens of them were. On Broadway, they were in everything from small parts to starring roles. Former pupils were working off Broadway. Some were working in radio and television. One was touring nationally as a one-woman show.

"The survey also turned up assistant producers, assistant directors, writers, stage managers. There were a few concert artists. Many dancers, some singers. All this, you have to understand, despite the facts that our first class had graduated only three years earlier, that most of our pupils go on to college, and that relatively few find steady work as performers. This means that at any one time a large percentage is apt to be unemployed, or else doing office work, modeling, teaching, driving cabs, and so forth."

Among the school's non-cab-driving alumni at the moment are Eartha Kitt, Suzanne Pleshette, Susan Strasberg, and Edward Villella, all of whom come back to visit P.A. occasionally and never fail to plug the school when an opportunity arises.

The number of pupils enrolled in each of the shop programs varies with the employment opportunities in the three fields. Most recently, the dance department

has been the largest, probably because of the growing importance of musical shows, all of which employ choruses, as well as of a country-wide surge of interest in ballet, folk, and modern dancing.

Like most show-business people, P.A. students tend to "turn on" at the slightest provocation. A visitor to the school during Senior Week last spring walked through a corridor peopled by two students, one of each sex, hurrying from a diction class to watch the Senior Play. The girl, young and pretty, called out: "*Hey! Lissenathisaminute!*" The boy, young and handsome, stopped. The girl caught up, turned to face him, and said, "In *Flanders* field *hwere* pop-pies grow."

"*Hey, thasgrai,*" said the boy, and they walked on together, apparently content.

The Senior Play, a revue called either "A Lass In Wonderland" or "Alas In Wonderland," depending on who was enunciating the pun and for which effect, was a fast, funny take-off on the problems of would-be performing artists when they appear for their first professional auditions. The spoof was elaborately costumed, staged with more imagination than distinguished many of the season's Broadway offerings, and played with spirit by lots of pretty girls and a few handsome boys, all of whom spoke General American and mugged outrageously to bleed laughs from exchanges like this:

She: Shh! Be quiet! I'm listening!

He: What for?

She: I don't know. I haven't heard it yet!

Near the end of the action, one girl woke from a sequence in which she'd been dreaming of P.A., rubbed her eyes, stretched, and brought the house down with: "Such places don't exist! It's all my imagination."

"You're right," said another character, who had shared her dream, and brought the house down again. The quick-and-funnies over, the cast of Seniors was held onstage for four well-deserved curtain calls, more than some of them may be allowed again for years to come. When, on the last call, they joined hands to sing a nostalgic song about their days at Old P.A., so heartfelt that some of them cried as they sang, the five hundred pupils and teachers in the audience slowly began edging toward the exits. Just like Broadway.

ARTHUR WHITMAN



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Have Opera— Will Travel

Only yesterday, it seems, the whole world knew Santa Fe by the trusted symbols of the movie Western: Indian raids, gun fights, saloon brawls, and the thunderous music of cattle stampedes. Well, symbols change, as Mr. Paul Horgan suggested recently when he reported that the Santa Fe Opera Company is representing the United States by special invitation this month at the West Berlin Music Festival; a week later the company will fly to Warsaw for four performances. Mr. Horgan, who is chairman of the Santa Fe Opera board as well as the Pulitzer Prize winning author of more than twenty books, will not only be present in West Berlin and Warsaw as a company official, but will also narrate the text for the company's production of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex." How had he and Santa Fe found their way to opera?

"Simply enough," he replied. "Music has been part of me since I first took a breath. Initially, in fact, I had ambitions to sing professionally, although I always wanted to write, too. Way back in the twenties, I was a student at the Eastman School in Rochester. At the time there was a kind of cultural explosion in the town. Lots of to-do in the arts, mostly music. But it only lasted three years because that was as long

as Mr. Eastman was willing to underwrite it. Naturally, it couldn't pay for itself. These things never can. Anyway, I was a baritone of sorts and I did get to sing a good deal of Gilbert and Sullivan. I sang the First Lord in 'H.M.S. Pinafore' at least fifty times. I also sang a small baritone role in 'Il Trovatore.' It was so small you might call it a sing-on. Later, I wrote a novel called 'Fault of Angels,' about the Rochester explosion. But I'd much rather talk about the one in Santa Fe."

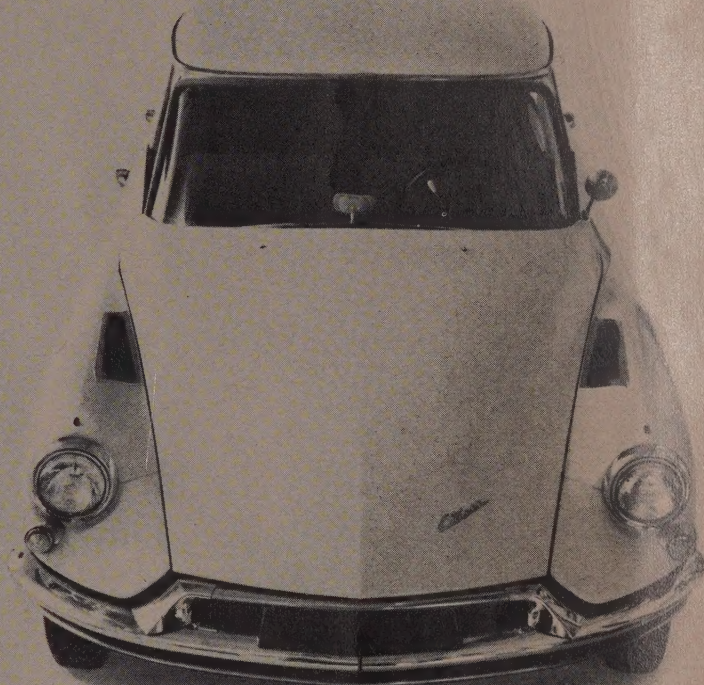
The Santa Fe Opera Company was founded in 1956 by John O. Crosby, its General Music Director, who, in Mr. Horgan's words, "conceived the idea, built the theater, raised the money, cast the productions, and conducts half the performances. With wonderful musicianship, I should add." The theater itself, he said, is located on a knoll five miles north of the city; the Sangre de Cristo range lies to the east, the Jemez Mountains to the west. On a good clear night, the audience can see the lights of Los Alamos, twenty-four miles away.

The company's repertoire is possibly the most eclectic in the country. Contemporary works are carefully mixed with classics by Pergolesi, Puccini, Richard Strauss, and Verdi, among others, and there is generally either a world or American premiere each season, which runs from the end of June through August. This summer, for example, saw the first American performance of Paul Hindemith's "The News of the Day," conducted by the composer himself. But it is Stravin-

sky's theater works that have become the spine of the company's repertoire, and the great man himself has been among Santa Fe's most ardent supporters. He conducts performances, attends and supervises rehearsals. Even his wife participates; this year her costume designs for her husband's "Perséphone" were used for the Santa Fe pro-

duction, which will also be seen in Berlin. "Stravinsky," Mr. Horgan said, "has been our patron saint for four seasons now. As a matter of fact, he thinks Santa Fe may be the finest company around today. He has such great enthusiasm and it infects all of us. A lovable man."

Statistics accumulated as Mr. Horgan continued: the theater



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itself, which is built of redwood, seats 874 *aficionados*, all of whom are separated from the orchestra pit by a reflecting pool that sometimes mirrors the action on stage; attendance has more than doubled in the past four years; one third of the audience is made up of out-of-state tourists, another third comes from Santa Fe itself, while the remainder

makes the trip from nearby Albuquerque and other parts of New Mexico. U.S. Highway 64-84-285, Mr. Horgan added, runs right by the entrance, and if it's free parking you're after, the theater offers it.

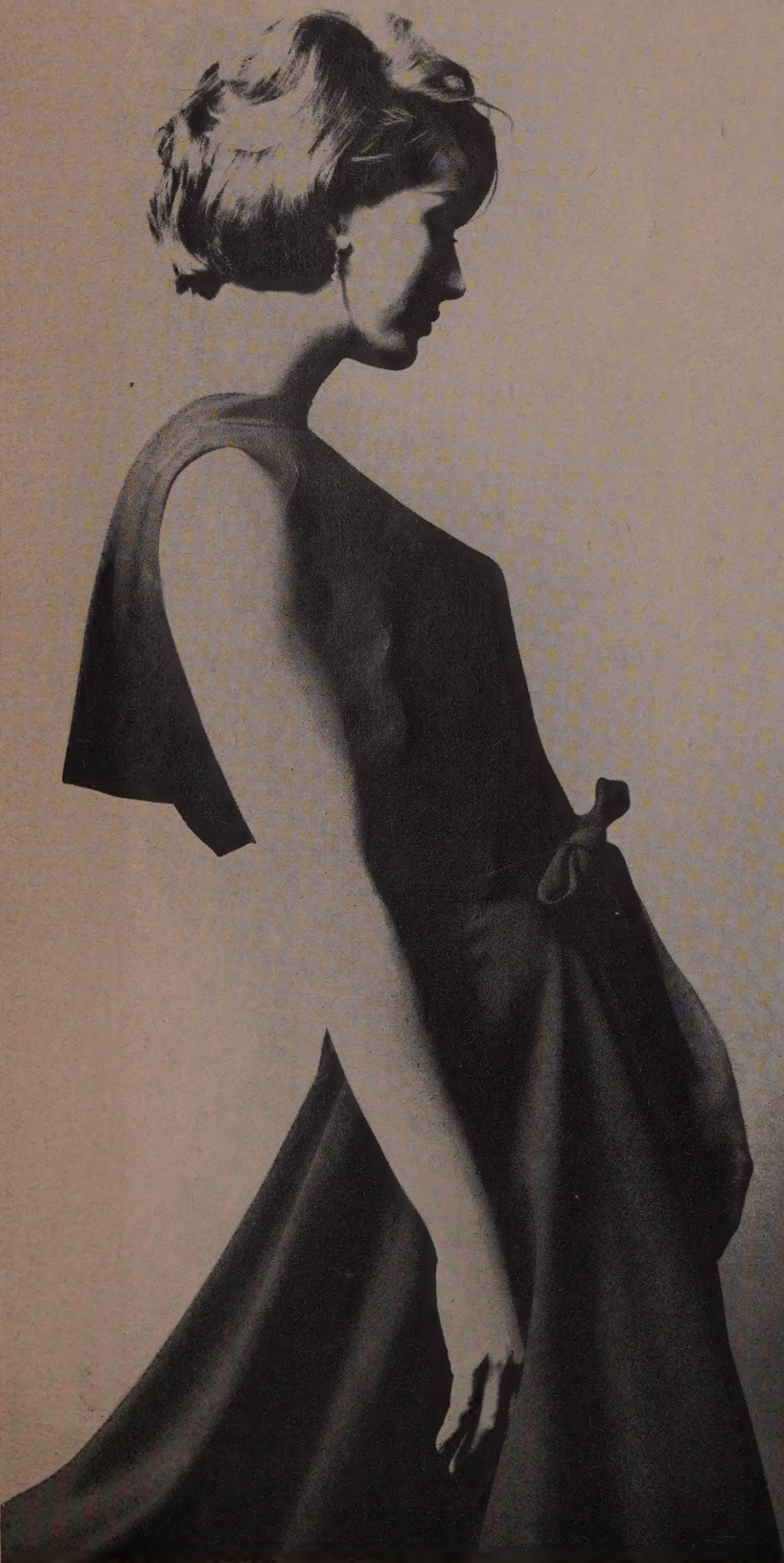
"Thirty-five thousand people live in Santa Fe," Mr. Horgan said, "and this year they came through with seventy thousand

dollars for the company. It's remarkable. Everyone gives. Since we have no endowment, it's the only way we can continue. Most of our singers are young, in their twenties and early thirties. People like Judith Raskin, Theodor Uppman, Regina Sarfaty. Generally we have no guest stars, although last year José Ferrer sang several performances of

Puccini's 'Gianni Schicchi' with us. Either a singer becomes a strong working part of the company or he doesn't find a place. Fortunately, we rarely have such problems. By the way, we have a vital apprentice workshop here, too, under the direction of Hans Busch, and sooner or later those apprentices come into roles of their own. When we go to Berlin and Warsaw, we'll do 'The Ballad of Baby Doe' along with 'Perséphone' and 'Oedipus Rex.' Vera Zorina will be narrating the 'Perséphone.' We'll produce them within our own theater dimensions, too. The officials in Berlin are trying to recreate the Santa Fe stage by using a sky cyclorama. We'll see how it works."

R.K.

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Baroque Announcer

Among the more extraordinary phenomena accompanying the recent growth of FM broadcasting has been the rise of the good-music disc jockey with personality. This burgeoning breed naturally includes some stampeding mavericks, none more maverick than a middle-aged ex-painter with unequivocal tastes named Seymour DeKoven, who bills himself simply by his last name.

DeKoven is heard regularly over New York stations WNYC (Saturday night) and WRFM (Monday and Thursday nights). The baroque era and the subsequent rococo period claim all his attention ("for the most part music stopped around 1828"), and he has labeled the epoch "barococo." The word is making a place for itself in more sedate musicological circles, a symptom, perhaps, of DeKoven's popularity. Even H. C. Robbins-Landon, a distinguished scholar, used it in a recent article, at which, incidentally, DeKoven took extreme offense.

Just how offended he was indicates the depth of DeKoven's passion. He later described Robbins-Landon (whom he had always admired as a foremost authority on Haydn) as "a snide, supercilious Britisher" who "did incalculable harm to the barococo cause." That he can refer to it unblushingly as a "cause" reflects DeKoven's image of himself as a kind of Peter the Hermit leading an army of zealots into a musical Holy Land. Apparently his followers agree with him. At a recent public lecture, his first in New York, he drew a rapt S.R.O. house despite warm weather, and his regular listeners, moreover, are so faithful that they literally keep him on the air. That is, they contribute money—hard cash—

each and every week so that DeKoven can purchase the necessary broadcast time on WRFM. (WNYC, municipally owned and operated, countenances no commercialism of any sort.) In all probability, DeKoven's WRFM broadcasts are the first truly listener-sponsored programs on the air, a unique if not altogether earth-shaking distinction.

The source of DeKoven's appeal is not immediately apparent. There is the music, of course, and his overwhelming enthusiasm for it. Where else can somebody with a leaning toward the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries find such vociferous support? Nevertheless, as a radio performer DeKoven would seem predestined for failure. His voice is not particularly sonorous, his diction is unprofessional, and his delivery is flat and undramatic. "I am a born bad actor," he admits. "But sometimes if you're bad enough you can be good. It's like that soprano, Florence Foster Jenkins. She was so terrible that she was accepted as marvelous. I'm like that—the Florence Foster Jenkins of radio."

It is his manner that is most striking. There are few people other than DeKoven who would constantly interrupt a piece of music and declare ecstatically that the preceding movement was "O.T.W.," a DeKoven abbreviation of "Out of This World," which in turn is a DeKovenism for the more banal praises indulged in by his contemporaries. "O.T.W." and similar goings-on enliven all his programs, to the delight of the faithful and the despair of orthodox music-lovers. His partisanship, while infectious, tends toward rather garish extremes, which he feels are justified by The Cause and the attacks of surrounding Philistines. "Radio," he declares emphatically, "is still largely peopled by ignoramuses," and radio listeners, his own excepted, aren't much better. "Besides, my primary compulsion is to make people laugh. I've been a clown from birth."

Clown or no, the fact remains that he is treated almost reverently by his steady audience. He says that he appeals primarily "to the extremes of age, to the teen-ager who otherwise couldn't care less about music and to the somewhat superannuated. The very old people are too deaf to hear me and the young people may not know any better." Regardless, they suffer the hyperbole of their leader gladly. On the program for his recent lecture appeared this notice: "You are invited to meet with DeKoven in the lounge and to refrain from criticizing him, because it won't do any good." It won't, either: he either refutes criticism or pays no attention to it. DeKoven implores his fans to support his program and, later, buy his Newsletter and Discography, but that's the limit of the give-and-take.

Nevertheless, he claims that he's "always being hurt personally, even though I never knowingly hurt anyone. Except groups. I often hurt groups, like the concretists with heads as hard as their music—or Bernstein, who is one of those super *con*-ductors."

Phraseology like that and unswerving allegiance to the barococo cause are apparently reward

enough for the faithful: crumbs of dogma like "music should be background to other activities, not the focus of attention," are snatched from DeKoven's aphorism-strewn commentary and become part of the canon. The phrases and attitudes (he pronounces "romantic" with such distaste it sounds like an epithet) are all treasured and echoed by

his supporters.

For the uninitiate happening upon DeKoven for the first time, the immensely hard work and impressive sincerity behind every DeKoven program are immediately evident. Even more, he may be useful to music and music-lovers. Radio, in any case, has always needed some wilder edges.

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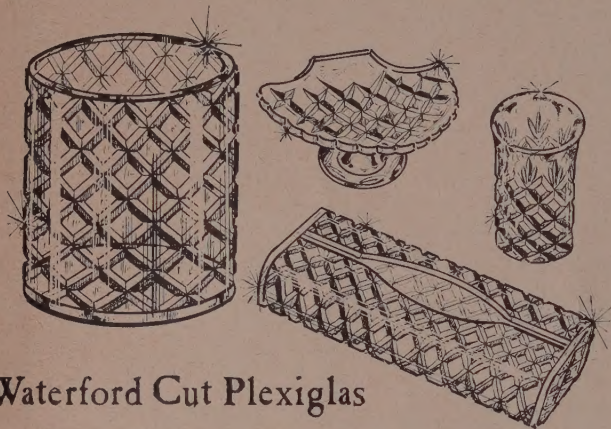


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The heraldic symbol for Berlin is a big black bear with a crown on his head and his tongue stuck out. West Berlin displays this traditional symbol on the gay red-and-white flags that flutter on buses, trolleys, and subway entrances beside the black-red-gold of the Federal Republic. East Berlin displays, just as prominently, the flag of the Soviet Union with that of the Democratic Republic. A good symbol for the city as a whole would be two growly bears, back to back like a pair of book ends.

The lack of civilized communication between the two halves of the city infects every facet of public and personal life in Berlin, and it has particular meaning for the theatergoer, would-be and actual. Only under very unusual circumstances, for example, can anyone from the West, German or foreigner, have any luck in buying tickets in advance for an Eastern theater. Priority goes to Communist Party members, official parties from factories, clubs, and so on. Sale to the capitalist rabble, except for a long queue Monday morning for unallocated seats for the following week, begins fifteen minutes before curtain time, if there are any tickets left by then. If you want to see a popular show like "The Three-penny Opera" at the Berliner Ensemble's theater — Bertolt Brecht's own company, still managed by his widow, Helene Weigel — the wise procedure is to get in line outside the theater before the doors are unlocked at six. Then it is best to hold energy in reserve during your hour-and-a-half stand, for when the box office opens, you have to fight for your place. Box-office prices, however, are the same on both sides, and the average seat costs about as much as a Forty-second Street movie, or less than a dollar.

Berliners are avid for entertainment. There are a dozen legitimate theaters in West Berlin, at least ten of which mount plays every night. Many of the two hundred thirty-eight motion picture houses offer three showings a day and four on Saturdays and Sundays — for a population of only 2,200,000 people. Television is not yet very popular. Programs, except for special events, are screened only from five to eleven at night, starting a little earlier weekends; but these are the hours at which TV must compete with movies. There is at least one concert every night; there is opera and there are recitals; there are innumerable jazz festivals and variety shows. Audiences even turn up for four or five lectures an evening.

As far as the physical materials of theaters alone are concerned, the East had it much better at the end of the War. Imagine New York partitioned, with anti-Communist powers assigned Queens, the Bronx, and all of Manhattan north of, say, Fifty-second Street. The rest goes to

the Communists. Macy's, Gimbels, and most of lower Manhattan are piles of rubble, but the theaters and the Metropolitan Opera House can be repaired.

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auditorium and a few other private halls. Private capital puts up some new small theaters, but without much attention to the architectural needs of staging plays. That would be much like the situation in Berlin. The center of the city is a wreck, and the Communists have done little about reconstruction beyond their propagandistic (and unspeakably

ugly) gesture toward a Kurfürstendamm of their own, Stalin Allee; but they have six excellent theaters and subsidize them well.

Life is rough in the East, and good in the West, as any of the thousand-odd refugees leaving their homes, their jobs, and most of their possessions every day can testify. East Berlin is only one-eighth smaller in area than West Berlin, but it had less than half the population of West Berlin at the beginning of the year and has even less now. In general, it is the young who move, and already the old outnumber the young considerably in the East. But a striking fact about audiences in the legitimate theaters of West Berlin is that they are largely made up of middle-aged and old women, staunchly middle-class. Wearing hats that look like flaccid inverted flowerpots, they resemble a particularly dowdy television studio audience for "The Breakfast Club" or "Queen for a Day," and what they pay to see is, roughly, the Teuton equivalent of "Queen for a Day."

Only one relatively young German writer has been represented on the West Berlin stage recently, Günter Grass, with a rather trivial piece of wordplay called "Die Bösen Köche" ("The Bad Cooks"). It is, of course, a very good thing that the state-subsidized theaters of Germany, as of the rest of Europe, keep the classics, like Goethe, Schiller, and translations of Shakespeare, on the stage. But aside from these, the West Berliners are most enthusiastic about German works that range from Carl Sternheim's well-done "1913" (and it dates from then) to a Dr. Kildare documentary by Kurt Goetz called "Dr. Medicus Hiob Prätorius" (Specialist in Gynecology), and translations.

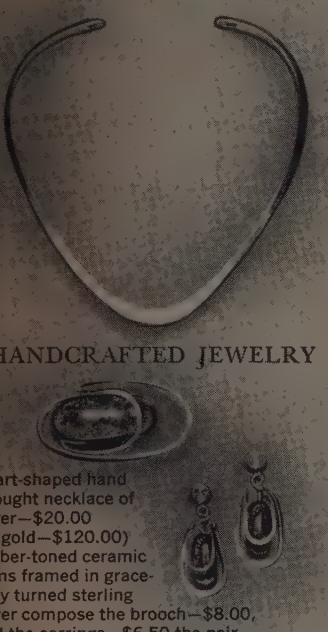
In Germany, foreign plays get translated twice, once linguistically and again in production, to judge by their lack of all but superficial resemblance to the originals. For example, the Tribune recently had a considerable public success with a production of Pagnol's old but still sound chestnut, "Topaze." This sly if not subtle satire on morals in the modern world got treatment that ranged from the heavy-handed to the slapstick. One could hardly expect one of the plump Berlin vamps to pass for a French *fille de joie*, but in casting Hugo Schrader as a short, slight, balding, and fiftyish Topaze, instead of the traditional lanky, unkempt, bearded young man, the direction was not simply gauche; it clearly deferred to the current fashion in German films, which demands that its comics be both chubby and sly. Schrader is a perfectly acceptable comedian, and it is a pleasant experience to watch him perform, however ill-advisedly, but the other blunders of staging were nearly criminal.

Translations in New York, too,

are different from the originals, for better or worse. True, our directors more often know the original productions; but even so, versatility in directors and producers is possible only if their audiences are equally versatile, and audiences find it very difficult to appreciate faithful presentations of new foreign plays if there are no equally original living

playwrights to interpret their own present to them. In that sense, neither East nor West Berlin has a theater with any future, but the East has Brecht, and at present the Brecht theater is still alive, even if Brecht himself is not.

Since Brecht's plays are at the very least antibourgeois propaganda, the Communist govern-



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ment subsidizes performances to an extent almost unimaginable anywhere else; some of his plays are rehearsed for a solid year before any tickets are sold. In spite of the ideology in them, however, they are among the best shows to be seen anywhere now. As evidence of this, consider "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui," a parable that presents the rise of Hitler as the career of a Chicago gangster.

The settings are sparse and stylized, but the scene-changes are rapid and striking. A half curtain serves for set-changes (Brecht wanted the audience conscious of illusions), but generally at the end of a scene the spotlights snap off, one sees the stage revolve and the tableau form for the next. Then, with a startling glare, the spots come up again. In one scene, symbolizing the Röhm purge but recalling Chicago's St. Valentine's Day Massacre, the only set and properties are a large garage door upstage center, that slides upward in its frame, a few cans and tires, and an automobile beyond the door, its headlights glaring at the audience. The effect is downright terrifying.

The scarcity of any other legitimate theater with any life to it in the East is even more discouraging than the fact that their "living" playwright has been dead for a number of years. Three of the other houses—the Staatsoper, the Komische Oper, and the Metropol—offer opera alone, and even though performances at the Komische Oper are so good that they equal, as "shows," anything on the legitimate stage, the only really modern piece they offer is Kurka's "Good Soldier Schweik." Offerings at the Gorki and the Deutsche Theater are as dull as those in the West; and they are dull with propaganda.

The shortage of new plays by German playwrights is no sign that the theaters are not looking for new plays. So avid is the quest for scripts that the first production anywhere of a work by the new American playwright, Edward Albee, took place in Berlin; in midsummer of this year the world premiere of Jean Genet's "Les Paravents," kept off the Paris stage because of its political significance, was at the out-of-the-way Schlosspark Theater.

Certainly the audiences of West Berlin leave much to be desired. Two mentalities exist in Berlin today—that of the people left over from the Empire, and the young. The young leave the East, and get no hearing in the West. The old are as happy with mediocrity as with the classics. Or they are happy with translations of French satires that prove the French immoral, dirty, and money-mad; of Irish plays—Shaw to Behan—that show the English as a race of shopkeepers and the Irish as leprechauns; and of American plays that describe America as a land of Indians and gangsters, with a little piquant immorality

mixed in, courtesy of Tennessee Williams.


The directors of West Berlin seem consciously to avoid anything that smacks of Bertolt Brecht. Since Brecht's avowed purpose was to appeal to the intellect, their appeal is to the emotions; since he was a propagandist, they avoid social criticism except in the broadest and most unspecific terms. And since Brecht was as important to the development of German theater in his time as O'Neill was to the American in his, the productions of West Germany reek, willy-nilly, of the nineteenth century and, even worse, of the sentimental cultural isolation of Imperial Germany.

Last spring Helen Hayes and the American Repertory Company packed the Schiller Theater with three plays in English. One of them, Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth," excited a great deal of comment because it had been produced in Germany immediately after the war. At that time, in the absence of public transportation, some of the audience had walked as long as three hours from their homes to see it. "It was marvelous," commented one of the original production staff here, "but your American production was a shock to us. It was so brisk, and so spirited"—I felt he was going to say "frivolous"—"while when we gave the play, in that terrible time, the sense of disaster meant so much more to us."


Like "Gone With the Wind," raised to ridiculous heights of prestige in wartime France because the French saw, in the defeat of the South, their own sufferings, many of the plays popular in Germany appeal to self-pity rather than self-criticism (that would be too much like Brecht!) or self-understanding. And, more deeply, how can the Germans be attracted to self-criticism when they have made one of the most miraculous recoveries in history from a devastating war and are so prosperous now that they can devalue every currency in the world but the Swiss? And how can self-understanding attract to the theater a people who have a somewhat bad conscience about their rapid rise in light of their history from 1933 to 1945?

There is satiric self-criticism aplenty in the Berlin cabarets, revues, and even in radio variety shows; and there is criticism of the occupying powers, particularly of the Americans. But the theater is a bit too serious, a bit too austere, a bit too academic to be used for such frivolous ends. Thus audiences in the West flock indiscriminately to "Othello," to "Becket," and to three soppy one-acters by J.M. Barrie, while in the East the best they have to offer is a persistent firing of those two propaganda weapons, Hitler and the Bourgeoisie.

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GAME OF THE WEEK

WAY OFF BROADWAY

Along Castleton Avenue in Staten Island, River Road in Red Bank and Bradley Street in Westport, these are the shows that are drawing bigger audiences than all the Broadway and Off-Broadway theatres put together.

In the entire New York area—where show biz is the most—the radio station that presents the most (and virtually the only) show business as usual is WCBS Radio. National headliners such as Arthur Godfrey, Art Linkletter, Garry Moore, Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney appear with New York's favorite local stars.

Around town, the "crack" of dawn has come to mean another Sterling witticism as The Jack Sterling Show opens the bill from 6-10 am for the 12th straight year.

Following the all-star CBS Radio Network line-up, Allen Gray opens the matinee with the New York company of the Housewives' Protective League. This is the famous "program that sponsors the product." Very big at the box office and the supermarket cash register.

For the rest of the afternoon, Bob Dixon, Martha Wright and Kenneth Banghart are At Your Service. Fashion, food, news, Dimension, traffic, weather and stock market reports. The new and exciting around town—concerts, restaurants, theatre, movies, sports events. Interesting guests. Fascinating talk.

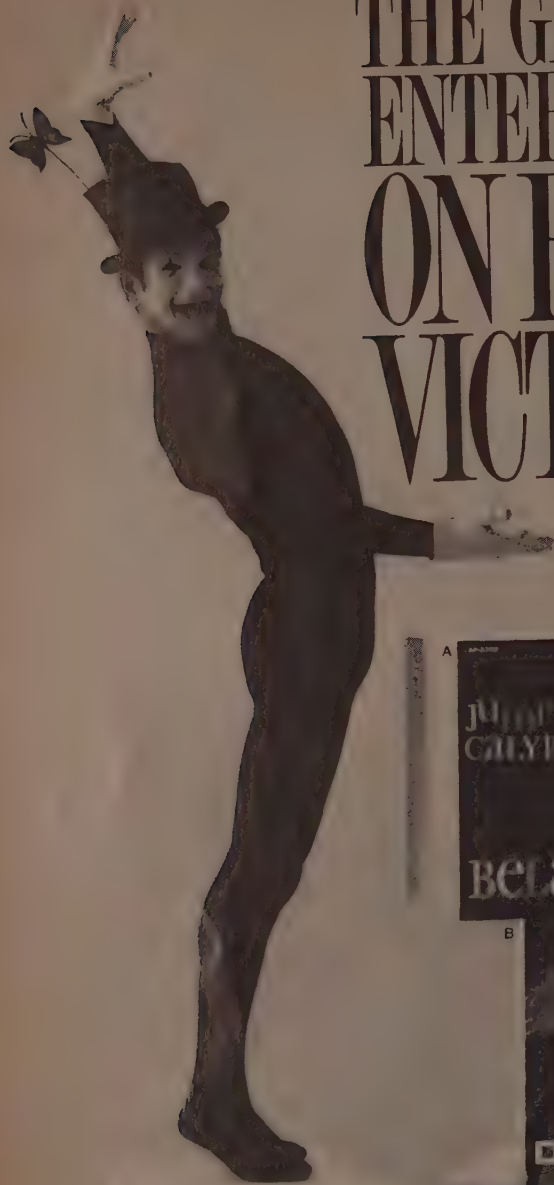
Late Flash—just signed—Carol Burnett and Richard Hayes starting in the fall in an early evening program of music and comedy.

Even further off Broadway—in Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and San Francisco, to be precise—the other CBS Owned Radio Stations, too, are oases of adult entertainment. This *live* show business is another example of the kind of *idea* radio that makes these stations outstanding in their areas. Another reason why audiences applaud and sponsors find that there's big business in show business on

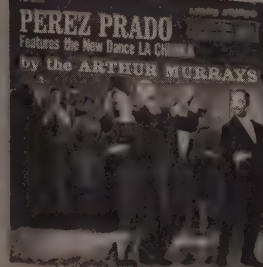
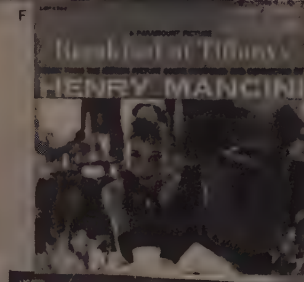
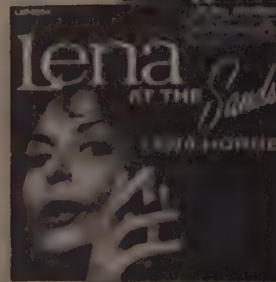
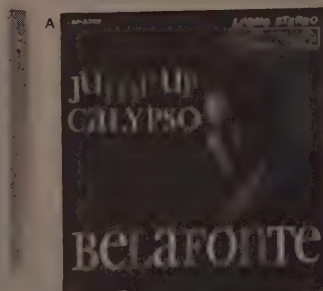
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PREVIEWS

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Each month in this section SHOW previews those films, plays, and television programs which it believes will be of interest to its readers. The idea is to provide advance knowledge of interesting new productions and to provide background information which will enhance the reader's enjoyment of them. Inclusion in the preview section means that, in the opinion of the editors, the movie or play or program is worth seeing. No attempt, however, has been made to warn readers away from the meretricious, except by declining to list such efforts here. Some productions are included in this section, not because they are perfect but because a portion of the work—a particular performance, an engaging bit of stagecraft, the importance of the subject matter treated—is worthy of attention even though the total conception may be flawed.

A word of caution about the listing of television program times and the dates when touring and community theater and music attractions may play in your area. Last-minute scheduling changes can occur, so it is well to check a reliable local source before making final plans for viewing or attending.

TELEVISION

by John S. Erwin

Recommended television premieres are discussed in the first part of this section. Thereafter, the continuing shows are listed according to days of the week.

What "The Defenders" mostly defend is one hour of the prime of CBS's time. Basically, is the series just another collection of legal hassles involving one of those father-and-son teams (like the late "Harrigan and Son")? The biggest question it poses is whether formidable casting is sufficient reinforcement for a dubious outpost on the mass-culture frontier. CBS has not spared the troops. It has recruited veteran E. G. Marshall and a promising rookie named Robert Reed to play the leads every week. Into various breaches it will throw guest stars Pat Hingle, Joan Hackett (see page 51), Leora Dana, Sam Wanamaker, Mary Fickett, Fritz Weaver, and Ilka Chase. Reginald Rose, one of the more prominent refugees from the lost Atlantis of TV drama, is in camp as a writer, along with Ernest Kinoy, Adrian Spies, and Alvin Boretz. These are all interesting people.

Nevertheless, what they must face is the massed accumulation of minutiae which television has too often felt is the very stuff of drama. The court of law is one of the classic settings for great drama. Nowhere else in our society do adversaries meet in high and open conflict, with issues, motives, and techniques of combat so clearly visible. Too, we've seen the clash of souls and legalities with the sea and the military in such plays as "Billy Budd" and "The Caine Mutiny." Famous cases have been theatrically aired again and again—from the turbulent tragedy of Oscar Wilde to the somewhat satisfying wife-slaughter of Dr. Crippen. On the stage, the moment is here, devoured, and gone. On television we are likely to see week after week of petty problems traveling at a petty pace.

Up to now TV has, by and large, failed to use this made-to-order setting effectively. Its cameras have lingered lovingly on details, while the technicians have not been able to fit all the little pieces together into great dramatic schemes. If a few among "The Defenders" have eyes for the big picture, they may prevent this expensive property from being merely a ponderous bore.

THE DEFENDERS

CBS
SATURDAYS, 8:30-9:30 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: SEPT. 16



WANAMAKER



HINGLE

DU PONT SHOW OF THE WEEK

NBC
SUNDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: SEPT. 17

Good and ambitious intentions are written all over the plans for the new "Du Pont Show of the Week," which replaces the often disappointing Du Pont monthly show.

Here is the program's schedule through October:

September 17: "Laughter, U.S.A." An exuberant look at American humor from its origins to the present day. George Burns, noted cigar-smoking authority on the evening's subject, serves as guide and commentator, while both production and direction bear the imprint of Donald B. Hyatt.

September 24: "Happy With the Blues." Vic Damone, LaVern Baker, and Peggy Lee pool their free-wheeling vocal resources in a musical tribute to composer Harold Arlen, based on Edward Jablonski's recent biography of the celebrated song writer.

October 1: "Hemingway." A dramatization of the life and works of the great man, achieved through a striking combination of photographs, movie film, and personal reminiscences by friends and associates.

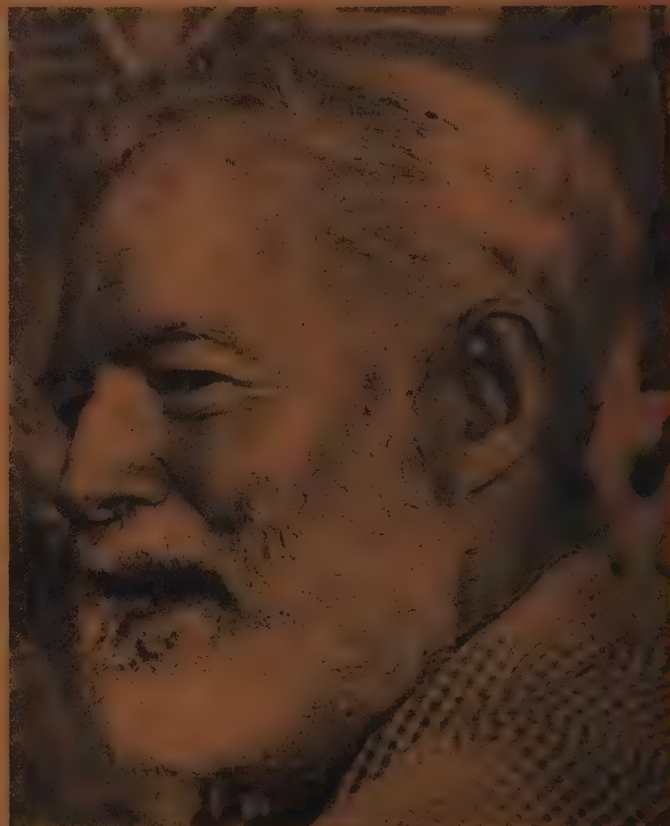
October 8: "Merrily We Roll Along." Groucho Marx will narrate, both on camera and off, the story of America's rapturous love affair with the automobile.

October 15: "Paper Bullets." The story of a historically authentic Nazi counterfeit-money scheme. Cliff Norton, Frank Lovejoy, and singer Enzo Stuarti star.

October 22: "Music of the Thirties." Paul Whiteman, Count Basie, Dorothy Loudon, Bill Hayes, Blossom Dearie, and John Bubbles revive and recreate song hits of the thirties. They will appear "live," on archive film, and on original recordings.

October 29: "U.S.O.—Wherever They Go!" Guest performers who went overseas for the United Service Organization during World War II and the Korean War will appear, including Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Danny Kaye, Merle Oberon, Debbie Reynolds, and Danny Thomas. There will also be historic sound film of World War II and Korean War vintage, as well as special films of contemporary U.S.O. units performing in Europe, Alaska, Japan, Labrador, and other American military bases over-

All Du Pont telecasts will be in color.



HEMINGWAY

KAYE



CAR 54, WHERE ARE YOU?

NBC
SUNDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: SEPT. 17



GWYNNE ROSS

Writer Nat Hiken is one of TV's old pros, and for his new show he has come up with some memorable characterizations, which is what you'd expect from the creator of that military schemer, "Sergeant Bilko." Some of the actors (Joe E. Ross as Toody, and Fred Gwynne as Muldoon) are veterans of Bilko's squad, and they are as funny as ever. "Car 54, Where Are You?" is a series about "cops without robbers." Avoiding the violent, "Car 54's" creators have found more than enough excitement in the ordinary life of the precinct residents. Their days are full of life's little problems: anniversaries, family strife, and household worries. Crime, or anything approaching crime, is conspicuously missing. This weekly portrait of "the world's wackiest precinct" will be welcomed by admirers of Hiken's comic situations and dialogue, and especially by those who think TV hasn't been the same since it mustered out "Sergeant Bilko."

KUKLA & OLLIE

NBC
DAILY, 5-5:05 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: SEPT. 25



KUKLA TILLSTROM OLLIE

The Kuklapolitans are back. NBC is allotting only five minutes a day, Monday through Friday, to Kukla and Ollie (with Fran as an occasional guest star), but that is better than nothing, and nothing is all that whimsy-lovers have had of Burr Tillstrom's delightful handi-works since their demise in 1957.

Like all artists, the Kuklapolitans are enthralled by the possibility of a comeback. Power-behind-the-scenes Tillstrom says that the happiest of the lot is Miss Beulah Witch, public affairs commentator for the repertory group. She feels she needs a voice in the government. Her particular concern is the space program, with its emphasis on rockets. "They will never, never take the place of a good broomstick," she says. Back on salary at long last, Miss Witch is delighted with the opportunity to refurbish her wardrobe. Until recently she has taken little interest in clothes, but now her goal is the list of ten best-dressed women. "After all," she is quoted as saying, "I'm not the first witch to make the grade." September 25 is the date of her return, along with such confreres as Madame Oglepuss, Colonel Cracky, and Fletcher Rabbit. Theirs is a small package, but, as their devout followers know, a very good one.

87TH PRECINCT

NBC
MONDAYS, 9-10 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: SEPT. 25



ROWLANDS

At least three of "87th Precinct's" episodes are exceptional. These are the ones in which Gena Rowlands appears as Detective Steve Carella's mute wife, Teddy. Seldom does a quality that can be called "haunting" come through a television screen. Even more rarely can a performance be called "magical." Gena Rowlands' work in "Precinct 87" is as close to both as you're likely to see in this medium.

Producers Hubbell Robinson and Boris Kaplan obviously know a good thing when they see it. Miss Rowlands was asked to appear throughout the series. "But that would have tied me up quite a bit both professionally and personally," the warm-voiced Miss Rowlands says. "My husband and I do a great deal of traveling. [Miss Rowlands is married to actor-producer-director John Cassavetes.] I would like to do more of them, though, next year, if the series runs. And I think it should. I've never seen people in television so interested in what they're doing, so eager to do a good job. But the powers that be in television aren't the only ones responsible for bad programing. The audiences are just as much to blame. If they don't like a show they should write in and say so instead of just turning off their sets.

"One of the most difficult things in playing the part," Miss Rowlands notes, "was reacting to sounds. The closing of doors, somebody walking. All of these things a deaf-mute is oblivious to. But I, naturally, found myself reacting to them instinctively. As to the keynote of the character, I'd say 'protective innocence' sums it up best. This girl knows nothing but the world she has had to create for herself. She cannot, and does not, make comparisons. She is well adjusted, untouched by the prejudices of our lives. She's innocent and happy. These are the qualities I worked for."

For the "crime" enthusiasts, "87th Precinct" is based on the best-selling Inner Sanctum mysteries and will portray six Ed McBain detectives in stories of big-city crimes.

THE VICTOR BORGE SHOW

CBS

SPECIAL

SEPT. 27, 9-10 P.M. EDT



MME. SUGGIA

In his "Mme. Suggia," Augustus John painted one of the world's great cellists with unequaled elegance. On "The Victor Borge Show," Hermione Gingold will portray an entirely different kind of cellist. She will be elegant, and fairly bursting with *sang-froid*. Indeed, art of a very special sort will be involved in the portrayal. "I don't play the cello at all," Miss Gingold admits. "I first did the cello act in England—the 'Dying Swan,' or something dreadful—using an out-of-sight gramophone. Then I walked off stage bowlegged. Everybody adored it." That response is likely to be duplicated on September 27. Pianist Leonid Hambro will join Miss Gingold and Mr. Borge on this special program.



GINGOLD

THE STEVE ALLEN SHOW

ABC
WEDNESDAYS, 7:30-8:30 P.M. EDT

BEGINS: SEPT. 27



ALLEN

"The new show is," according to Steve Allen, "essentially the old show. A little change in format, a new twist or angle here or there. The old family faces will be present when they are not committed elsewhere—and there will be new faces for their first national exposure." The old family included, among other funny ones, Tom Poston, Louis Nye, Don Knotts, and Gabriel Dell. The new chief writer for Allen is also a member of the old crowd. He's Bill Dana, better known for his characterization of José Jimenez. Adds Allen: "Les Brown will hold up the musical end, and I don't think you can do better than that."

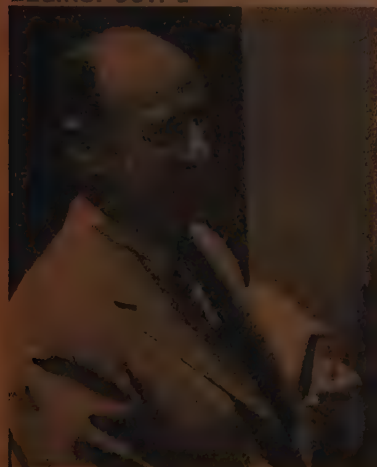
Indeed not. In fact, you can't do much better than Allen when it comes to putting together a first-rate variety show—a form infinitely more difficult to produce successfully than most people think. It is also a form in which Gresham's Law operates—bad shows driving out good with wearying regularity. Allen is an intelligent and articulate man whose talents include selectivity and inventiveness as well as a splendid catholicity of taste. Sooner or later, all of his interests work their way into his shows, giving real meaning to the word "variety."

With "The Steve Allen Show," ABC is set to buck NBC's "Wagon Train," that interminable procession of travelers who never seem to get anywhere except to the rating services' promised land. Ratings still seem to be the chief criterion of TV success and ABC is not run by the Sisters of Charity. So it looks as if Allen and everybody else interested in intelligent, tasteful, and satiric humor will find themselves engaged in the numbers game again. The TV world should make a place for Steve Allen.

ADLAI STEVENSON REPORTS

ABC
ALTERNATE SUNDAYS, 3-3:30 P.M. EDT

BEGINS: OCT. 1



STEVENSON

Adlai Stevenson has long resisted requests to appear in a regular series. Therefore, it is a coup for ABC and youthful producer Arnold Michaelis to have him agree to do a series of biweekly discussions with world leaders. Designed to increase public knowledge of the United States Mission to the United Nations, the programs will be taped as close to air time as possible, affording Mr. Stevenson and his guests the opportunity to elaborate at leisure on issues currently under debate at the U.N.

Michaelis, acting as host, will begin each program by conversing with Mr. Stevenson about international problems. "Our conversations will be most informal, an atmosphere in which Mr. Stevenson is comfortable, the setting being either his apartment or the Mission to the U.N.," says Michaelis. "Later in the program a prominent guest will be brought in to further the discussion. Mr. Stevenson's choice of this particular format was due largely to his being so at ease during a recording session I conducted on his front porch in Libertyville, Illinois. The tone was completely informal. The topics ranged from the humor of Lincoln to the threat of the atom."

The Stevenson style is admirably suited to the intimate immediacy which is television's forte. This is the Ambassador's best opportunity to "talk sense to the American people" on a consistent basis since his campaigns of 1952 and 1956. It could prove to be his finest hour as a master in the art of human communication.

BUS STOP

ABC
SUNDAYS, 9-10 P.M. EDT

BEGINS: OCT. 1



FREEMAN

REASON

MAXWELL

The first episode of "Bus Stop" is a one-hour adaptation of William Inge's sudsy Broadway hit of the same name. It can therefore be recommended to those of its fans who have not yet had enough of it. After that, Inge will supervise adaptations of the works of well-known writers by other well-known writers. Somebody will attempt to shoehorn Hemingway's "My Old Man" into the format, and Noel Langley has adapted "Make My Bed in Hell" from a Wilbur Daniel Steele story. Where will it all end? Will we encounter Thomas Wolfe on his way home again? Will Anna Karenina leap in front of a Greyhound instead of a train? Will Oliver Twist escape from Fagin on the 6:02? (The series does include some originals—one by Sally Benson, another by John Cleary.)

The permanent habitués of the bus stop include Marilyn Maxwell, Joan Freeman, and Rhodes Reason. Among those pulling in for a rest stop on the first episode are Joseph Cotton, Tuesday Weld, Gary Lockwood, and Buddy Ebsen. Each subsequent busload will be equally freighted with stars.

THEATER '61

NBC
WEDNESDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EDT

BEGINS: OCT. 4

"Everybody connected with the show is pleased to be doing 'live' dramas again. And that's only one indication that the live television show may well be on its way back," says Claude Travers, associate producer of "Theater '61," the title of the three color dramas Fred Coe will turn out for NBC during the fall season. In January, the series changes its title to "Theater '62," of course, but doesn't change its format—all productions are based on David O. Selznick's screen successes.

Eddie Albert will star in the first presentation, October 4. This will be "The Spiral Staircase," the 1946 screenplay by Mel Dinelli, adapted by Robert Goldman. Other productions include "Intermezzo," "Rebecca," "Spellbound," "Notorious," and "The Paradine Case."

Biggest question: Why has NBC decided to revive old screenplays rather than deal with original material written especially for television? Travers' answer: "All of the films were extremely popular. Audiences remember them and, we believe, will want to see them again. Particularly since they can see new, live productions. As far as adaptations are concerned, Fred Coe originally dealt with them before the days of Paddy Chayefsky and Horton Foote. He knows how to refine material for the small screen."

THE HATHAWAYS

ABC
FRIDAYS, 8-8:30 P.M. EDT

BEGINS: OCT. 6



CASS & FRIENDS

Television's search for the absolutely uncontroversial is over. Audience surveys have been unable to turn up a single citizen of the United States who doesn't laugh at chimpanzees. Hence, a new series called "The Hathaways." Happily, its creators have resisted the temptation to let the apes carry the show by themselves. The Hathaways of the title are played by Peggy Cass and Jack Weston, and they actually manage to steal a few scenes from the Marquis Chimps who play their "family." Best of all, the show's format is cleverly unpretentious; it is neatly produced and well written. There comes a time in every man's life when it is absolutely necessary to watch his ancestors misbehave. On such occasions the Hathaways and their gang are a must.

DAVID BRINKLEY'S JOURNAL

NBC
WEDNESDAYS, 10:30-11 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: OCT. 11



BRINKLEY

"David and I have both decided that we're against progress. We've just returned from Cocoa Beach, and if that's any indication of what progress can do, then we're against it. We're also against the endless outpouring of inane gadgets and trinkets. For instance, we've just seen an electric can opener that sells for \$27.50. Who needs this? What does it accomplish? We have progress and we have polluted air. Is it worth it? One of our shows will be against progress."

The speaker is a young producer named Ted Yates. "David" is David Brinkley, better known as the wry and trenchant half of the Huntley-Brinkley reporting team. The show they're doing is "David Brinkley's Journal."

"We also plan to do a show proving that crime *does* pay. And we'd like to do a piece on war, revisiting some of the old battlefields. We want to show what a racket slum buildings are, and there's one about a cowboy."

"Speaking of progress, this cowboy is an air pocket in development—nonmaterialistic living at its best. Both David and I were deeply impressed. Basically, we plan to aim at an area of events and attitudes not receiving coverage in straight news reporting. We will deal in 'human' events which, after all, make the world what it is. David is a man teeming with attitudes and notions which, up to now, have been confined to straight reporting, with an occasional sardonic remark. This show will give him a chance to air some of his ideas. As to format, we'll open live on David, who'll comment on the film. Then we'll go into it, at times using more than one film. We hope we're going to be able to work up a little thinking about a mass of things."

MARGIE
ABC
THURSDAYS, 9:30-10 P.M. EDT
BEGINS: OCT. 12



GERING

PEPPER

The brightest of all television's bright young things this fall is a teen-age flapper named Margie. Her creators have gone back to the twenties for their material, and out of the fads, fashions, and foibles of that gaudy decade they have created a television rarity—a highly stylized situation comedy. The show is therefore both an amusing family comedy and a satirical portrait of an era.

Item: A nostalgic score, inventively orchestrated and cleverly descriptive. Since the show is well written, the music is not drafted to help the writers make their points. Rather, it is free to make its own comments on the action—which it does with real wit.

Item: Subtitles instead of routine cutting and fading from scene to scene. These are a return to the delights of the silent screen's most amusing technique. "Clouds—but where's the silver lining?" asks one, while others note: "All that glitters is not..." and "While the cat's away..."

Item: Adroit use of twenties slang, so old it's new, so intrinsically amusing that it leads to long, dark thoughts about the decline of spoken English in our time.

Item: Those clothes, those cars, those dances—used with delicious humor.

Most important item of all: Cynthia Pepper (see page 50) in the title role. She's a piquant performer, up from "My Three Sons" and appearances on "77 Sunset Strip" and "The Bob Hope Show." She comes from a well-known theatrical family: her father is vaudevillian Jack Pepper; her mother, Dawn, a former Ziegfeld beauty who later danced for Billy Rose. Among those foiling, frustrating, or abetting Margie are Penny Parker, Hollis Irving, Wesley Thackett, Dave Willock, Richard Gering, Tommy Ivo, and Billy Hummer. The whole potpourri has been produced by Twentieth Century-Fox for ABC.

CAMERA THREE

CBS
SUNDAYS, 11:30-11:55 A.M. EDT



MC GIFFERT

"Strangely enough, the early hour hasn't hurt us," says staff writer Clair Roskam, speaking of "Camera Three." "We have a substantial and loyal following. Judging from our mail, our main audience is made up of people who have had some previous exposure to the type of material we deal with—professors, schoolteachers, professional people, business executives. But we've also had letters from people in ordinary walks of life, usually in response to poetry shows. This is particularly satisfying. We have no money, but lots of love."

"Camera Three's" poor-relation status (the show could keep running for ten years on what it takes to produce one "spectacular") has not diminished the high-caliber work regularly produced by this award-winning show. Producer John McGiffert says, "By keeping the show's physical ingredients simple—and by this I don't mean using a bare studio with nothing but a pool of light and some ladders—we are able to keep costs down considerably. This approach is more suited to television, anyway. A heavy production clutters up a small screen. Our emphasis is on strong material, simply produced. Obviously, the weaker the material, the more frills needed to carry it off. Take the standard half-hour show, for example. If they did it bare, without music and scenery, how empty it would be. At times, we do go over our budget for a particular show, but then we have to take it easy for the next few times to make up for it. We might present an interview or, as we did once, a man who was great at reading Robert Burns. All we needed was an open fireplace. Robert Burns did the rest."

Under consideration for the 1961-62 season is a portrait of Billie Holiday, choreographed by John Butler and danced by Butler and Carmen de Lavallade. On another program, electronic music will be examined, and on still another the writings of José Martí, the nineteenth-century Cuban poet and patriot.

Produced by the Public Affairs Department of WCBs-TV (New York) and purchased by CBS for network use, "Camera Three" is designed to fulfill the network's public service obligation, which may account for the program's early-morning time slot. Eleven-thirty is early on a Sunday morning, but there is little hope CBS will ever squeeze Ed Sullivan out in favor of Mozart or Katherine Anne Porter.

LAMP UNTO MY FEET

CBS
SUNDAYS, 10-10:30 A.M. EDT

LOOK UP AND LIVE

CBS
SUNDAYS, 10:30-11 A.M. EDT



BUTLER

ILOTT

Don't be put off by the titles. These are not soap operas. They are intelligently produced, nonsectarian religious dramas which explore moral, philosophical, and social issues of the day. They have frequently introduced brilliant young talent to television, and both are from the workhouse of CBS Public Affairs, inaugurator of intelligent Sunday-morning viewing. Through the years the programs have attracted a small but intensely loyal following.

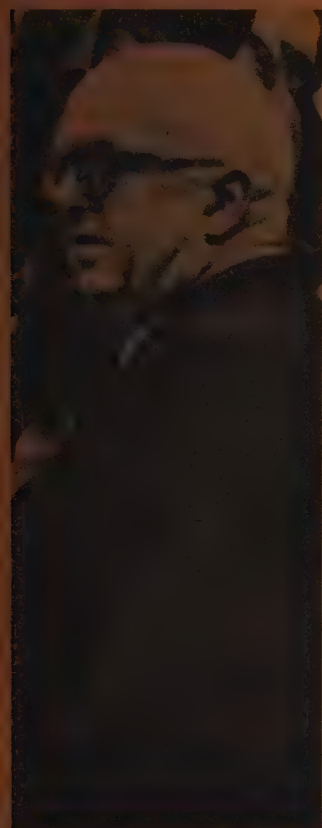
Pamela Ilott, executive head of religious programming for CBS, says, "We are constantly injecting new life into the series. It's the only way a program can survive." And adds proudly, "'Lamp' has been on the air for twelve years."

Liam Dunn, onetime casting director for the network, explains, "When I first started casting for 'Lamp' I asked the network if we could use newcomers. In return, I promised to provide stars for the show—no easy task, since we could afford to pay them only a fraction of what they would get on other shows. The network gave us the go-ahead. Thanks to stars like Mildred Dunnock and Aline MacMahon, who became interested in what we were doing and came to work for us, a lot of good actors were given a start. Steve McQueen, Sal Mineo, George Peppard, and Bradford Dillman were just a few who did their first show with us."

"Lamp" presents a fifteen-minute playlet followed by a discussion between Dr. George Crothers, the program's host, and a prominent member of the clergy. "Look Up and Live" devotes the full half-hour to its play, exploring dramatically various moral and philosophical questions. It will often devote several programs to a single theme. Last summer, for example, a series entitled "As Seen From The Stage" gave presentations of works by "new voice" playwrights Edward Albee, Kenneth Cameron, and Al Meglin, as well as George Bernard Shaw and Albert Camus. The comic element of serious contemporary problems will be examined in "The Comedies of Terror," a series planned for the 1961-62 season.

ACCENT

CBS
SUNDAYS, 5-5:30 P.M. EDT



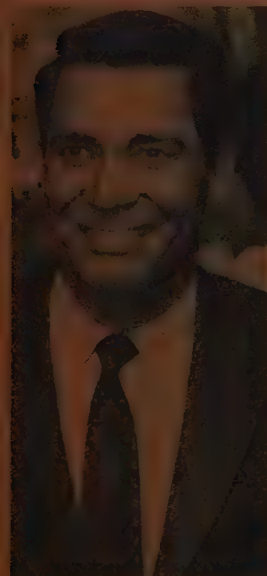
C. P. SNOW

Shepherded by coproducers Don Kellerman and Bill Kobin, CBS-TV's Sunday program "Accent" has spent the summer taping shows in France, Italy, and England. The fact that CBS was willing to underwrite such an excursion indicates its high regard for the program; an enthusiasm, incidentally, which has been substantiated by strong public and critical acceptance.

When it was originally produced on February 26, 1961, "Accent" was relegated to what is generally considered "dead" air time, 12:30-12:55 P.M. on a Sunday afternoon. But the network soon moved the show to a more civilized hour, 5-5:30 P.M., where it will remain. The content of a particular "Accent" segment is generally determined by such things as the condition of the budget, the availability of performers and personalities, the immediacy of a program idea. If you have never caught the show, a partial listing of what was presented last season may serve as an appetizer. The series opened with President John F. Kennedy personally saluting poet Robert Frost, a tough act to follow. Mrs. Kennedy later televised her appreciation of the National Gallery. From the world of music, "Accent" presented the guitar genius of Andrés Segovia and the jazz moods of Andre Previn, while at another time two Cornell University scientists, Dr. Philip Morrison and Professor Thomas Gold, discussed space science and discovery. Highly acclaimed was a program titled "Accent at the Louvre," an examination and discussion between film director Jean Renoir and CBS news correspondent Winston Burdett on the works of Cezanne, Van Gogh, and, of course, Renoir. "Accent" is directed by James MacAllen and Martin Carr. James Fleming is the host.

CHECKMATE

CBS
WEDNESDAYS, 8:30-9:30 P.M. EDT



GEORGE

"Checkmate" is one of the better "private-eye-lady-in-distress" programs, and one of the small blessings we may count is its survival—unlike many shows of equal merit—for another season.

Conceived by suspense-master Eric Ambler, the series takes its name from a San Francisco firm called "Checkmate, Inc.," whose prime function is to stop crime before it happens. One result is that the show offers little violence and some literacy, with no loss of excitement.

The similarity between "Checkmate" and the scientific sleuthing of the artful Sherlock Holmes is obvious. Although this CBS offering is a century removed from the fog-drenched writings of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, it nevertheless is a welcome relief from the more muscular antics of most private eyes.

Maturely handsome Anthony George, "Checkmate's" star, doesn't belong to the bland, pretty-boy school of actors, but he perfectly complements the leading actresses booked to appear during "Checkmate's" forthcoming season. They include Audrey Meadows, Eve Arden, and Joan Fontaine.

THE SHARI LEWIS SHOW

NBC

SATURDAYS, 10-10:30 A.M. EDT



LEWIS

HUSH PUPPY

Puppetry came to Shari Lewis as she lay abed recovering from an ankle broken in pursuit of a dancing career. Hoping to keep his seventeen-year-old daughter amused, her father said, "Mary had a little lamb, so why can't Shari?" and fashioned for her the bundle of cloth which has since acquired a heart, a voice, a personality, and a name—Lamb Chop. Her virtuous career reached its height recently when she separated Jack Benny from his smelly cigar, remarking that its smoke was "not at all the atmosphere for a young lamb of my caliber." Charlie-Horse came into being one summer when Shari and her mount had a disagreement which Shari unequivocally lost. Hush-Puppy arrived next. "A dog like Senator Claghorn. He makes a lot of noise but says nothin'—he's really a dumb dog," says Shari. It is Wing-Ding, an old crow, whom Shari tries to avoid discussing. "I really don't like him very much. He's too jazzy and we have a strong personality conflict." During the fall, Mimi-Ow, a sexy Hungarian cat, will slink on-screen for the first time. "I overheard Mimi-Ow tell Lamb Chop that where she came from every boy thought she was a *dahling*. Lamb Chop is going to get quite an education from this pocket Gabor."

Shari Lewis is hoping to do more acting this fall, besides doing her "Filmed Classics" show, completing her sixth book, "Paperfold, Puppets and Playthings," and her new record album, "Shari in Storyland." In August, she and her husband, TV producer Jeremy Tarcher, visited the Far East, investigating the ancient art of Oriental puppetry with an eye toward importing some of its best features to the United States.

LEAVE IT TO BEAVER

ABC

SATURDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT



DOW

MATHERS

Joe Connelly, who, with Bob Moser, created and writes "Leave It To Beaver," explains the success of the long-run series this way: "It's not a 'situation' comedy where you have to create a situation for a particular effect. Our emphasis is on a natural story line. Most of the stories are out of our own childhood; they actually happened to us as kids. At times we use things that have happened to our own children" (Connelly has two, Moser has seven). "If we hire a writer we tell him not to make up situations but to look into his own background. The same with actors. That's one reason Jerry Mathers and Tony Dow are so good on the show" (Mathers plays the title role, Dow his older brother, Wally). "We give them material that's close to them, things they can understand and feel."

He's right. And the principal result is a show that exudes a gentle humor and wears well, even with sophisticates.

Hugh Beaumont and Barbara Billingsley play Beaver's parents with intelligence and common sense—attributes not always found among today's TV parents.

PETER GUNN

ABC

MONDAYS, 10:30-11 P.M. EDT

ENDS: SEPT. 25



STEVENS

This is a hail and farewell to one of the best of the private-investigator series. The end comes Monday, September 25, when the final episode appears on ABC.

"Peter Gunn" is a veteran of its type, and the forerunner of many imitations. Besides evolving a formula, this show contributed some of the most original musical scores of any regular television program being seen then or now. In fact, the combination of an earthy, water-front jazz and the sensuous singing of Lola Albright became a trademark that was soon noticeable in the productions of competitors.

Much of the success of "Peter Gunn" was due to a cool, accomplished performance by Craig Stevens in the title role. Mr. Stevens and Miss Albright will be missed.

CARTOONS:

THE FLINTSTONES

ABC
FRIDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT



Headed by the year-old "Flintstones," the season's new cartoons are flexing their muscles in the television arena, ready to battle all comers in the same time slots on competing networks. They should be confident: the "Flintstones" (cost: a fairly spectacular \$65,000 for each episode) had one of last season's big successes, and in the process caught most of television's programing experts off guard.

Perhaps the "Flintstones'" vast adult audience was held by nostalgia, for the cartoon took its viewers back to that carefree time, the Stone Age. On the other hand, Joe Barbera of Hanna-Barbera Productions, makers of the show, says, "The success of 'The Flintstones' can be summed up in the reaction of the show's first sponsor: 'Thank God, no blood and guts!'"

Three major new cartoons will come along this season; all are scheduled for evening showing.

THE ALVIN SHOW

CBS
WEDNESDAYS, 7:30-8 P.M. EDT

More animals, this time chipmunks. Alvin and his brothers, Simon and Theodore, were first audible in 1958's zany "Chipmunk Song," the creation of composer Ross Bagdasarian.

TOP CAT

ABC
WEDNESDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT

Another Hanna-Barbera creation out of the bag. T.C. (as he is known) is a feline opportunist, brash and pleasure-seeking. His coterie, not surprisingly, is an almost human clan with personalities and characteristics easy to recognize.

THE BULLWINKLE SHOW

NBC
SUNDAYS, 7-7:30 P.M. EDT

People, finally, in a sophisticated and satirical family-situation cartoon, displace "National Velvet," which moves over to Monday evenings at eight.

Those are the main ones. There are others, mostly for daytime viewing and mostly for children: "Huckleberry Hound," "Yogi Bear," "Quick Draw McGraw," and "Bugs Bunny" (now on at 7:30-8:00 P.M. EDT on ABC Tuesdays). Special note: There are twenty-six other cartoons either on the air or in existence as completed pilot films.

SHADOWS AND SUBSTANCES:



TWILIGHT ZONE

CBS
FRIDAYS, 10-10:30 P.M. EDT

Television's creative people have never been intimidated by the thriller, but they haven't yet come up with anything as good as radio's "Lights Out" or "Suspense," perhaps because of television's inability to create pictures as vivid as the fantasies which a good radio writer could touch off by the adroit use of a sound effect or an echo chamber. Nevertheless, the handful of television programs which continue to draw sustenance from the old tradition of the Gothic tale rather than the more modern gory school, can be both unpretentious and imaginative. Among best bets for the viewer with a long winter night stretching ahead and Edgar Allen Poe out of reach:

One of the great favorites, and for good reasons. The show offers good scripts, impeccable choice of material, and always sound casting. Beyond that, it often soars beyond mere fact and everyday fiction into the supernatural, depositing the viewer in a cloudland where reality gets turned inside out. For the jaded soul, the fresh view can have remarkable restorative effects. Created by Rod Serling, whose "Requiem for a Heavyweight" and "Patterns" made television history.

THRILLER

NBC
MONDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EDT

Reappears with that gentle master of the quick chill, Boris Karloff, stepping out of his usual role as master of ceremonies and into the more rewarding one of performer. This coming season, "Thriller" will mix classics with original drama.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS

NBC
TUESDAYS, 8:30-9 P.M. EDT

One of the long-run champs on TV—six years, and the end not yet in sight. In this series, the macabre and ironic are mixed generously, and the resultant witches' brew is leavened by the sometimes wry, sometimes blasé, often startling Hitchcock touch—usually delivered, in person, by that venerable pixie. There is a new cast for each episode.

ALCOA PREMIERE

ABC
TUESDAYS, 10-11 P.M. EDT

With Fred Astaire as host, this series departs from its format of "suspense." The mystery element, in the new season, will be interspersed with romance and comedy as themes for certain episodes.

THE BIG GAME:

NBC SPORTS

ABC SPORTS

OTHERS TO KEEP AN EYE ON

Saturday, September 9, and Sunday, September 10: Semifinal and final rounds of National Singles Championships at Forest Hills.

Wednesday, October 4: First game of World Series. Entire series will be televised.

Saturday, October 14: Start of professional basketball "Game of the Week" series.

Saturday, October 14: Start of "All-Star Golf," filmed series of medal-play matches between top professional golfers. Gary Player vs. Jerry Barber in first match.

Major boxing events from Madison Square Garden and other top arenas can be seen on "Fight of the Week," Saturdays, 10:00 P.M. EDT.

"The Assassination Plot at Teheran." Two-part drama based on the rumored Nazi attempt to assassinate Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin during the 1943 Teheran Conference. Oscar Homolka is a Russian intelligence officer. Nehemiah Persoff and Hermione Gingold play a pair of conspirators. ABC; September 23 and 30, 7:30-8:30 P.M. EDT.

"The United States Steel Hour" alternates with "Armstrong Circle Theater" and continues with its presentation of hour-long dramas written especially for television. Opening the new season is "The Streets of Love." CBS; September 24, 10-11 P.M. EDT.

"The Dick Powell Show." Using ten "name" guests as suspects, Detective Powell will figure out "Who Killed Julie Greer?" Most notable in the line-up are Ralph Bellamy, Edgar Bergen, and Kay Thompson. NBC; September 26, 9-10 P.M. EDT.

"Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny." Testimonial in appreciation of Benny's work on behalf of the Musicians' Welfare Fund. Guests include Isaac Stern, Roberta Peters, Van Cliburn, Benny Goodman, and Eugene Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra. CBS; September 27, 10-11 P.M. EDT.

"Hazel." Shirley Booth in the role of an uninhibited parlormaid, popular as a cartoon character in "The Saturday Evening Post." NBC, September 28, 9:30-10 P.M. EDT.

"Bell Telephone Hour." Rosemary Clooney and Harry Belafonte head the cast when this long-run musical show returns. NBC; begins September 29, 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT.

"Calendar." A new weekday "news feature" show designed to present a potpourri of subjects under four categories—fact, fancy, service, living. CBS; October 2, 10-10:30 A.M. EDT.

"The Dinah Shore Show." An all-new color series presented approximately once a month. Productions will originate live from Hollywood. NBC; October 6, 9:30-10:30 P.M. EDT.

"The Bob Newhart Show." The young comedian's satirical humor in sketches and monologues. In between, a popular-guest-star vocalist will perform. NBC; October 11, 10-10:30 P.M. EDT.

"Armstrong Circle Theater." Ron Cochran replaces Douglas Edwards as narrator of this biweekly series, which uses the techniques of drama to document issues of the day. CBS; begins October 11, 10-11 P.M. EDT.

"Feathertop." Nathaniel Hawthorne's story set to television in time for Hallowe'en, with Hugh O'Brian and Jane Powell. ABC; October 19, 8:30-9:30 P.M. EDT.

"Macbeth." A rerun of the "Hallmark Hall of Fame" production, with Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson. NBC; October 20, 8:30-10:30 P.M. EDT.

"The Dispossessed." Saul Levitt's factual dramatization of a trial for American Indian rights in Nebraska, circa 1879. First of the new Westinghouse series. CBS; October 24, 10-11 P.M. EDT.

Ralph Bellamy stars in a program about the S.S. Hope, the floating medical center. This is a major television report on Project Hope. NBC; October.

"Editor's Choice." Weekly feature of exceptional interest. Well-known authorities on subjects ranging from the political to the other arts and sciences. ABC; Sundays, 10:30 P.M. EDT.

EDUCATIONAL TV:

"Continental Classroom." A two-semester college-level course (in color) on American Government. NBC; weekdays, 6:30-7 A.M. EDT. Will be preceded by reruns of last year's programs. 6-6:30 A.M. EDT.

"College of the Air." A daily, half-hour, college-credit course. The first course, "The New Biology," will be televised via the network (CBS) at 1-1:30 P.M. EDT, beginning September 15. Many stations will broadcast the program's beginning at that date, while others will tape it or use kinescopes for later broadcasts. From 6:00 A.M. on, "College of the Air" will be seen somewhere in the United States virtually throughout the daylight hours and into the evening.

THE JOKER

by Donald W. LaBadie

LOPERT PICTURES

DIRECTOR: PHILIPPE DE BROCA

SCREENPLAY: DE BROCA AND DANIEL BOULANGER

CAST: JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL, ANOUK AIMÉE,
GEORGES WILSON, GENEVIEVE CLUNY

OPENS: AUGUST (NATIONAL RELEASE TO BE ANNOUNCED)



SEBERG

CASSEL

L'AMANT DE CINQ JOURS (THE FIVE DAY LOVER)

KINGSLEY INTERNATIONAL

DIRECTOR: PHILIPPE DE BROCA

SCREENPLAY: DE BROCA AND DANIEL BOULANGER

CAST: JEAN SEBERG, JEAN-PIERRE CASSEL,
MICHELINE PRESLE, FRANÇOIS PERIER

OPENS: SEPTEMBER

Philippe de Broca is one of a large group of young French directors who, during the last two years, have ridden the New Wave onto a beachhead in the Gallic cinema. A French trade magazine has estimated that sixty-seven directors undertook their first feature films in France during 1959 and 1960, and the figure is probably conservative. Many of the names are so obscure that only the most confirmed cinema buffs will bother to drop them, but de Broca is one whose position seems relatively assured. At the age of twenty-seven, he already has three films to his credit and is in the midst of making a fourth. His first three efforts bear the stamp of original personality that has characterized the best of the New Wavers. They show, as well, a sure comic sense that should carry him successfully into the commercial arena.

"The Love Game," de Broca's debut picture, was a marvelous lark, a fresh version of the traditional Gallic farce in the manner of René Clair. It introduced Jean-Pierre Cassel, a kind of quixotic Ray Bolger. Now de Broca's second and third films, "The Joker" and "The Five Day Lover," are opening in the United States.

"The Joker" has much in common with "The Love Game": another eccentric, uninhibited household, and Cassel again careening through the Paris landscape in search of pleasure, this time pursuing a lovely young matron, played by Anouk Aimée. The farce elements here are slightly muted; the finale is oddly poignant.

With "Thé Five Day Lover," de Broca moves in another direction. This is more sophisticated comedy than farce, with a strong note of melancholy, particularly in a strange, almost sinister ending. Cassel is on hand once more, but his wild-man personality has been toned down. Playing a carefree gigolo, he is one side of a quadrangle involving Micheline Presle as the woman who keeps him, Jean Seberg as a fanciful housewife, and François Perier as the latter's indulgent husband. This, incidentally, is Seberg's second French film (the first was "Breathless"), and others are on the way. It would appear that the French have found a way in which to use her.

BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

PARAMOUNT

PRODUCERS: MARTIN JUROW

AND RICHARD SHEPHERD

DIRECTOR: BLAKE EDWARDS

SCREENPLAY: GEORGE AXELROD

CAST: AUDREY HEPBURN, GEORGE PEPPARD,
PATRICIA NEAL, BUDDY EBSEN

OPENS: OCTOBER



HEPBURN

"Breakfast at Tiffany's," a novella about a free-wheeling girl named Holly Golightly, was one of Truman Capote's most successful works commercially. As is customary with many such popular successes, it caught the attention of Hollywood producers, who couldn't wait to buy it. As is also customary, once they got it they weren't quite sure what to do with it. "It was not," says playwright George Axelrod, who finally did the adaptation, "really a story for pictures.

"Nothing," he goes on to explain, "really happened in the book. All we had was this glorious girl—a perfect part for Audrey Hepburn. We didn't want to do an 'Auntie Mame' or 'I Am a Camera' all over again, and yet we had the same problem here: no hero. Just a neuter, uninvolved narrator. What we had to do was devise a story, get a central romantic relationship, and make the hero (George Peppard) a red-blooded heterosexual. Once we did this, we still had to keep him apart from the girl throughout the picture in order to maintain suspense. But there had to be a reason why they stayed apart, or the audiences would wonder why they just didn't get together and pow. Our solution was to make them both busy being kept by other people. So then when you get the one bed scene in the picture, he's just too tired to do anything."

Aside from this illuminating change in the central relationship, the film, according to Axelrod, is still the saga of a country girl who gets mixed up with an assortment of offbeat but chic Manhattan characters whose forte is deviation—physical, mental, or social—and whose flair is frustration. The cast includes a cat called Cat, and a Japanese photographer played by Mickey Rooney.

The adaptation of "Breakfast" is only the latest in a long line of screenplays done by Axelrod, including his own "Seven Year Itch"; an original, "Phfft"; and the forthcoming "Act One." Commenting on his migration from stage to screen, he says, "I'm having a big movie period now. After all, Broadway—recently, at least—hasn't done a better melodrama than 'Psycho,' a better farce than 'Some Like It Hot,' or a better adventure than 'Bridge on the River Kwai.' As a matter of fact, I'm even going into film production. I'm doing a picture with John Frankenheimer, based on Richard Condon's thriller, 'The Manchurian Candidate.' You can say this will be a Middle-aged Wave film. No improvisation."

SECRETS OF WOMEN

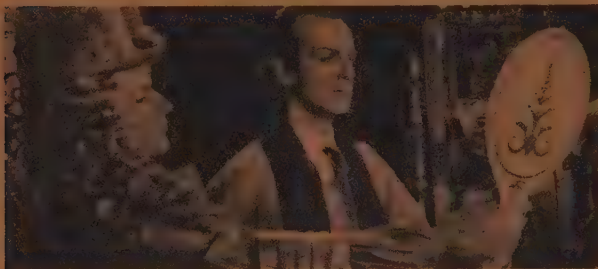
JANUS FILMS

SCREENPLAY AND DIRECTION: INGMAR BERGMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY: GUNNAR FISCHER

CAST: EVA DAHLBECK, GUNNAR BJÖRNSTRAND,
ANITA BJÖRK, MAJ-BRITT NILSSON, JARL KULLE

OPENS: JULY (NATIONAL RELEASE: SEPTEMBER)



KULLE

THE DEVIL'S EYE

JANUS FILMS

SCREENPLAY AND DIRECTION: INGMAR BERGMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY: GUNNAR FISCHER

MUSIC: DOMENICO SCARLATTI

CAST: JARL KULLE, BIBI ANDERSSON,
STIG JÄRREL, GUNNAR BJÖRNSTRAND

OPENS: SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER

The vogues for European film directors come and go. Last year it was Ingmar Bergman. This year the Italians are in style—Visconti, Fellini, Antonioni. This doesn't mean that the qualities that made Bergman's reputation have suddenly disappeared. He is still Sweden's major director, and even if some of the first fine rapture at discovering him has abated, his talents are undiminished.

Currently on view are two Bergman films, one made nine years ago, one last year. Both are comedies: that is, they are comedies by comparison with such Bergman exercises in anguish as "The Virgin Spring." However, beneath the outward shimmer of lightness there is a lurking undercurrent of mystical disturbance, like a sudden chill in the middle of a summer's day.

The older of the comedies, "Secrets of Women," dates from 1952 and deals with the war between the sexes. The title, though lurid, is accurate enough: the film depicts four sisters-in-law on a country weekend without their husbands, confessing to each other hitherto untold episodes of marital crisis. The mood is one of comic realism, ranging from irony in the story of a frigid wife to a kind of high Irene Dunne-Cary Grant hilarity in a tale of a middle-aged husband and wife who rediscover their sexual passion in a stalled elevator.

The new comedy, "The Devil's Eye," gives full play to Bergman's love of the fantastic, previously developed in "The Magician" and "The Seventh Seal." The title comes from an Irish proverb: "A young woman's virginity is a sty in the eye of the Devil." The virgin here is a Swedish maiden to whom the Devil, finding his eye troubling him, sends Don Juan, his expert in the area, to try to effect a cure. The action centers on the attempted seduction and ends, in the manner of a Shakespearean comedy, in happiness all around.

GIRL WITH A SUITCASE

ELLIS FILMS

DIRECTOR: VALERIO ZURLINI

MUSIC: MARIO NASCIMBENE

CAST: CLAUDIA CARDINALE, JACQUES PERRIN,
CORRADO PANI

OPENS: SEPTEMBER

It is possible that "Girl with a Suitcase" may be remembered by moviegoers as the picture that gave Claudia Cardinale her first starring part. Miss Cardinale is a pretty, sensuous, big-bosomed, full-lipped Italian actress who is currently being touted in Rome as the next big sex queen. Fortuitously, she has those magic double initials which have a mystic appeal in the headlines, and although she does not have the immediate shock value of B.B., she is a much better actress. In smaller roles in "Bel Antonio," "The Big Deal," and "Rocco and His Brothers," she has already proved her versatility.

The picture itself is a sensitive rendering of an idea dear to the hearts of European directors: the love of a young boy for an older woman. In fact, the same director treated the same theme in his last picture, "Violent Summer," but the situation in this new film is more provocative. The boy is sixteen and a member of the upper middle class in the provincial city of Parma. The girl is an amiable semitramp who has been betrayed by the boy's brother. Their relationship, at first innocent, inevitably flames into physical passion. In the end, the boy recovers from his infatuation with as much nonchalant ease as if it had been a childhood bout with the measles. The girl is left to tread the traditional route to prostitution and despair.

Essentially, "Girl with a Suitcase" is a two-character film. Playing opposite Cardinale is a sensitive young French actor named Jacques Perrin. As seems to be *de rigueur* with most current young European film makers, the music is a combination of a pseudo eighteenth-century score and the strident blare of radio and jukebox rock and roll.



CARDINALE

PERRIN



CARDINALE

KING OF KINGS

M-G-M

PRODUCER: SAMUEL BRONSTON

DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS RAY

SCREENPLAY: PHILIP YORDAN

CAST: JEFFREY HUNTER, SIOBHAN McKENNA,
ROBERT RYAN, CARMEN SEVILLA

OPENS: OCTOBER



HUNTER

McKENNA

Just when it seems that the glut of Biblical movies must reach a terminal point, someone comes up with a new one. The idea boys have been rummaging through Genesis, pillaging Corinthians, trying to make a financial success of Revelations. Now an Italian producer has announced plans to film the whole Bible itself, in one grandiose, over-all, wrap-up package.

Before this comes to pass, however, two other ambitious, if less pretentious, religious blockbusters will be on view. Both confine themselves to the New Testament and the story of Jesus. "The Greatest Story Ever Told," under the direction of George Stevens, is soon to go into production; "King of Kings" is about to have its world premiere.

Samuel Bronston, the producer of "King of Kings," is a firm believer in education, history, and the big, big, reserved-seat film. "With television," he says, "people are only willing to go out of their houses today if it's a really major production. I'm looking for good stories, for historical stories, for stories that are information. I want stories that will make the teachers want to suspend classes and send the children to the movies. I want a movie that a priest can recommend, and I think I've got this with 'King of Kings.'"

When Bronston speaks of history, he hastily assures you that he doesn't mean that dull, dry old thing he assumes most people associate with the word. "I want to make audiences feel at home in history," he says. "I want them to know that it can happen again. The actors in 'King of Kings' should seem like contemporary people. That's why they speak twentieth-century speech. In this way, we bring the whole thing up to date, even though it happened two thousand years ago."

Bronston says he has been "brooding" about "King of Kings" since 1951, when he worked for the Vatican on a series of religious shorts. He emphasizes that the new film "has no connection with the de Mille 'King of Kings' (1927), except for the title and the fact that the audience will see 'Christ's face.'"

"I was badly criticized," he adds, "when I cast Jeffrey Hunter in the role of Christ. People thought the part should have been played by a very big star."

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS

WARNER BROTHERS

DIRECTED AND PRODUCED BY ELIA KAZAN

SCREENPLAY: WILLIAM INGE

CAST: NATALIE WOOD, WARREN BEATTY,
BARBARA LODEN, ZOHRA LAMPERT, PAT HINGLE

OPENS: OCTOBER



KAZAN



WOOD



LODEN

BEATTY

The opening of an Elia Kazan film is an event of note on the American movie scene, and something more than that abroad. To many foreign observers, Kazan is an American director who explores in more than usual depth the unfamiliar face of the nation; back-country Mississippi in "Baby Doll," the Tennessee of the New Deal era in "Wild River," the Kansas oil lands of the late twenties in this new film. To many Americans, the Kazan name on a production carries an air of excitement, a promise of theatrical authority. Even when a Kazan picture fails to come off, there are always peripheral satisfactions: out-of-the-way locales; sharp bits of social comment; and, most particularly, good acting. Kazan has been successful in his film work, not only in getting unexpectedly fresh and revelatory performances from established stars, but in developing striking new personalities who then go on to become stars. Among the latter group have been James Dean ("East of Eden"), Eva Marie Saint ("On the Waterfront"), Marlon Brando ("A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Viva Zapata"), Carroll Baker ("Baby Doll"), and Lee Remick ("A Face in the Crowd").

"Splendor in the Grass" is, in essence, a story of Midwestern morality and the loss of innocence. Apart from its evocative re-creation of prairie America in the waning days of the flapper, it may turn out to be memorable for the acting of a hitherto blandly unexceptional Natalie Wood in the pivotal role, and the spotlighting of three relative unknowns. The new actors who step up and forward in "Splendor" are Warren Beatty, Barbara Loden, and Zohra Lampert. Beatty, the brother of Shirley MacLaine, has already been cast in several other major films, partly on the strength of his work here as the high-school hero (see page 50). Barbara Loden, cast as a small-town nymphomaniac, is an exciting offbeat blonde reminiscent of the young Bette Davis or, at least, Gloria Grahame. Seen briefly last year in "Wild River," she could be Hollywood's next queen of bitchery and neurosis. Zohra Lampert, a pupil of the famous Method actress Mira Rostova, is an equally offbeat brunette, cast as a good-hearted Italian drudge, a role in which she resembles nothing so much as Marlon Brando. She is undoubtedly the first female performer to manage a successful version of his celebrated style.

WEST SIDE STORY

UNITED ARTISTS

PRODUCER: ROBERT WISE

DIRECTORS: ROBERT WISE AND JEROME ROBBINS

SCREENPLAY: ERNEST LEHMAN

MUSIC: LEONARD BERNSTEIN

LYRICIST: STEPHEN SONDHEIM

CHOREOGRAPHY: JEROME ROBBINS

CAST: NATALIE WOOD, RICHARD BEYMER,
RUSS TAMBLYN, RITA MORENO, GEORGE CHAKIRIS

OPENS: OCTOBER



CHAKIRIS AND CHORUS

There was a time when the director of a musical comedy was less concerned with the realistic appearance of his dancing girls than he was with their ability to simulate luscious petals on a rose formed by the chorus line. This was long ago, before "Oklahoma!" revolutionized the concept of both stage and screen musicals. The opening of that historic Rodgers-Hammerstein opus initiated the era of the "serious" musical play, an era which just possibly culminated some fourteen years later in the Broadway debut of "West Side Story," a starkly tragic depiction of big-city juvenile delinquency, set to music, song, and dance.

Now "West Side Story" has become a multimillion-dollar film. The main problem in transferring it to the screen, according to codirector Robert Wise, has been "investing it with the air of reality." Wise, who has been responsible for such bleak Hollywood dramas as "Odds Against Tomorrow" and "I Want to Live!," is here essaying his first musical.

"I was fascinated by the contemporary nature of 'West Side Story,'" Wise says, "but we had to find a way to get its realistic quality on film. We solved the problem, in part, by shooting the prologue to the picture in the actual upper-Manhattan locale. The rest was done on studio sets, but sets as real as we could make them.

"Apart from one or two changes in the continuity, shifting scenes from one part of the script to another, and cutting out the dream ballet, the picture follows the Broadway show. We had, of course, the great advantage of mobility. Although we used a big-screen process, we weren't timid, as has been the case in some big-screen musicals, about moving in for close-ups."

"West Side Story" has occupied about a year and a half of Wise's time, including an unprecedented two and a half months of rehearsal before production. The film, in essence a modern version of "Romeo and Juliet," stars Richard Beymer and Natalie Wood as the unfortunate young lovers: he is a member of a gang called the Jets, she the sister of the leader of a rival Puerto Rican gang. George Chakiris, who danced in the London company of "West Side Story," is seen as the girl's brother, and Rita Moreno plays his sweetheart. Wise predicts stardom for Beymer, who was previously seen in "The Diary of Anne Frank," and says that Chakiris "comes off like 'Gangbusters.'"

THE HUSTLER

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ROSSEN

SCREENPLAY: ROBERT ROSSEN AND SIDNEY CARROLL

CAST: PAUL NEWMAN, JACKIE GLEASON,
GEORGE C. SCOTT, PIPER LAURIE

OPENS: OCTOBER



NEWMAN

In pool-hall parlance, a hustler is the equivalent of a cardsharp, a man who loiters on the edges of a game, pretending to be a novice, and finally enters to make a killing. For Robert Rossen, the man responsible for such films as "All the King's Men," the world of pool holds a particular fascination. As a youth, he worked for five years in pool halls, an experience which led him to write in 1941 "Corner Pockets," a play centered in the milieu. It was never produced, but now, twenty years later, pool players and the lives they lead have become the focus of his new film, based on Walter Tevis' strikingly authoritative 1959 novel.

Rossen, a short, chunky man with a direct, open manner and a nice sense of humor, may be one of the least pretentious men in the movie industry, but he is a man who has something to say. Though his pictures are usually exciting in simple physical terms, there is also comment or criticism implicit in the hard action. In "Body and Soul," for instance, he offered a fresh, vigorous, imaginative view of boxing, while making at the same time some sharp observations on success values.

"Pool," he said at the time he had just begun editing "The Hustler," "is very American. I can touch through it on a great many facets of American life: the exclusion of relationships that interfere with business, the prevalence of monomania, the search for identity through labels and titles. My hero, the hustler [Paul Newman], is a specialist who's never known any other way of living. Since he thinks of himself only in terms of his specialty, he leaves out anything human: he uses pool as an escape from other people. When he finally becomes involved with another human being, a girl [Piper Laurie], he hasn't prepared for it. Finally, he learns only through tragedy that it's not enough to have talent, that you've got to have character, too. I feel very strongly about this picture and I feel very drawn to the world in which it was made. Pool halls are fascinating. They're a self-contained world with that sense of isolation O'Neill got into the bar world of 'The Iceman Cometh.'"

THEATER

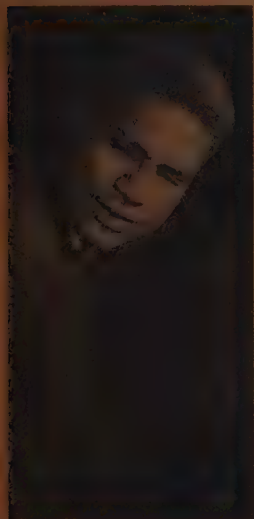
by Louis S. Miano

BROADWAY

PURLIE VICTORIOUS

AUTHOR: OSSIE DAVIS
CAST: OSSIE DAVIS, RUBY DEE
DIRECTOR: HOWARD DA SILVA
PRODUCER: PHILIP ROSE

OPENS: NEW YORK, SEPT. 29, CORT THEATER



DAVIS



PICTORIAL PARADE

DEE

Segregation will be a laughing matter on Broadway this season. Actor Ossie Davis, who replaced Sidney Poitier in "A Raisin in the Sun" last year, has written a farce about the problem called "Purlie Victorious," or "A Non-Confederate Romp Through the Cotton Patch." Philip Rose, who produced the stage and movie versions of "Raisin," will sponsor "Purlie."

"After all," says Davis, a thunder-voiced mountain of a man, "comedy has always been a weapon. From Aristophanes to Shaw, its function has been criticism. You know—hit and run." For his pot-shooting, Mr. Davis has fashioned a cast of characters not seen since the days of Harriet Beecher Stowe. They include a restless Purlie Judson, played by Mr. Davis, who wears a ministerial hat and claw-hammer coat; his brother Gitlow, a professional "Uncle Tom," and a white plantation owner, Ol' Cap'n Cotchipee, a mustache-twirling Southern colonel who carries a cane in one hand and a coiled bull whip in the other.

"My characters are all stereotypes because I'm not poking fun at individuals, but at the institution of segregation, which makes good people, white and black, act ridiculous," explains the playwright.

Mr. Davis' experience as a stage manager with the Howard da Silva production of "The World of Sholem Aleichem" was a major influence in the writing of "Purlie."

"Howard made me see that if you infuse stock characters with warmth and humanity, they make your point with laughter," Davis says. "We've got to play these people with wit and, especially, with love. Man, if the love isn't there, all of them, the NAACP, B'nai B'rith, and the White Citizens' Councils, will be after us with shot-guns."

SAIL AWAY

BOOK, MUSIC, LYRICS, AND DIRECTION: NOEL COWARD
CAST: ELAINE STRITCH, JEAN FENN, JAMES HURST,
MARGALO GILMORE, ALICE PEARCE,
PATRICIA HARTY
SETS: OLIVER SMITH
CHOREOGRAPHY: JOE LAYTON
PRODUCER: BONARD PRODUCTIONS

TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 5, FORREST THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 3, BROADHURST THEATER



COWARD



COWARD

Noel Coward's first musical in twenty-one years takes place aboard an English cruise ship, the S.S. Carolonia, and its ports of call, giving designer Oliver Smith a chance to reproduce Tangier, Taormina, Athens, the Bay of Naples.

The classic passenger list includes a heartbroken young baritone; his snobbish, domineering mother; an attractive but unhappily married lyric soprano; a sentimental lady novelist; her ingénue niece, played by Patricia Harty (see page 53); a darling couple from Bronxville; and a brood of camera-clicking, souvenir-snatching Midwesterners. The tamer of this floating menagerie is Mimi Paragon, the ship's breezy recreation mistress, a role tailor-made to the acid talents of Elaine Stritch. Miss Stritch gets the best, and makes the most, of Mr. Coward's brightly polished and impeccably rhymed patter songs. Her most likely show-stoppers are "The Little Ones' ABCs," a parody of "Sound of Music" confections, and "Useful Phrases." This last sets to music the absurd sentences that sometimes come in sequence in language instruction books. ("I want thirteen stamps, does your child have convulsions? Please bring me some rhubarb, I need a shampoo.")

The years have not dulled the writer's way with sentimental ballads, so necessary to his inevitable bittersweet romance. The "Sail Away" lovers add "Later Than Spring" and "Something Very Strange is Happening to Me" to this repertoire. All that is lacking, for the nostalgic, is the composer himself, in black tie, and his beloved Gertie, in monkey fur, gliding elegantly across the Carolonia's decks by moonlight.



PICTURELLO

STRITCH

THE CARETAKER

AUTHOR: HAROLD PINTER
CAST: DONALD PLEASANCE, ALAN BATES,
 ROBERT SHAW
DIRECTOR: DONALD McWHINNIE
PRODUCERS: FREDERICK BRISSON, ROGER L. STEVENS,
 GILBERT MILLER

TRYOUTS: NEW HAVEN, SEPT. 13-17,
 SHUBERT THEATER
 BOSTON, SEPT. 18-OCT. 2,
 WILBUR THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 4, LYCEUM THEATER



PLEASANCE

BATES

There are only three characters in Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker," but their bizarre actions and the hypnotic rhythm of their dialogue generate a mood that is enormously effective. Aston, a man in his thirties, lives in a litter-filled room in his brother Mick's house. As the play opens, he is bringing a homeless, jobless old man to his digs. Davies, the elderly man, is the living embodiment of fearful, complaining, and slow-witted old age. He lives in a timeless world "waiting for the weather to break" so that he can go down to Sidcup to pick up his "papers." Mick, a young man, delights in teasing and tormenting Davies. He addresses him in double talk and makes him repeat his words, and change his opinions. Davies in turn torments the mild, moody Aston. He taunts him about his experience in a mental institution and tries to turn Mick against him. (This is no modern-day "senior citizen," but a good old-fashioned "dirty old man.") The interplay between the three men is a carefully orchestrated symphony of conflicting needs and emotions, where long pauses and complete silence are as important as words and deeds.

Despite their extravagance, the characters in the play have more humanity and give more insights into "real" people than all the adulterous suburbanites, restless sex kittens, and sensitive young men who are perennial fixtures on the Broadway scene.

LET IT RIDE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: JAY LIVINGSTON AND RAY EVANS
BOOK: ABRAM GINNIS
CAST: GEORGE GOBEL, SAM LEVENE,
 BARBARA NICHOLS
DIRECTOR: STANLEY PRAGER
CHOREOGRAPHY: ONNA WHITE
PRODUCER: JOEL SPECTOR

TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 7-30, ERLANGER THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 6, EUGENE O'NEILL THEATER



GOBEL



LEVENE

Big Business and Madison Avenue get it smack in the seat of their gray flannel pants this fall from a new musical, "Let It Ride." It is based on the 1935 comedy "Three Men on a Horse." In the original John Cecil Holm-George Abbott script, Erwin Trowbridge, a gentle greeting-card versifier, got mixed up with gamblers because of his uncanny gift for doping the horses. More than just music has been added to the original, according to producer Joel Spector.

"Today even the greeting-card industry reflects the slick, cynical business life of 1961," he says. "You can imagine what happens to a sweet guy like Erwin in the middle of all that. He's a leftover from the sentimental era in greeting cards. He actually loves people! It's a perfect role for George Gobel. And we've added the new breed of elegant mobster. The villain is now a distinguished gentlemanly type who gives chic East Side parties where the molls look like debutantes."

Mr. Spector has left one element of the original production untouched. With a good eye for a sure thing, he has cast Sam Levene as Patsy the gambler, a role he played in "Three Men on a Horse" 835 times, more than twenty-five years ago.

MILK AND HONEY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: JERRY HERMAN
BOOK: DON APPELL
CAST: ROBERT WEEDE, MIMI BENZELL,
 MOLLY PICON, JUKI ARKIN
DIRECTOR: ALBERT MARRE
PRODUCER: GERARD OESTREICHER

TRYOUT: BOSTON, SEPT. 5-23, COLONIAL THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 10, MARTIN BECK THEATER



PICON

Visiting an off-Broadway revue some time ago, writer Don Appell noted that its book, music, lyrics, and direction were all the work of a gentleman named Jerry Herman, who also happened to be down in the pit playing the piano.

"I knew I had to meet this guy," says Appell. "Who else but him and me would have so much *chutzpa*?" (Yiddish for—roughly—"overwhelming gall.")

Their meeting and an eventual trip to Israel led to their writing "Milk and Honey," the first musical set in that country. The show is also the first uptown song-and-dance for Molly Picon, for many years the First Lady of the Yiddish theater. She plays Clara Weiss, a husband-hunting American widow traveling in the Holy Land. Her songs, fitted to her talents like stuffing *derma*, have the strong Polish and Russian flavor that characterizes both the music of Israel and the Yiddish theater. With them, Mrs. Weiss, in panama hat and space shoes, may neatly wrap up "Milk and Honey" and tuck it into her string shopping bag for safe delivery back home to West End Avenue.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

MUSIC AND LYRICS: FRANK LOESSER
BOOK: ABE BURROWS, JACK WEINSTOCK, WILLIE GILBERT
CAST: ROBERT MORSE, RUDY VALLEE,
 BONNIE SCOTT, VIRGINIA MARTIN
DIRECTOR: MR. BURROWS
PRODUCERS: CY FEUER AND ERNEST MARTIN
 WITH FRANK PRODUCTIONS

TRYOUT: PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 4-OCT. 7,
 SHUBERT THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 14, 46th STREET THEATER



VALLEE



MORSE

"How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" marks composer Frank Loesser's return to the sassy big-city arena he captured so well in "Guys and Dolls," before venturing into the Napa Valley in "The Most Happy Fella" and later to never-never land in "Greenwillow." Returning with him, after a trek into the early nineteenth century ("First Impressions"), is Abe Burrows, who helped Mr. Loesser put Damon Runyon's gamblers and missionaries into musical comedy heaven in 1950.

"How To," loosely based on Shepherd Mead's book, is a guide to getting ahead through one-up interviews, the right dress, the proper use of the office sexpot to get your superior fired, and various techniques of stabbing backs (while guarding your own). It chronicles the rise in the croquet-wicket industry, by these methods, of Pierrepont Finch, played by Robert Morse. At the top of the wicket heap sits J. B. Biggley, and making his Broadway musical comedy debut in the role is Hubert Prior ("Rudy") Vallee. Mr. Vallee's only previous stage appearances in New York have been in revues—George White's "Scandals" of 1931 and 1935.

"I don't consider it a comeback," says Vallee. "It's a whole new thing. For the last twelve years I've been doing summer stock, night-clubs, and concerts all over the world. This is just an extension of all that other work. I tell you," the wandering troubadour adds, "the people who just remember me as a crooner with a megaphone are in for a surprise."

THE MAID'S ROOM

AUTHOR: HARRY KURNITZ (FROM "L'IDIOTE"
 BY MARCEL ACHARD)
CAST: JULIE HARRIS
DIRECTOR: HAROLD CLURMAN
PRODUCER: LELAND HAYWARD

TRYOUTS: NEW HAVEN, SEPT. 27-OCT. 1,
 SHUBERT THEATER
 PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 2-16,
 WALNUT STREET THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 18
 (THEATER TO BE ANNOUNCED)



HARRIS

In October, for the third time in eleven years, Harold Clurman will direct Julie Harris on Broadway. Their other joint efforts were "Member of the Wedding" and "Mademoiselle Colombe." Like the latter play, "The Maid's Room" is a product of the French theater.

Its entire action takes place in the office of a *juge d'inspection*. This judicial office does not exist in the United States but roughly corresponds to that of our Grand Jury. The *juge* questions the suspect of a crime and then "instructs" the judge and chamber as to the propriety of bringing him to trial. He can also release the suspect or tell the court if he thinks him guilty.

"So you see," explains Mr. Clurman, "the results are pretty definite by the time you get to trial in France. But there's no social implication whatsoever in the play," he hastens to add. "It's a comedy melodrama about a maid from the country who's suspected of murder. But the real interest is the character development of the part. The actress is very important. That's why I wanted Julie. It will be a very different role from any she's ever done. Lately she's been playing all these 'holy' parts—nuns, and girls with inferiority complexes, and even Queen Victoria on television. I told her to cut out all that nonsense. Now she'll be playing a normal girl. Well, a normal French girl. There's a difference."

A COOK FOR MR. GENERAL

AUTHOR: STEVEN GETHERS
CAST: BILL TRAVERS, ROLAND WINTERS
DIRECTOR: FIELDER COOK
SETS: WILL STEVEN ARMSTRONG
PRODUCERS: WILLIAM DARRID, ELEANOR SAIDENBERG,
 LEONARD RUSKIN

TRYOUTS: NEW HAVEN, SEPT. 20-23,
 SHUBERT THEATER
 PHILADELPHIA, SEPT. 26-OCT. 17,
 FORREST THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 19, PLAYHOUSE THEATER



TRAVERS

"A Cook for Mr. General" takes place in a rehabilitation center during World War II. The head misfit here is Tom Agganis, a huge Greek who understands a little English and nothing at all about Army logic. When a sympathetic and ulcerous general treats Tom with kindness, he not only makes a good soldier out of him, he cures his own stomach in the process. Bill Travers, who was a charming Scottish-burred giant in the film "Wee Geordie," is equally appealing with a Greek accent as Tom, a role he played with great success in the original television version of the play.

KWAMINA

MUSIC AND LYRICS: RICHARD ADLER
BOOK: ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR
CAST: SALLY ANN HOWES, TERRY CARTER,
REX INGRAM
DIRECTOR: ROBERT LEWIS
CHOREOGRAPHY: AGNES DE MILLE
SETS: WILL STEVEN ARMSTRONG
PRODUCER: ALFRED DE LIAGRE, JR.

TRYOUTS: TORONTO, SEPT. 4-23, O'KEEFE THEATER
BOSTON, SEPT. 25-OCT. 16,
COLONIAL THEATER
OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 23, 54th STREET THEATER



HOWES

After discovering theatrical gold in unlikely places (a factory in "The Pajama Game" and a baseball dugout in "Damn Yankees"), composer Richard Adler, this time with writer Robert Alan Aurthur, set out to mine a really tough piece of territory in his new musical. Called "Kwamina," after its hero, it is set in a West African colony about to receive its independence.

"We had an unusual problem with this show," Adler says. "Theater owners thought 'Kwamina' was about miscegenation. Actually, we're more interested in showing the conflicts between the old and new Africa than with a love affair. There's no physical manifestation of the friendship between the hero, who is an English-educated Negro, and Eve, the white African girl [Sally Ann Howes], because we're just showing one aspect of African society." (The relationship is so platonic that at one point the couple sing a tender duet while sitting back to back, ten feet apart.)

Adler has written a double score for "Kwamina." One is more familiarly "American," the other more "native." Especially with the latter score, composed after he listened to hundreds of African songs, Adler has hit pay dirt again. By turns sardonic, wistful, and earthy, it perfectly expresses the life in an African tribal village.

Now that one side of Africa has been put on the stage, it may not be long before another face of that continent can be seen. There, Eve and Kwamina, like all good musical theater couples, may sing duets face-to-face, hold hands, and maybe even fall in love.

OFF BROADWAY

ONE WAY PENDULUM

AUTHOR: N. F. SIMPSON
CAST: BETTY LEIGHTON, AUDREY RAE
DIRECTOR: DOUGLAS SEALE
PRODUCER: CAROLINE BURKE SWANN

OPENS: NEW YORK, SEPT. 19, 74th STREET THEATER



SIMPSON

The characters in this early entry from London may even widen the eyes of audiences accustomed to the eccentric doings of Beckett, Ionesco, and Albee people. In N. F. Simpson's "One Way Pendulum" there is the familiar middle-class living room, where Mrs. Groomkirby and a lady friend chat around a table, and there is a courtroom scene, a classic theatrical device. But these conventional settings are stuffed with an exotic filling that is one part vaudeville, two parts sheer lunacy.

Shortly after the curtain goes up, young Kirby Groomkirby is leading five hundred speak-your-weight machines singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" in his bedroom. Mrs. Groomkirby's living-room friend is no ordinary matron. She is a professional "eater" hired to finish off the household's surplus food. The trial in "Pendulum" takes place in a replica of the Old Bailey that Mr. Groomkirby has put together in the living room from a build-it-yourself kit of Famous Institutions.

Playwright Simpson's technique is surrealistic slapstick laced with verbal nonsense. It works so well that critic Kenneth Tynan once called him "the most gifted comic writer the English stage has discovered since the war."

O MARRY ME!

BOOK AND LYRICS: LOLA PERGAMENT
MUSIC: ROBERT KESSLER
DIRECTOR: MICHAEL HOWARD
PRODUCER: LILY TURNER

OPENS: NEW YORK, SEPT. 25, GATE THEATER

ALL IN LOVE

BOOK AND LYRICS: BRUCE GELLER
MUSIC: JACQUES URBONT
PRODUCERS: J. TERRY BROWN, JR., STELLA HOLT,
MR. URBONT

OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 16, 41st STREET THEATER

Three musicals fashioned from dramatic classics of the eighteenth century will debut this season, two of them in September and October. The action of "O Marry Me!" a reworking of Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" by Lola Pergament, has been updated from 1773 to 1810. "It's Regency now," explains Miss Pergament. "A much more attractive period for the costumes. Besides, we couldn't get all those hoop skirts from the original setting on our small stage."

Terry Brown, one of the producers of "All in Love," based on Richard Brinsley Sheridan's "The Rivals," says of his neo-Restoration play:

"The emotions of that time are still *au courant*, so to speak. Mrs. Malaprop today is the typical P.T.A. lady; Lydia Languish you might call the Vassar girl turned beat. And Bath, the scene of the play, was the Miami Beach of 1761."

Mr. Brown and his associates are turning the lobby of their theater into a reproduction of Bath, with painted fronts and buxom girls selling oranges.

"It'll reek of Restoration," says Brown.

("Shame the Devil," a musical made from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," opens in November and will be previewed in the second issue of SHOW.)

HAPPY DAYS

AUTHOR: SAMUEL BECKETT
CAST: RUTH WHITE, JOHN BECHER
DIRECTOR: ALAN SCHNEIDER
PRODUCERS: RICHARD BARR AND CLINTON WILDER
(THEATER 1961)

OPENS: NEW YORK, SEPT. 19, CHERRY LANE THEATER
(WILL RUN IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE AMERICAN DREAM AND THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH)



WHITE

Samuel Beckett's newest play is not only his first to have its world premiere in the United States; it also marks the first time that the expatriate Irish playwright has allowed a new work to be performed without his personal supervision.

"It's all due to Alan Schneider," says Richard Barr, the show's coproducer. "Mr. Beckett was so pleased with what Alan did in our production of 'Krapp's Last Tape' that he made him his American artistic representative." ("Krapp's Last Tape," incidentally, had the longest run of any straight play in off-Broadway history.)

"Happy Days" is set in typically sparse and well-lit Beckett country. A scorched grass plain rises to a mound at stage front. Embedded in the mound up to her waist, in the first act, is the play's central character, Winnie, a "well-preserved" woman of about fifty. (In Act Two, Winnie is in up to her neck.) The only other character is Willie, who says very little and is described by Mr. Barr's associate, Clinton Wilder, as "living somewhere in the background."

"Remember," explains Mr. Barr, "that Beckett is very twentieth century. He doesn't try to define or give results. It's all suggestion, suggestion, suggestion. That's why the stage actions are so important and why the stage directions are so detailed and explicit." Mr. Wilder suggests that the play is about "a lifetime in the lifetime of two people."

Both producers agree that the play is a perfect example of the kind of thing they want Theater 1961, their production company, to do.

"We want to be a playwrights' theater and present the best that's being written for the theater in our time. We want to expose the American public to it. It's much more aware than most people think. Why should all the theatrical excitement be in London, Paris, and Rome? Why not here?"

CLANDESTINE ON THE MORNING LINE

AUTHOR: JOSH GREENFELD
DIRECTOR: ALLEN DAVIS, III
PRODUCERS: JOHN T. WEEMS AND ROBERT BUCCOLO

OPENS: NEW YORK, OCT. 17
(PLAYHOUSE TO BE NAMED)



GREENFELD

In 1959 Josh Greenfeld's play was one of eight selected by the Ford Foundation to be produced outside New York City. It was performed at the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., under Alan Schneider's direction. This fall New Yorkers will be able to see the play off Broadway.

"Some Broadway producers were interested," Greenfeld says, explaining the two-year delay, "but only if I could get a star for them. This was kind of insulting for a writer. For my next play, I'm going right to off-Broadway. Why waste time? Leave Broadway to the musicals."

The single setting for "Clandestine on the Morning Line" is the New Coney Island Restaurant and Luncheon in a city "Northern in size, Southern in influence." (The race of the characters involved is as vaguely defined as the city's geography. An all-white cast performed the play in Washington; Negro actors will play all the roles off Broadway.)

The play's central character is the proprietress of the restaurant, Clara Louise Thompson Clark Williams. A religious and slightly scatterbrained lady, Clara believes in horoscopes and Henry Ford. After all, she maintains, comparing her hero to Christopher Columbus, America was right there waiting to be discovered, but where was the automobile? One day, when her zodiac charts show "Uranus is in everybody's house," Clara suspects there's something in the air "just waiting to fall." Before long a pregnant young girl, without a husband, and a young man wanted for murder turn up at the New Coney Island. Clara, of course, manages to work things out, for, as her son says, "She is rarely right. But she is never wrong."

WHAT'S PLAYING

THEATER

ADDITIONAL NEW YORK OPENINGS BROADWAY

Sept. 26: From the Second City, Royale Theater
Oct. 2: High Fidelity, Ambassador Theater
Oct. 5: Blood, Sweat and Stanley Poole, Morosco Theater
Oct. 11: Everybody Loves Opal, Longacre Theater
Oct. 25: Look, We've Come Through!, Hudson Theater
Oct. 26: Write Me a Murder, Belasco Theater
Oct. 31: Garden of Sweets, ANTA Theater

OFF BROADWAY

Sept. 18: Cock-Eyed Kite, Actors Playhouse
Sept. 14: I Want You, Maidman Playhouse
Sept. 19: Misalliance, Sheridan Sq. Playhouse
Sept. 21: Ghosts, 4th Street Theater
Sept. 21: The Opening of a Window, Theater Marquee
Sept. 26-Oct. 1: Choephoroi, Eumenides, (In Greek, with ear transistor translation), Greek Tragedy Theater, City Center
Sept. 26-Oct. 1: Choephoroi, Eumenides, (In Greek, with ear transistor translation), Greek Tragedy Theater, City Center
Sept. 27: Hi, Paisano, York Playhouse
Sept. 27: Fourth Avenue North, Madison Avenue Playhouse
Oct. 2: Sap of Life, One Sheridan Square
Oct. 9: Bei Mir Bist Du Schön (In Yiddish), Anderson Theater, 66 Second Ave.
Oct. 25: The Buskers, Cricket Theater
Oct. 30: The Opponent's Game, (Theater to be announced)
Oct. 30: Go Fight City Hall (In Yiddish), Mayfair Theater

LONG RUNS

BROADWAY

BYE, BYE BIRDIE

Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St.
(through Oct. 7)

CAMELOT

Majestic Theater, 245 W. 44th St.

CARNIVAL

Imperial Theater, 249 West 45th St.

COME BLOW YOUR HORN

Brooks Atkinson Theater, 256 W. 47th St.

DO RE MI

St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St.

FIORIELLO!

Broadway Theater, Broadway at 53rd St.

IRMA LA DOUCE

Plymouth Theater, 236 W. 45th St.

MARY, MARY

Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W. 46th St.

MY FAIR LADY

Mark Hellinger Theater, Broadway at 51st St.

RHINOCEROS

Longacre Theater, 220 W. 48th St.
(through Oct. 1)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W. 46th St.

THE UNSINKABLE MOLLY BROWN

Winter Garden, 1634 Broadway

OFF BROADWAY

**THE AMERICAN DREAM and
THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH**
(In conjunction with

HAPPY DAYS after Sept. 19)
Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St.

THE BALCONY

Circle in The Square, 159 Bleecker St.

THE BLACKS

St. Marks Playhouse, 133 2nd Ave.

THE FANTASTICKS

Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St.

LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE

Players Theater, 115 MacDougal St.

THE LIVING THEATER (Repertory)

530 Sixth Avenue

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE

Phoenix Theater, 189 2nd Ave.

RED EYE OF LOVE

Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal St.

ON THE ROAD TO BROADWAY

AN EVENING WITH S. J. PERELMAN

New Hope, Pa., Bucks County Playhouse,
Sept. 18-30

BLOOD, SWEAT AND STANLEY POOLE

Philadelphia, Locust Theater, September 11-30

FROM THE SECOND CITY

Los Angeles, Ivar Theater, Sept. 12-16

GARDEN OF SWEETS

Philadelphia, Walnut Street Theater, Oct. 16-28

GIDEON

Philadelphia, Locust Theater, Oct. 14-Nov. 4

HIGH FIDELITY

Philadelphia, Walnut Street Theater,
Sept. 14-28

KEAN

Boston, Shubert Theater, Sept. 11-Oct. 6
Philadelphia, Shubert Theater, Oct. 10-23

KICKS AND CO.

Chicago, Arie Crown Theater, Oct. 7-28

THE COMPLAISANT LOVER

New Haven, Shubert Theater, Oct. 11-14
Boston, Colonial Theater, Oct. 16-30

THE GAY LIFE

Detroit, Fisher Theater, Oct. 2-21
Toronto, O'Keefe Theater, Oct. 23-Nov. 1

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE

Seattle, Moore Theater, Sept. 12-15
Portland, Paramount Theater, Sept. 16
San Francisco, Alcazar Theater, Sept. 19-30
Los Angeles, Huntington Hartford Theater,
Oct. 2-22

WRITE ME A MURDER

New Haven, Shubert Theater, Oct. 4-7
Boston, Wilbur Theater, Oct. 9-23

TOURING SHOWS

A TASTE OF HONEY

Washington, National Theater, Sept. 11-24
Cleveland, Hanna Theater, Sept. 25-Oct. 1
Pittsburgh, New Nixon Theater, Oct. 2-8
Toronto, Royal Alexandra, Oct. 9-Nov. 4

BYE, BYE BIRDIE

Chicago, Erlanger Theater, from Sept. 6

MY FAIR LADY

Des Moines, KRNT Theater, Sept. 12-16
Chicago, Shubert Theater, Sept. 20-Nov. 11

THE SOUND OF MUSIC

Los Angeles, Philharmonic Auditorium,
Sept. 12-23

Denver, The Auditorium, Sept. 26-Oct. 4
Dallas, State Fair Music Hall, Oct. 7-22
St. Louis, American Theater, Oct. 25-Nov. 11

FIORIELLO!

Los Angeles, Biltmore Theater, Sept. 12-23
Omaha, Music Hall, Sept. 26-27
Des Moines, KRNT Theater, Sept. 28-30
St. Paul, The Auditorium, Oct. 2-7
Minneapolis, Orpheum Theater, Oct. 9-14
Pittsburgh, New Nixon Theater, Oct. 16-21
New Haven, Shubert Theater, Oct. 23-28
Hershey, Community Theater, Oct. 30-Nov. 1

THE MIRACLE WORKER

Boston, Wilbur Theater, Sept. 12-16
Pittsburgh, New Nixon Theater, Sept. 18-23
Bloomington, Indiana Univ. Auditorium,
Sept. 26

Lafayette, Purdue Music Hall, Sept. 27-28

Dayton, Memorial Hall, Sept. 30-Oct. 1

Ashtabula, Playhouse, Oct. 3

Mansfield, Ohio Theater, Oct. 4

Columbus, Hartman Theater, Oct. 5-7

Cincinnati, Shubert Theater, Oct. 9-14

Cleveland, Hanna Theater, Oct. 16-21

Minneapolis, Orpheum Theater, Oct. 23-28

Milwaukee, Pabst Theater, Oct. 30-Nov. 1

ADVISE AND CONSENT

Cincinnati, Shubert Theater, Oct. 2-7
Columbus, Hartman Theater, Oct. 19-21
Cleveland, Hanna Theater, Oct. 23-28
Baltimore, Ford's Theater, Oct. 30-Nov. 4

RHINOCEROS

San Francisco, Alcazar Theater, Oct. 2-15
Los Angeles, Huntington Hartford Theater,
Oct. 16-29

GYPSY

San Francisco, Curran Theater, August 7-
Sept. 30

Los Angeles, Biltmore Theater, from Oct. 2

THE BEST MAN

Cleveland, Hanna Theater, Sept. 18-23
Chicago, Blackstone Theater, from Sept. 24

COMMUNITY THEATERS

* Indicates premiere.

† Indicates run with closing date indefinite.

ALABAMA

Birmingham: Damn Yankees, Oct. 12-21.
Jewish Community Center Players
Mobile: No Time for Sergeants, Sept. 20-24,
Theater Guild

ARIZONA

Phoenix: Show Boat, Oct. 12-17,
Phoenix Musical Theater

CALIFORNIA

Alameda: The Pleasure of His Company,
Sept. 15-23, 29, 30; Oct.†, Altarena
Playhouse

Bakersfield: Roar Like A Dove, through Oct.†
Community Theater

Hollywood: Forward the Heart, through Oct.†
Circle Theater

Los Angeles: Lysistrata: An Interpretation,
(by John Dikeos), Opened Sept. 7†,
Theater Event.

terey: Nina, Sept. 25-Oct. 7, Wharf Theater
 Alto: Two for the Seesaw; Take Me
 Along; Look Homeward, Angel; Between
 Two Thieves—all in repertory. Opens
 mid-Oct., Comedia Repertory Theater
 Carville: The Strong One,* (by L. R. King),
 Sept. 21-Oct. 8, Barn Theater
 Francisco: Ruddigore, Sept. 15-Nov. 25,
 Harding Theater
 Swimming Under Water,* (by Mark
 Harris), mid-Oct.†, Marines Theater
 West Side Story, Fri. Nights†; Once Upon
 a Mattress, Sat. & Sun. nights, Opera Ring
 rance: White Sheep of the Family,
 Oct. 20-28, Footlight Theater

COLORADO
 nison: J. B., Oct. 26, Western State College

CONNECTICUT
 ageport: Cat On a Hot Tin Roof, Sept. 28-
 Oct. 15, Polka Dot Playhouse

DELAWARE
 er: Bus Stop, Sept. 28-30, Wesley Coll.
 Little Theater

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
 shington: The Corn is Green, Oct. 17-20,
 American Univ. Theater

FLORIDA
 al Gables: Jazz Beat,* (by Ruth Foreman),
 Sept. 20-Oct. 15, Actors' Studio Playhouse
 ksonville: The Healer*(by Frank
 Slaughter), Oct. 13-20, Fairfax Theater
 sacola: The Matchmaker, Sept. 28-30,
 Little Theater

ILLINOIS
 bondale: Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,
 Oct. 20, 22, 24, 28, Southern Illinois
 University
 cago: The Marriage, Sept. 20-23, 27-30,
 John Woolman Hall
 Born Yesterday, Sept. 15-17, 22-24,
 The Athenaeum
 Plaines: The Marriage-Go-Round,
 Sept. 22-23, 29-30; Oct. 1, 6-7, Theater Guild
 k Forest: Mister Roberts, Oct. 27-29,
 Park Forest Playhouse
 ria: Golden Fleecing, Sept. 15-23;
 The Crucible, Oct. 13-21; Continental
 Theater, Oct. 27-29, Peoria Players

INDIANA
 wfordville: Volpone, Oct. 19-21,
 Wabash College
 porte: Stalag 17, Oct. 7-8, 14-15,
 Little Theater Club
 ire Dame: The Cocktail Party, Nov. 9-11,
 16-18, University Theater
 hmond: Oklahoma!, Oct. 3-7, Civic Theater
 araiso: A Shred of Evidence*, Sept. 29-
 Oct. 2, Memorial Opera House

IANA
 es: The Marriage of Figaro, Oct. 19-20, 22,
 University Theater
 lar Rapids: The Pleasure of His Company,
 Oct. 13-28, Community Theater
 s Moines: The Matchmaker, Oct. 6-21,
 Community Playhouse

KENTUCKY
 rt Knox: The Seven Year Itch, Sept. 9, 14-16,
 Little Theater Group

LOUISIANA
 on Rouge: The Teahouse of the August
 Moon, Oct. 11-21, Little Theater
 reeport: Wonderful Town, Oct. 19-21,
 24-28, Little Theater

MAINE
 ngor: Pygmalion, Oct. 11-13,
 Civic Theater

MARYLAND
 Cumberland: Picnic, Sept. 13-14,
 Maryland Theater

MASSACHUSETTS
 Barre: Doctor's Orders, Oct. 20-21,
 Fellowship Hall
 Boston: The Great God Brown, opens Oct. 10†,
 Charles Playhouse
 Great Barrington: Cradle Snatchers, Sept.
 12-17; The Cave Dwellers, Sept. 19-Oct. 1,
 Oct. 3-8, Kate McComb Playhouse
 Quincy: Rebecca, Oct. 16-17, Community
 Players (Masonic Temple)

MICHIGAN
 Detroit: A Country Scandal, Oct. 20-21, 26-28,
 Wayne University
 Grand Rapids: Kismet, Oct. 25-Nov. 9,
 Civic Theater

MINNESOTA
 Duluth: Golden Fleecing, Oct. 6-14,
 Duluth Playhouse
 Mankato: Kind Sir, Oct. 17-21, Mankato
 State Coll.
 St. Paul: Arsenic and Old Lace, Oct. 6-22,
 St. Paul Theater

MISSOURI
 Cape Girardeau: The Dark at the Top of the
 Stairs, Oct. 25-27, Southeast Missouri
 State Coll.
 Springfield: The Marriage-Go-Round, Oct. 3-7,
 Clara Thompson Hall
 Webster Groves: The Pleasure of His Company,
 Oct. 6-10, Theater Guild

NEBRASKA
 Omaha: The Pajama Game, Sept. 22-Oct. 7,
 Omaha Playhouse

NEW JERSEY
 Oradell: The Pleasure of His Company, each
 Thurs., Fri., Sat. in Oct., Little Firehouse
 Theater
 Secaucus: Bell, Book and Candle, Sept. 23,
 29-30, Community Theater
 Woodbridge: Look Homeward, Angel,
 Sept. 15-16, 22-23, Circle Players

NEW MEXICO
 Albuquerque: Carousel, Oct. 21,
 Civic Auditorium

NEW YORK
 Jamestown: The Marriage-Go-Round, Sept. 5-
 Oct. 7, Little Theater
 Rochester: Mister Roberts, Oct. 19-Nov. 5,
 Community Players
 Sayville: The Mikado, Oct. 13-14, 20-21,
 Musical Workshop

NORTH CAROLINA
 Winston-Salem: The Desperate Hours,
 Oct. 3-7, Little Theater

OHIO
 Athens: Thieves' Carnival, Oct. 24-28,
 Ohio Univ. Theater
 Cleveland: Hedda Gabler, Sept. 13-17;
 Not In the Books, Sept. 20-Oct. 1;
 A Majority of One, Oct. 18-Nov. 19,
 Drury Theater; Big Fish, Little Fish,
 Oct. 4-22; The Andersonville Trial,
 Oct. 25-Nov. 19, Euclid 77 Theater
 Toledo: Roman Candle, Sept. 7-16;
 Come Back, Little Sheba, Oct. 19-28,
 Repertoire Little Theater

OKLAHOMA
 Oklahoma City: Detective Story, Sept. 25-
 Oct. 8; Two for the Seesaw, Oct. 23-
 Nov. 7, Mummies Theater

PENNSYLVANIA
 Allentown: See How They Run, Oct. 6-7, 10-14,
 Civic Little Theater

Harrisburg: Abe Lincoln In Illinois, Oct. 7-14,
 Community Theater
 Meadville: Ring Round the Moon, Oct. 19-21,
 26-28, Allegheny Playhouse
 New Hope: The Fantasticks, Sept. 12-16,
 Bucks County Playhouse
 New Kensington: Dracula, Oct. 30-31,
 Civic Theater

SOUTH CAROLINA
 Spartanburg: Oklahoma!, Oct. 3-7,
 Little Theater

TENNESSEE
 Oak Ridge: Twelve Angry Men, Oct. 5-7,
 12-14, The Playhouse

TEXAS
 Midland: The Teahouse of the August Moon,
 Sept. 28-30, Oct. 4-6, The Centre
 Fort Worth: A Mighty Man Is He, Sept. 13-23,
 Community Playhouse
 Odessa: Pal Joey, Oct. 12-14,
 Permian Playhouse

VIRGINIA
 Petersburg: Damn Yankees, Oct. 26-28,
 Walnut Hill Auditorium

WASHINGTON
 Seattle: H.M.S. Pinafore, Oct. 28,
 Palomar Theater

WISCONSIN
 Madison: Little Mary Sunshine, Oct. 27-28, 31;
 Nov. 1-4, Theater Guild
 Racine: Babes In Arms, Oct. 18-21,
 Theater Guild
 Shorewood: Lady in the Dark, Oct. 20-22,
 Shorewood Players

DANCE

LENINGRAD KIROV BALLET
 (see pp. 114-15)
 Tour itinerary through Oct. 31:
 Sept. 11-30, Metropolitan Opera House,
 New York
 Oct. 3-11, Madison Sq. Garden, New York
 Oct. 13, 14, Boston Garden, Boston
 Oct. 16-20, The Forum, Montreal
 Oct. 22-26, Maple Leaf Garden, Toronto
 (Remainder of schedule to be announced.)

**BAYANIHAN PHILIPPINE
 DANCE COMPANY**
 Tour itinerary through Oct. 31:
 Sept. 18-24, San Francisco, Cal.
 Sept. 26, Long Beach, Cal.
 Sept. 27, Fullerton, Cal.
 Sept. 28, Pasadena, Cal.
 Sept. 29, San Diego, Cal.
 Sept. 30, Oct. 1, Los Angeles, Cal.
 Oct. 3, Albuquerque, N. M.
 Oct. 4, Roswell, N. M.
 Oct. 5, Carlsbad, N. M.
 Oct. 6, Midland, Tex.
 Oct. 8, McAllen, Tex.
 Oct. 9, Austin, Tex.
 Oct. 10, Lufkin, Tex.
 Oct. 11, Ft. Worth, Tex.
 Oct. 12, Vernon, Tex.
 Oct. 13, Oklahoma City, Okla.
 Oct. 14, Joplin, Mo.
 Oct. 16, Kansas City, Mo.
 Oct. 17, Columbia, Mo.
 Oct. 18, St. Louis, Mo.
 Oct. 19, Springfield, Ill.
 Oct. 20, Bloomington, Ind.
 Oct. 22, Chicago, Ill.
 Oct. 23, Oak Park, Ill.
 Oct. 24, South Bend, Ind.
 Oct. 25, Davenport, Iowa
 Oct. 27, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Oct. 28, Waukegan, Ill.
 Oct. 29, Elmhurst, Ill.
 Oct. 30, Rockford, Ill.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER

Oct. 2-21, Anta Theater, New York
Tour itinerary through Oct. 31:
Oct. 24, 25, Ottawa, Canada
Oct. 26, Burlington, Vt.
Oct. 27, Syracuse, N. Y.
Oct. 28, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Oct. 29, State College, Pa.
Oct. 30, Buffalo, N. Y.
Oct. 31, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ORCHESTRAS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Opening Concert: Sept. 26, Carnegie Hall
Conductor: Leonard Bernstein
Soloist: Eileen Farrell
Schedule through Oct. 31:
Sept. 28, 29, soloist: Jennie Tourel
Sept. 30, soloists: Jennie Tourel,
Philippe Entremont
Oct. 1, soloist: Jennie Tourel
Oct. 5-8, soloist: Joseph Fuchs
Oct. 12-15, soloist: Seymour Lipkin
Oct. 19-22, soloists: William Primrose,
Gold and Fisdale
Oct. 26-29, soloist: Robert Casadesu
Eastern Seaboard tour—soloist: Eileen Farrell:
Sept. 21, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sept. 22, Baltimore, Md.
Sept. 23, Richmond, Va.
Sept. 24, Washington, D. C.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Opening Concert: Sept. 29, Academy of Music
Conductor: Eugene Ormandy
Soloist: E. Power Biggs
Schedule through Oct. 31:
Sept. 30, soloist: E. Power Biggs
Oct. 6, 7, 9
Oct. 13, 14, soloist: James Gregory
Oct. 20, 21, 23, soloist: Yehudi Menuhin
Oct. 27, 28, soloist: Samson François
Tour itinerary through Oct. 31:
Oct. 4, Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 10, New York, N. Y.
Oct. 18, Baltimore, Md.
Oct. 24, New York, N. Y.

BOSTON SYMPHONY

Opening concert: Sept. 29, Symphony Hall
Conductor: Charles Münch
Schedule through Oct. 31:
Sept. 30, Oct. 3, 6-8, 13, 14, 24, 27, 28
Tour:
Oct. 2, Springfield, Mass.
Oct. 10, Providence, R. I.
Oct. 16, Rochester, N. Y.
Oct. 17, Cincinnati, Ohio
Oct. 18, Lexington, Ky.
Oct. 19, Columbus, Ohio
Oct. 20, Detroit, Mich.
Oct. 21, 22, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Oct. 31, Cambridge, Mass.

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

Opening concert: Oct. 5, Severance Hall
Conductor: George Szell
Schedule through Oct. 31:
Oct. 7, 12-14
Oct. 19-21, soloist: Leon Fleisher
Oct. 22
Oct. 26-28, soloist: Jaime Laredo

DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Opening concert: Oct. 5, Ford Auditorium
Conductor: Paul Paray
October schedule:
Oct. 7, 12, 14

NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA, WASHINGTON

Opening concert: Oct. 17, Constitution Hall
Conductor: Howard Mitchell

October schedule:

Oct. 18
Oct. 24, 25, soloist: Leonard Pennario
Oct. 31, soloist: Yehudi Menuhin

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

Opening concert: Oct. 12, Orchestra Hall
Conductor: Fritz Reiner

Schedule through Oct. 31:

Oct. 13, 17, 19-21, 26, 28

Tour:

October 9, 30, 31, Milwaukee, Wis.

BERLIN PHILHARMONIC

Conductor: Herbert von Karajan
Tour schedule through Oct. 31:
Oct. 27, 29, New York, Carnegie Hall,
soloist: Leontyne Price
Oct. 28, Boston
Oct. 30, Washington
Oct. 31, Columbus, O.

OPERA

SAN FRANCISCO OPERA

War Memorial Opera House
Season: Sept. 15-Oct. 25
Opening:
Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti)
Cast: Joan Sutherland, Renato Cioni,
Vladimir Ruzdak
Conductor: Francesco Molinari-Pradelli
World premiere:
Sept. 18, Blood Moon (Norman Dello Joio)
American premiere:
Oct. 10, A Midsummer Night's Dream
(Benjamin Britten)
Tour schedule through Oct. 31:
Oct. 22, Sacramento
Oct. 28-31, Los Angeles
Repertoire will also include Boris Godunov,
Turandot, Madame Butterfly, The Marriage of
Figaro, Rigoletto, Nabucco, Fidelio, and Die
Meistersinger von Nürnberg.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

New York City Center
Season: Oct. 5-Nov. 12
Opening: Il Trittico (Puccini's Triptych)
(Il Tabarro, Suor Angelica,
Gianni Schicchi)
Cast: Il Tabarro—William Chapman,
John Alexander, Claramae Turner
Suor Angelica—Maria di Gerlando,
Claramae Turner
Gianni Schicchi—Norman Treigle,
Doris Yarick, Claramae Turner
Conductor: Julius Rudel
World premieres:
Oct. 12, Wings of the Dove (Douglas Moore)
Oct. 26, The Crucible (Robert Ward and
Bernard Stambler)

Repertoire will also include Così Fan Tutti, La
Bohème, Madame Butterfly, Carmen, Oedipus
Rex, Carmina Burana, The Mikado, H.M.S.
Pinafore.

LYRIC OPERA OF CHICAGO

Civic Opera House
Season: Oct. 14-Dec. 1
Opening:
Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti)
Cast: Joan Sutherland, Carlo Bergonzi,
Richard Tucker
Conductor: Antonio Votto
Repertoire will also include Andrea Chenier,
Mefistofele, La Forza del Destino, Don Gio-
vanni, The Barber of Seville, Fidelio, The Har-
vest, Così Fan Tutte.

RECORDS

The following is a selective list of LP's
scheduled for release in October. (Unless
otherwise noted, all recordings are available
in both stereo and monaural.)

CLASSICAL

Bartok: Music for String Instruments,
Percussion and Celesta;
Hindemith: Symphony "Mathis der Maler"
Herbert von Karajan conducting
the Berlin Philharmonic (Angel)
The Fabulous Victoria de los Angeles.
French, German, and, especially, Spanish
songs (Angel)
Beethoven: Missa Solemnis.
Leonard Bernstein conducting the
New York Philharmonic, with soloist
Eileen Farrell, Carol Smith,
Richard Lewis, Kim Borg (Columbia)
Igor Stravinsky Conducts, 1961.
Movements for Piano and Orchestra
(Charles Rosen, pianist); Double Concerto
for String Quartet; Epitaphium for
Clarinet and Harp; Octet for Wind
Instruments; L'Histoire du Soldat
(suite) (Columbia)
Donizetti: Lucia di Lammermoor.
With Joan Sutherland, Renato Cioni,
Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi. Orchestra
L'Accademia di Santa Cecilia, Rome,
conducted by John Pritchard (London)
Beethoven: Kreutzer Sonata.
Jascha Heifetz;
Bach: Double Concerto.
Heifetz with Eric Friedman (RCA Victor)
Ravel: Daphnis and Chloë.
Complete. Charles Münch and the Boston
Symphony (RCA Victor)

JAZZ

Blues in Modern Jazz:
Dizzy Gillespie, Art Blakey's Jazz
Messengers with Thelonious Monk,
Lennie Tristano, Charles Mingus, Milt
Jackson, Ray Charles, Jimmy Giuffrè,
Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic,
monaural only)
Free Jazz:
Ornette Coleman & his Double Quartet
(Atlantic)
The Genius Sings the Blues:
Ray Charles (Atlantic, monaural only)
The Fletcher Henderson Story:
Thesaurus of Classic Jazz. Four recordings
(Columbia)

POPULAR

Christmas with Chet Atkins
(RCA Victor)
High Flying: Lambert, Hendricks & Ross
(Columbia)
And original cast albums of the following
Broadway musicals:
Kwamina—Richard Adler (Capitol)
Sail Away—Noel Coward (Capitol)
Let It Ride—Jay Livingston and Ray Evans
(RCA Victor)
Milk and Honey—Jerry Herman (RCA Victor)
How to Succeed in Business Without Really
Trying—Frank Loesser (RCA Victor)

SPOKEN WORD

Twelfth Night: With Siobhan McKenna,
Paul Scofield, John Neville. Three recordings
(Caedmon)
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes: Carol Channing
reads Anita Loos's original (Caedmon)

THE WORLD OF SHOW

About a year and a half ago, we started to put our world, that of the performing arts, in order. Happily, we have not finished the job and never expect to. It'd be pretty dull for us and you if we ever reached that point. But we are at a point where we can clearly see that our world is a microcosm of the larger one. Compressed into it are, for the most part, unusual people—people of immense talent, pretensions to talent, and proportionate egos. Inevitably, they are constantly fighting each other and themselves. But they also admire each other and themselves. And out of this process of battle and admiration come fame, power, beauty. Obviously, from our point of view as editors, this molds an ideal topography for our world: a perpetually erupting global volcano. Observing the geniuses, the clowns, the gods, goddesses, leprechauns, and highwaymen who scurry around this volcano is always intriguing; sometimes what we see verges on the incredible. In fact, many of our neighbors would have us take Coleridge's advice and suspend our disbelief when we look at them off stage as well as on. This we won't do. We see our world for what it is and we will always reflect it to you that way. Not only do we owe you that, but as reporters we know there is nothing so fascinating as reality. And always, as we convey our impressions, we'll remember some thoughts of William James: "The feeling for a good human job anywhere, the admiration of the really admirable, the disesteem of what is cheap and trashy and impermanent—this is what we call the critical sense, the sense for ideal values. It is the better part of what men know as wisdom."

With this legend, then, join us to explore our volatile, absurd, wonderful world of creation and beauty. See the world where man's great experiences lie, where he is lifted out of, beyond himself. It is the expectation of such an experience which has sent the lady on the opposite page rushing out into a light-spangled night—to a show. We believe that our SHOW is a place where she—and you—will find those moments of greatness which enhance the whole experience of living.

The Editors





Behind the intoxicating dazzle of opening night, destinies as well as riches hang in the balance, and the ritual which may end in either cheers or that awful, polite murmuring in the lobby requires an audience that is as splendidly adorned as Cyd Charisse (at right) and suspended in an excitement that can break with equal ease into the tragic gala of a bullfight or the gaiety of another coronation.







Theater: In the midst of panic, a dispassionate observer offers some powerful positive thinking about

HOW TO SAVE BROADWAY

By Robert Bendiner

Once the most speculative investment this side of Monte Carlo, a Broadway play is now close to being a sure thing: there is hardly a type of production today that can't be counted on to lose money. For reasons that theater people recite fluently and with wide variations, it is now possible to lose with a sumptuous musical like "Camelot" as well as a straight drama like "A Far Country," with a hit like "At the Drop of a Hat" as well as a flop like "A Call on Kuprin," with a Pulitzer Prize winner like "All the Way Home" as well as a doomed turkey like "Mandingo."

In the circumstances it is natural, even in never-never land, that investment money should be drying up, that financially healthy parking lots should be replacing theaters, and that Broadway should be gloomy beyond the call of normal manic depression. "The theater is worse off than ever, especially for straight drama," says producer Arthur Cantor, who estimates that only five of last season's forty-six productions will wind up with a profit—four of them musicals, at that. Herman Shumlin gives the serious play no more than two or three years before it vanishes from Times Square altogether. "As a business," say Elmer Rice, "the theater has seen its best days," and his observation is echoed by that shrewd "angel" and man of business, William Zeckendorf, Jr.: "If we have a series of years in which even the successful shows lose money, then I think the glamour of investing will go and the entire theater business will have to be put on a more realistic and a more businesslike basis."

In support of all these forebodings, Broadway has been leaking figures like the Bureau of Labor Statistics, and while these will not be reproduced here in wearisome detail, it is perhaps

useful to cite a few of the more revealing items:

Thirty years ago Broadway had sixty-six theaters. Today, with the population up forty-five per cent and personal income six times as great, it has only thirty-three.

In Broadway's Golden Year, 1927-28, audiences gave a hearing to two hundred and sixty-four shows, and there were still more than two hundred in the depression year of 1934. In the season just past there were forty-six productions, only twenty-two of which were still on the boards by mid-June.

Broadway shows that failed to pay back their investors in the twelve years before 1960 came to seventy-four per cent of the total number put on. That was dismal enough, but last season the probable-flop ratio reached eighty-three per cent.

In the circumstances, theater people who foresee a Times Square reduced to two or three musical blockbusters, a couple of sexy comedies, and some noxious hamburger stands are far easier to find than those who share producer David Merrick's vision that "Broadway is entering a renaissance."

But the question is not whether Broadway is ready for the last rites or is miraculously to be saved for senility. The question is: What, if anything, can be done to restore the vigor it enjoyed before it was taken over by benefit parties, ticket scalpers, and commercial taxpayers out on a deductible evening?

It should be noted first that not everyone in the theater is convinced that Broadway itself—that is, the commercial theater—can be saved at all or that its salvation would be worth a major effort. Perhaps still exhausted by his attempt to keep "All the Way Home" limping along in spite of its critical suc-

Money comes from Angels ...

cess, Mr. Cantor seemed almost resigned when asked what would be required for Broadway's full-scale rescue. "Most of the time I feel that nothing will help. Avarice is basic to the theater as it is now organized. Costs will not come down without a real dislocation. Anyway, people would rather stay home and see laxative commercials or go to the movies."

Joseph Papp, whom I found absorbed in giving away free Shakespeare in the Park (and very good Shakespeare, too), was expecting the collapse of the commercial theater any month and could hardly wait. "There's no hope for Broadway," he said. "No pump priming or anything else is going to change the situation. Unless you can get people into the theater at prices they can afford, put on classical as well as contemporary plays, and work out ways of creating new audiences, it doesn't matter whether Broadway goes on or not. On the whole, it's an institution that doesn't support its people."

Assume, however, that you want a varied theater—and even Mr. Papp concedes that "different kinds of people need different kinds of theater"—there is surely a place for Broadway alongside what its critics clearly regard as the "better things" of life. An institution that gave us O'Neill, Sherwood, Wilder, Hellman, Connelly, Rice, Behrman, and Kaufman in one era and in another Miller, Williams, Inge, Gibson, and Chayefsky cannot be set down as wholly dispensable, no matter how commercial, greedy, anarchic, and generally mismanaged it may be.

An intensive inquiry in the vicinity of Times Square reveals that, far from being at a loss for ideas, practically everyone in the theater knows precisely where the trouble lies and what should be done to correct it. The difficulty is that differences in diagnosis are marked, convictions are powerful, and the capacity for give-and-take is roughly comparable to that on display when East meets West in the United Nations. Nevertheless, many of the proposals I listened to were plausible, though modest, and a few were grand and sweeping. If a conference of dedicated show people, from big-time angels fresh from the Stock Exchange to stand-by musicians fresh from the pinochle table, were agreed and empowered to put even half of them into effect, the theater would soon be at least as rational and flourishing as the pants business. All told, these ideas add up to a score or so of Tested and Untested Ways for Saving the New York Theater.

A Broadway production today can play to standees for eight performances a week and run sixteen weeks, which only hit shows will do, and yet not break even. Since the walls of theaters are not expansible and the price of most tickets is already prohibitive, it follows with iron logic that the unsubsidized commercial theater is doomed unless costs are cut. All discussion starts here.

To be arbitrary, let's begin with the theaters themselves, which John Seidman, accountant and angel, describes as "un-economic as hell." This is a "correctible" problem, he and many others say, and once it were corrected, there would be no need for a theater owner to take a staggering thirty per cent of a play's gross receipts, as is now the custom. Just put the theater to work, not twenty-four hours a week, as at present—and then only when it is lucky enough to have a show—but two or three times that, and straight through the year. Seidman cites a Liverpool theater in use eighteen hours a day—for sales meetings, for children's theater and ballet concerts on non-matinee after-



noons, for lectures, and the like—with sets on rollers to make quick shifts possible. Mike Ellis, producer of "Come Blow Your Horn," goes a step further. Given a hit, why not have several companies, with a matinee every day and perhaps a special showing for students from four to seven?

With enough business, a theater owner would be in a position to reduce the rent, let's say to twenty per cent of the gross, a saving of anywhere from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a week on a near hit, depending on whether it was a straight play or a musical. If all New York playhouses invested in adequate air conditioning, it is even possible that Broadway could operate, as London's West End does, twelve months a year. And while technical improvements come more slowly to the underdeveloped theaters of Times Square than to those of, say, Japan or Brazil, it should still be possible for them to put in permanent lighting systems, so that these need not be installed and removed at every opening and closing—with repeated charges for rental, hauling, and labor.

The committee on economics (of which Mr. Seidman is chairman) of the Board of Standards and Planning for the Living Theater is also considering an appeal to New York's newspapers to make the alphabetical listing of shows a gift of the publishers—a saving of some \$600 a week. After all, it can be argued, the papers publish television programs without charge, and theaters do considerable advertising in addition to this listing. Subways, buses, and commuter trains, too, may be induced to carry the listings free, Seidman hopes—"It would be good for transport and good for the theater."

It goes to Actors ...



Excessive emphasis on realistic sets has been a serious drain on production resources as well as a drag on the imagination. Promoting the beauties of the "open stage," Zelda Fichandler, of Washington's Arena Theater, a few years ago made the point admirably: "It can take thirty stagehands to move some of the sets used in the American theater. . . . Since the basic ingredients of an experience in the theater are but two—the play and the actor—the high cost of tickets is in part made necessary by something that contributes nothing very much. . . . There have



and Theater Owners

been no important plays written that reveal human relationships by means of walls, floors, light switches, real doors and windows, complete ceilings, or the like."

Even for a straight play, the sets may run to \$20,000 out of a total production cost of \$100,000, where simplicity would require less than half of that; but producers do seem to be getting the idea. Broadway has not lost sight of the fact that "Do Re Mi," which cost \$470,000 to produce, was hard put to show a profit, for all its popularity, while "Carnival," frugally planned at \$225,000, pays off handsomely.

What must horrify a thrifty investor even more than the original cost is the thought that when a show closes, perhaps after no more than a week, sets that cost \$30,000 or so are unceremoniously carted away and burned. It has been suggested—I got the idea from Elmer Rice—that a collective warehouse might be established in which sets and properties could be stored and freely drawn upon by member-producers. A play itself may never be revived, but with a minimum of cost and skill its sets and properties might be used three or four times over. One stage drawing room, after all, is pretty much like another.

Our experts having casually saved some twenty to thirty per cent of present costs so far—in theater rental, advertising, and sets—we come now to the delicate question of compensation, and here the going gets rougher.

To say that until a show pays back its investors, its principals should be willing to settle for a smaller cut than they now demand is to expect a great deal. No doubt they should—it is possible under the present arrangement for the playwright to draw more than \$2,000 a week from a show that is doing well but not quite well enough to pay its investors a nickel or its producer more than office expenses. Yet the proposal of the Dramatists' Guild that playwrights forgo half their regular royalties for the first seventeen weeks, which created such a stir last spring, does not mean that writers will do any such thing. The concession is entirely optional with the writers and it is not believed that the big ones will find it necessary to invoke the option in order to be produced. By making it possible for unknown playwrights to accept such an arrangement, however, the scheme should encourage the production of plays that might otherwise yellow away in desk drawers—provided the producer, director, and stars are all agreeable to similar sacrifice.

That the Guild's plan will really "open things up," as producer Robert Whitehead hopes, is doubtful, however, since in fact it offers nothing essentially new. Both writers and stars have often taken voluntary cuts, with Guild and Equity permission, in the hope of putting over shows that got off to a wobbly start. And the further hope, expressed by the Guild, that "all craft unions . . . will ultimately make equal concessions" is the very stuff of dreams. The stagehands' and musicians' unions have explained, both during negotiations with the producers and in calmer times, that concessions are simply not their dish of tea. And this is no minor matter, for while a potential hit will hardly be wrecked by even the most imaginative requirements of the unions, the producer of a marginal and modest show is in a box when he finds that with only two actors in the cast, his sets call for nineteen stagehands, averaging well over \$100 a week each. A head electrician, who may do no more than throw a switch

several times a performance, can draw \$350 a week. And if the producer uses a snatch of taped music anywhere in the show, even though he has paid union rates to use it, he can count on having to take aboard four to ten musicians, sending to each of them—by registered mail, because they don't appear at the theater—weekly checks of \$150 or more.

With some plausibility, the producer is widely held responsible for allowing these practices to become a fixed part of the business. "Producers are just too cowardly to do anything about it," playwright Gore Vidal sums up, "and until they do, the thing will continue to be a mess." The fact appears to be that, given the discontinuous nature of the business, no time is ever the right time for a producer to make a stand. With a potential hit on his hands, he is nervously unwilling to jeopardize his success, and inclined to be airy about costs in any case. If, on

and. Producers



the other hand, the outlook is dim, he can expect concessions from the writer and the cast for a few weeks, but the show will probably die whether or not he saves another thousand dollars a week on nonworking stagehands and nonplaying musicians. Sol Pernick, president of Local 1 of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, was doubtless overstating his case when he said on television that featherbedding is a "fiction of the imagination" and that no complaint on this score has ever come to the union's attention. But it is plain that producers, counting on the largesse of their investors, have kept their complaining to a genteel minimum.

For stiffening producers' spines, two of the most imaginative schemes I came across might well be effective. From T. Bruce Birkenhead, a young Brooklyn College economist who has been

studying theater operations, comes the proposal that the federal law be changed to allow a production to incorporate and yet be exempt, as many other small businesses are, from the corporation tax. Not only would it be easier to raise money than by the present method of selling shares in a limited partnership, but, just as important, there would be a stockholders' check on the producers' spending. Conceivably, this would impel a producer to take a tougher line in negotiating with stars, encourage him to talk up to union business agents, inhibit those kickback arrangements which allegedly are made from time to time between contractors and morally delinquent producers, and otherwise serve to keep costs in line.

The second plan is advanced by John F. Wharton, a lawyer with a theatrical clientele and former president of the Playwrights' Producing Company. It calls for the creation of a few large organizations that would produce regularly, own a number of theaters, and, above all, enjoy the flexibility of long-term capital. Not only would such entities be able to bargain advantageously, but they would have what is now glaringly lacking on Broadway—a continuing operation. Without having to treat each play as a totally discrete business to be liquidated when the final curtain falls, a producing company would be able to attract long-range investors, use the profits of a hit to shore up a worthy but wobbling show, and even take an occasional flier on something new and daring. Wharton spoke feelingly of the occasion, long ago, when Lawrence Langner reminded the board of the Theatre Guild that they had had a good season and that they owed it to the public to put on a play by a great writer with a brilliant idea, even if it meant losing the entire investment. His board agreed, and the play they gambled on was "Strange Interlude."

After all the money is saved—and by now our plans have surely cut production costs in half—the theater will still be in trouble if nothing is done to change its most absurd feature. This is simply that tickets are unavailable to those who want to attend merely for pleasure, and not because they are trying to soften up a business prospect or because the Bide-a-Wee dog shelter has strong-armed them into buying a pair of benefit tickets at double the box-office price. A playgoer who reads a rave notice of a new show on the first of October and rushes out to buy tickets in the fifth row center for the second week in January will be coolly put in his place. He can't have them for January or February either. It is reliably estimated that sixty-five to seventy per cent of orchestra seats are placed beyond the reach of the general public from the day a hit show opens, if not weeks before. Who gets them?

In David Merrick's office I was told that fourteen out of the first sixteen performances of "Carnival" were played for theater parties. "Camelot" played to six parties out of eight shows a week for months of its run. In the seven months "Tenderloin" ran on Broadway, parties accounted for sixty-five per cent of the receipts. No wonder producers, quivering with uncertainty, bridle at any disparagement of this attractive form of insurance. True, party audiences are anything but an actor's dream. Rude, inattentive, and edgy because they have been dragooned into seeing something they didn't want to see for more than they cared to pay, they will, nevertheless, go on being courted until something as secure as the theater party takes its place.



The beginnings of such a possibility, according to Ted Ritter, one of the younger producers, are the theater clubs that pick out a show a month. They, too, can guarantee a sizable block of sales, with the added advantage that their members come because they want to see the show. Unless there are many more of them, however, it is obvious that they cannot replace the parties. Still, if Broadway must depend on semicaptive audiences of philanthropists, and give them the standard fare they require, it has hardly more reason to survive than its severest critics concede it.

As an alternative, Herman Shumlin, among other producers, thinks fondly of the guaranteed life of a subscription theater. With fifteen thousand members paying in advance, and concessions from Equity in the matter of actors' salaries, he envisions a permanent company, ensconced in a small theater, doing five or six new plays a season. No fortune for anyone, probably, but good theater without either loss or subsidy.

What few show people care to talk about when the question of ticket distribution comes up is "ice," a euphemism for the illegal margin on ticket prices. Everyone knows that the choicest seats in a theater wind up on the black market, either by collusion with the management or by "digging," that is, systematic purchasing by an unethical broker and his agents. Everyone knows, as well, that ice is as pervasive on Broadway today as it was in the last glacial era. And everyone assumes that some theater owners and producers make as good a thing of it as the lowly box-office men, whose union, I am told, has not found it worth the bother to ask for a raise in ten years. With a pair of \$8.80 tickets frequently going for \$50—mostly to expense-account moguls and visiting Texans—the ice on a hundred choice tickets comes to \$1,500 a performance, or \$12,000 a week. Informed estimates have it that this "subliminal income," in Cantor's phrase, ranges as high as \$30,000 a week for a big hit. Since the gross for a successful straight play only runs between \$20,000 and \$40,000, the diversion of funds into the ice fields is comparable to a show's entire legitimate income.

If the problem were not so often met with mock surprise or treated either with maidenly aversion or cynical acceptance, something could be done about ice. And something should be

done, not only because of the potential loss of revenue, but because the system corners the market on choice seats, encourages brokers to push the kind of show that yields ice at the expense of those that do not, and in general fosters a climate more appropriate to bootlegging than to drama.

The most sweeping suggestion for melting the ice—and it is talked of on all sides—is for a free market, a kind of bourse on which ticket prices would be allowed to seek their own level. The absurd law that in theory limits a broker's increase over the printed price to \$1.50 and in practice creates a black market would, of course, have to be repealed. It is possible that sharpies would make a killing in "futures," buying up tickets to a promising musical early in the game, betting on favorable reviews, and selling high when the success of the show was established. A ticket might be to an evening in the theater what a share of A. T. & T. is to a telephone call. But that is not appreciably different from what goes on now, and the advantages would be marked. Not only would the game be played in the open, but some of the extravagance of expense-account drama-lovers would at least go to enrich the theater instead of exclusively swelling the wallets of middlemen and shady operators.

If the law is not repealed—and there is an ominous lack of drive in that direction—some theater people favor direct but limited action. Whitehead would have the producer take charge of ticket sales, instead of leaving it to the theater management, and several knowing observers are for raising, even doubling, the price of prime seats right now. This idea, first proposed by the committee on theater of the Citizens Union, has this rationale: If the hundred best seats were jumped from \$8.80 to \$17.60, they would cost the expense-account crowd no more than they do now—in fact, not as much—and the production would be richer by \$4,800 a week. Angels would get their investment back so much the sooner, especially on top of the savings suggested earlier, and theater money would be that much more readily attracted. Or, as Mr. Whitehead suggested to me in a moment of almost revolutionary daring, let a percentage of this "premium" money be put into a fund for benefiting the theater as a whole. Contributions could be made to repertory theaters to keep alive the classics, to community and university theaters for the training of new actors and playwrights, to research studies, and, not



*Some
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least, to projects like Mr. Papp's free Shakespeare in the Park. The tax deductions of expense-account patrons would thus go into good works; indirectly, culture would be served by federal subsidy without the risk of federal interference.

Back in 1930 some twelve million people made the rounds of the New York playhouses. Last year, with the national population nearly half again as large, the paying customers had shrunk in numbers to little more than eight million. Broadway cannot be blamed, even by its sternest critics, for the suburban drift, which has made an evening in the theater as costly as a month's commuting and about as enjoyable. It is not responsible for traffic grown intolerable, for the parking problem, and other metropolitan delights. Nor could it stop the competitive attraction of bright foreign films, scattered throughout the smarter suburbs, and of television, not always good but free and infinitely available. It could have extended itself to meet the competition, however, and to offset a theatergoer's obstacles. But to these ends it has so far failed to lift a producer's finger or move a stagehand's muscle.

The fact is that going to a New York theater is much more of a trial than it need be. Here, again from the fertile minds of show people themselves, are some of the things that can still be done to make playgoing a pleasure, even to warrant a trek in from the suburbs:

Tickets can be made easy to get through a central box office paid for and operated by the theaters themselves. Here out-of-town ticket shoppers could write in, giving their requests in order of preference, and local ticket shoppers would be spared making the rounds of the theater lobbies. More important, if the free market idea already mentioned were in effect, the central box office would serve as a stock exchange. At one extreme, premium seats would be obtainable at premium prices, and at the other extreme, shows in trouble would dispose of at least some of their tickets at a last-minute discount. Surely it would be better for a show to sell a few hundred seats at a dollar or two than to play to a half-empty house. And for these discount buyers the stage might in time become a habit. They would become the high-paying audience of the future.

In the same way, students can be turned into playgoers. One reason the theater is dying, Vidal suggests, is that young people haven't been broken in for a generation or so: "You rarely see people under forty-five in the theater." Ritter would let students in free for the last week of a dying show. From producer Joel Schenker comes a suggestion that a card be issued to university and high-school students entitling them to see six shows a year at two dollars a show and that a "library" be established where members—from unions, clubs, and schools—could show up at eight-fifteen and buy unsold tickets at a nominal price. Whitehead would have student cards issued, as in the Paris theater, instead of continuing the present awkward arrangement whereby youngsters get a price reduction only when they attend with a class, complete with family approval and an instructor—altogether enough to deflate the evening's pleasure.

It has been said, *ad nauseam*, that building a new theater is too much of a financial risk—Broadway's latest dates from 1928—and that nothing can be done to make glad the playgoer's intermission with sandwiches, tea, cakes, and drink, such as London patrons may have served at their seats. But the law

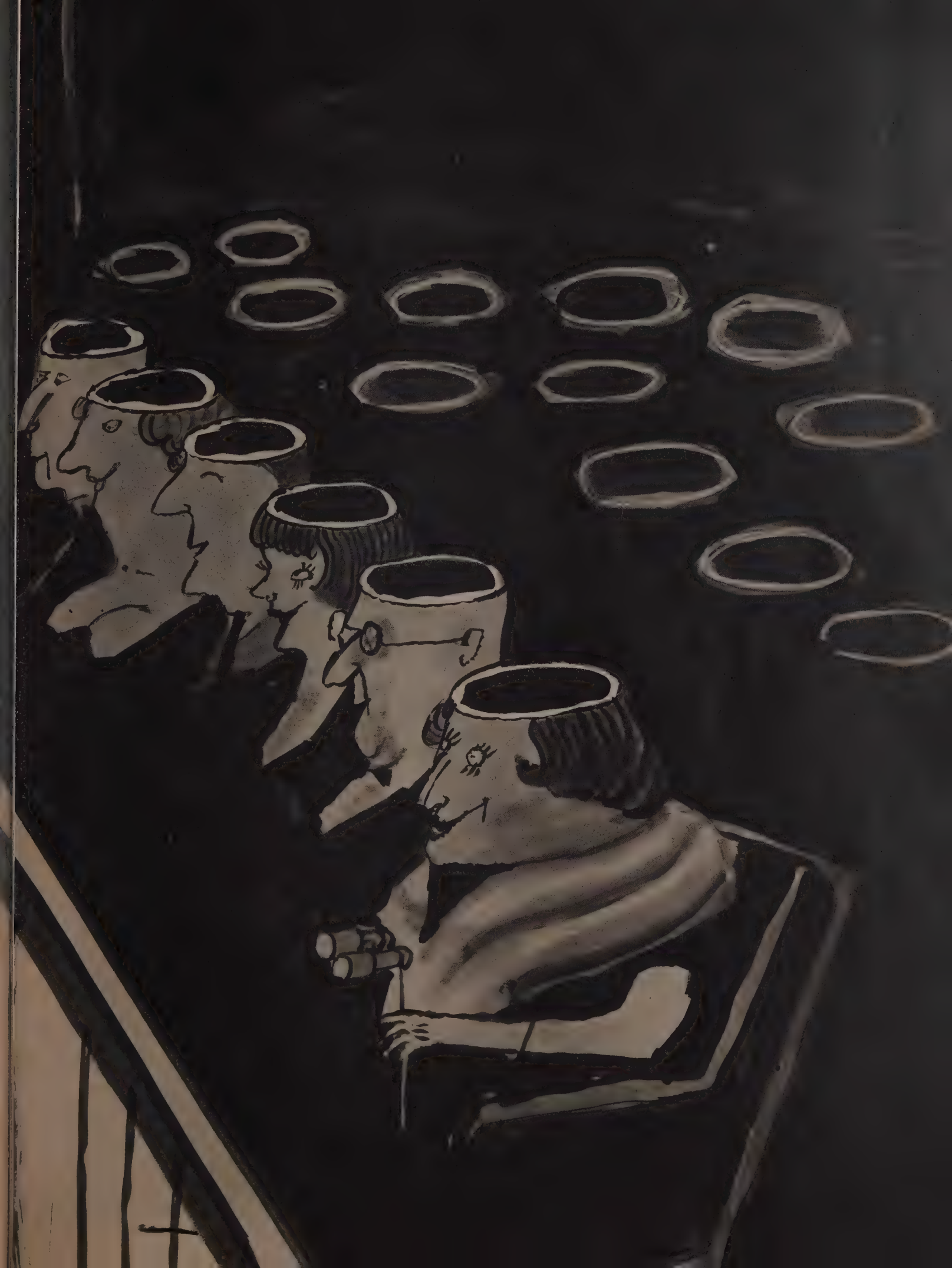
forbidding theaters to have remunerative office space above them has been modified, which should be an incentive to the enterprising, and a little ingenuity could get around the problems of time and labor costs involved in serving refreshments. Zeckendorf plans to convert the ballroom of the Astor Hotel into a theater in the near future, using that establishment's waiters to cater to the playgoers. Dinner, show, and even a nightclub for after-theater patronage would be available in a joint enterprise under a single roof.

Another way of easing the lot of the playgoer is Mr. Seidman's idea of having the theater linked in a fixed arrangement with a nearby restaurant. When the ticket is bought at the box office the purchaser could simultaneously reserve a table at the restaurant, which would be geared to getting him served and out in time for the curtain. Carrying such pleasant practicality a step further, the patron could also reserve parking space along with his ticket. And as a final touch, Seidman would line the lobby walls with lockers such as one finds in any railway station. No longer would the harried theatergoer be confronted with the choice of being pinned to his seat by a heavy overcoat or standing in line for fifteen minutes after the show to retrieve his belongings.

Among those who have thoughts on how to save Broadway, there are inevitably a few whose prescription is simplicity itself: Put on better plays. "Scripts in the past few years have just not been up to snuff," says Raymond Broeder, theater operator for City Playhouses, Inc. "The theater is still alive; all you need is a couple of good playwrights a year." Yet serious producers will tell you that good scripts are being turned down, to die or to find an ultimate outlet off Broadway. The worse the ticket distribution system becomes and the tighter the cost-price squeeze, the less likely a producer is to hazard an unknown playwright or an untested approach. Which brings us right back to where we started—the economics, for lack of a funnier word, of the theater.

A substantial combination of the proposals touched on here would, say some of the best minds on Broadway, cut costs, increase revenues, and rebuild audiences. Whether they will be adopted soon enough, co-operatively enough, and vigorously enough is another matter—if indeed they are adopted at all. For Broadway has more than its share of sluggards whose sole plan for salvation is to persuade City Hall and Congress to repeal the taxes on admissions. The city should, of course, considering what the theater, even in its present state, means to New York's economy, but the effect would be minor; Congress won't because the Treasury Department is against repeal, and, except for a half-dozen lawmakers, there couldn't be less concern on Capitol Hill.

In the end, Broadway will have to justify itself or continue its gradual dim-out. Synthetic audiences may be a comfort for a while, but they can be lost overnight by a change in the tax regulations or the sudden realization by enough people that charity not only begins at home but can comfortably stay there the whole evening. A century and a half ago, mobs gutted London's Covent Garden theater when prices were raised a shilling or so. There don't seem to be playgoers like that any more, and not until they show up again will Broadway know that its troubles are really over.





ON TOP



EVE ARNOLD

LEONTYNE PRICE, Mississippi-bred, captured New York at her Metropolitan debut last winter, causing a stampede for tickets whenever she appeared. She possesses simple assets: dramatic conviction, the soaring grace of an effulgent angel, and the most beautiful voice in the world. Idolized in European opera houses, she represents the international triumph of today's American-born, American-trained singer.

SOPHIA LOREN, a Neapolitan blend of brio and body, symbolizing male desire, emerged this year as a serious actress in De Sica's dramatic film, "Two Women." Her future schedule includes movie versions of Sartre's latest play, "Les Séquestrés d'Altona," and Defoe's old tale of a lusty, larcenous strumpet, "Moll Flanders." Both promise the new Loren appeal, artistic as well as aphrodisiac.

Four established great ones of the entertainment world, each of whom has brought a particular and potent talent to illustrious fulfillment

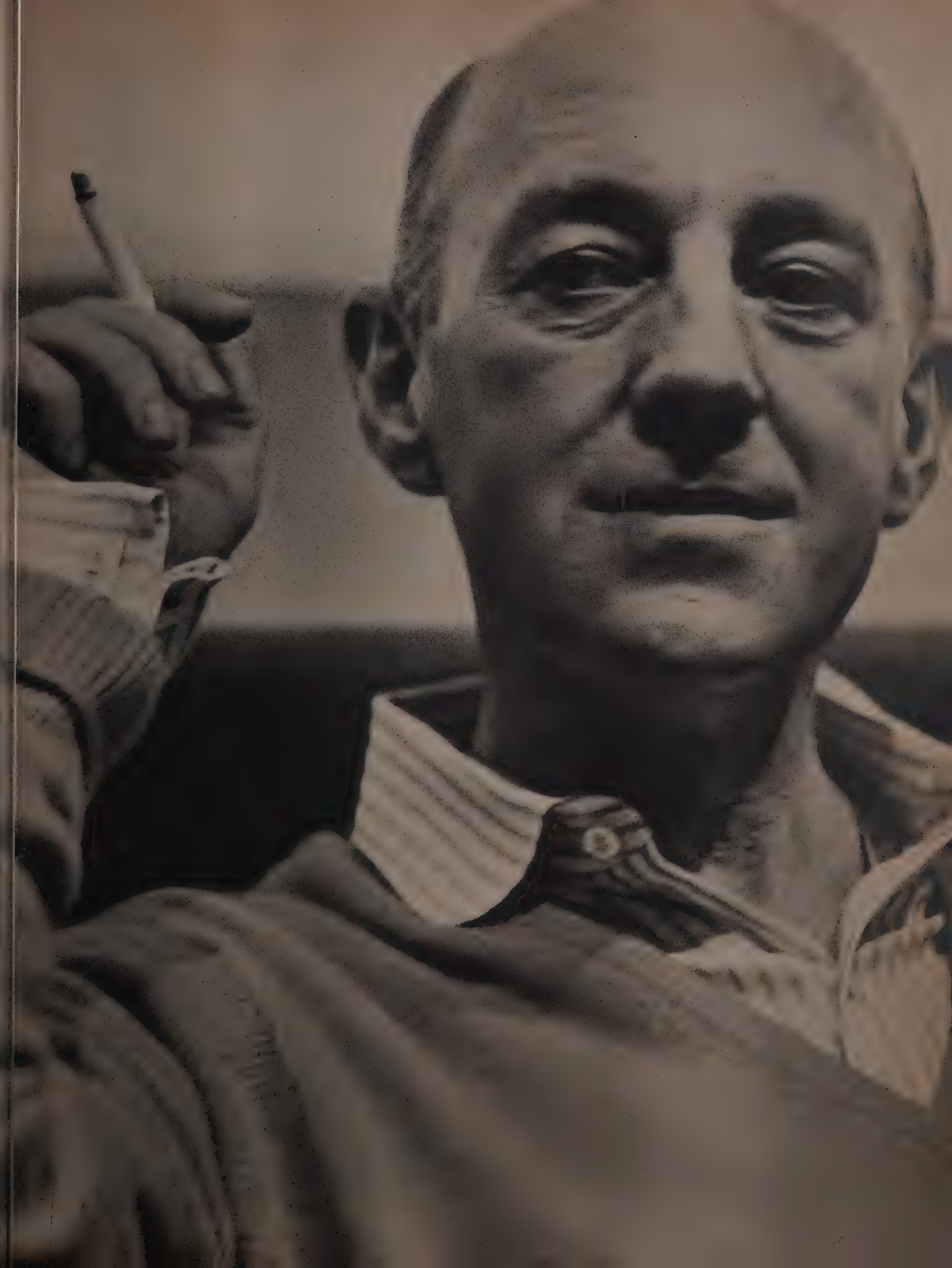
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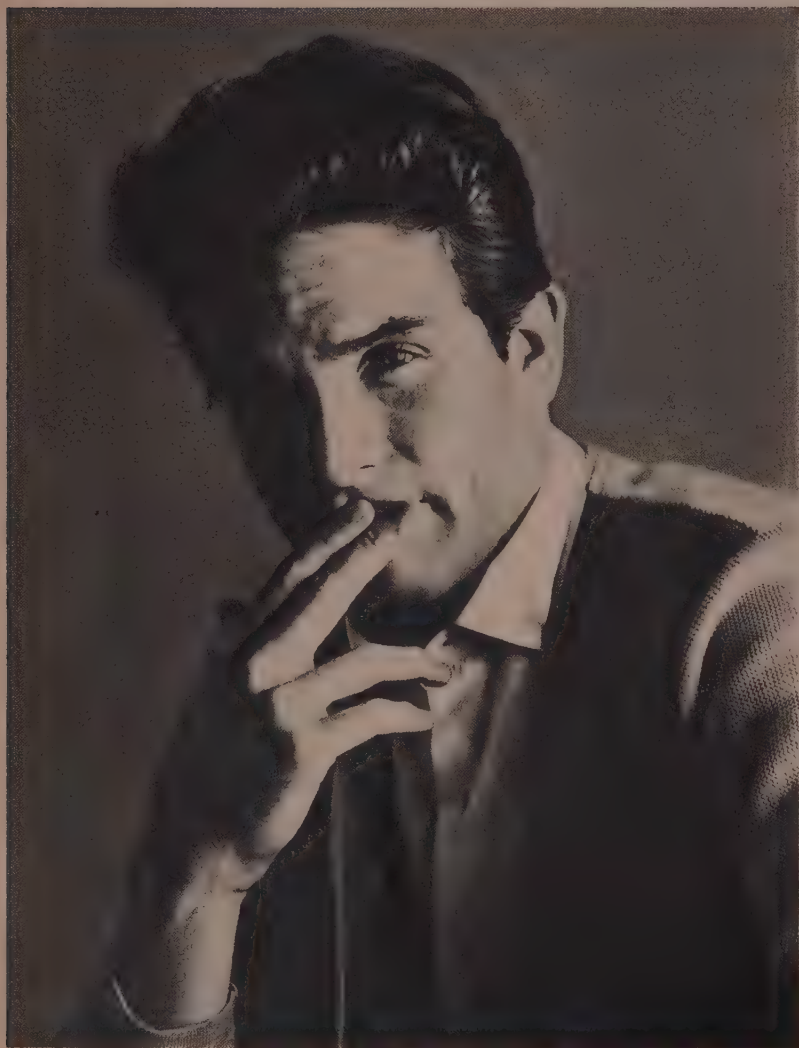
SOKOLSKY

GWEN VERDON became Broadway's darling with the witty gaiety of her dancing in "Can-Can," "Damn Yankees," "New Girl in Town," and "Redhead." A star who can redeem a lesser show with the luminous and happy magic of her own persuasive charm, she has also influenced the whole trend of musical-comedy dancing. Television viewers can see her the night before Thanksgiving with Perry Como.

ALEC GUINNESS, probably the most protean actor of our day, is a quiet Briton whose fame relies not on personality or profile but on a consummate mastery of acting as an art, from sly, daft drollery to complex tragedy. His latest film role is as a Japanese in "A Majority of One"; his next, an Arab leader in "Lawrence of Arabia," a switch on his London stage triumph as Lawrence, himself, in "Ross."



ON THE WAY UP



GALFAS



CYNTHIA PEPPER, who made a Broadway debut at the age of four, has appeared often on TV, and this fall starts a new series, "Margie," in which she plays the title role, a flapper of the twenties who was the bee's knees and the cat's meow.

WARREN BEATTY, a young man with enormous drive and an all-American look, left TV for Broadway—"A Loss of Roses"—which catapulted him to Hollywood. He has made three films, is about to sign for more.

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MICHAELS

JOAN HACKETT, half Italian, half Irish and all witchery, last year won three top acting awards off Broadway in "Call Me By My Rightful Name"; will be seen in a new series on television, "The Defenders."

CHARLES NELSON REILLY, after twenty-two off-Broadway shows, now gets a chance, in "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," to show big audiences his special brand of gently comic whimsy.



ON THE WAY UP



ELMARIE WENDEL, erstwhile nightclub jazz singer, created the role of Nancy Twinkle in off-Broadway's musical spoof, "Little Mary Sunshine," followed by "Bowl of Cherries," a comic art film, along New Wave lines.

BETTY SEAY, Latin Quarter alumna, is now one of the Four Bluebird Girls from Düsseldorf in the musical, "Carnival"; enhanced the chorus of "Camelot"; diligently studies acting, singing.



GEORGE MAHARIS, ex-auto mechanic, ex-Marine, ex-Neighborhood Playhouse, starred off Broadway in "The Zoo Story," has a new TV series, "Route 66," is headed for a film career.



PATRICIA HARTY, a working model whose tart pertness won her a featured role in "Fiorello!", will dance and sing in Noel Coward's newest musical, "Sail Away," playing a spunky and curl-tossing ingénue.



ALVIN AILEY, featured dancer in musicals, movies, and television, was kited into the critics' ken by his illuminating performance as a serious actor in "Call Me By My Rightful Name," off Broadway.

Rubinstein

If the accumulated themes of a man's life become the arteries of the spirit, then passionate intelligence has been Artur Rubinstein's main pulse; it has always driven him to risk what can rarely be regained. "He has never been afraid," his manager and close friend, Sol Hurok, recently said. Certainly he has never been afraid enough to lose. Even now, as he approaches seventy-four, he is preparing for a massive cycle of ten recitals in Carnegie Hall, to begin in late October and run through November. The cycle, which will include works by Bach, Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms, Chopin, Franck, Liszt, Szymanowski, Ravel, Debussy, Albeniz, de Falla, Granados, Milhaud, Villa-Lobos, Poulenc, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev, represents far more than an endurance test for Rubinstein. It is, in fact, the test of an entire lifetime, in which a career of almost staggering scope will make its climactic statement.

Unlike many of his predecessors and colleagues, who became known for a dominant and often neurotic quality in their playing, Rubinstein has neither specialty nor neurosis. He does not brood majestically like Rachmaninoff. He rarely races with astronaut velocity, like Horowitz. He doesn't intellectualize in scholarly-spiritual style like Schnabel or behave eccentrically on stage like Glenn Gould. Nor is he always the most profound or powerful of pianists; he isn't even the most accurate. But to many of his fellow-musicians and to most of the audience, he is easily the most satisfying.

Rubinstein's piano is his ally and propaganda weapon, and through it he makes a direct, sweet, and salutary assertion: Life is good and music makes it better. To make sure the assertion is heard, Rubinstein rarely whispers or feather-touches a key. His playing sings out, bereft of tricks, while the sound he produces is big, open, and always cordial; at times, therefore, a Rubinstein

pianissimo may be another pianist's mezzo forte. Even more, Rubinstein's instinct for rubato—that subtle, unexplainable feel for breaking the strict metrical count of a phrase to let it breathe and heighten emotion—can get right to the heart of an audience and stir up an impassioned response. And while he is known as this century's greatest Chopin player, he can and does play virtually everything, from Bach to Stravinsky; all music, it seems, makes life better.

"The point," he has said, referring to both his repertoire and to life, "is not to take any of it for granted." Probably the only thing Rubinstein has ever taken for granted is his talent. In his younger days, as a matter of fact, he was inclined to squander it. A child prodigy, he had captured a good part of central and eastern Europe by the time he was fifteen and had so impressed his countryman, Paderewski, that the great Pole took in the young Rubinstein as a house guest for three months one summer. Around the same time, too, Saint-Saëns introduced him to the influential Concert Society of Paris as "one of the greatest artists I know." Audiences doted on him; he had insouciance, an engaging air of adolescent cosmopolitanism, and obviously prodigious gifts. Then, on his first visit to America in 1906, the notices for his Boston debut labeled him "half-baked; not a prodigy, not an adult."

That was the last the public saw of Artur Rubinstein until 1910. Upon his reappearance in Berlin, his only comment about the experience consisted of eight words: "I have been dead," he said, "for a few years." It was 1919 before Rubinstein ventured across the Atlantic a second time, and the results were almost as disappointing. By that time, though, he had become a national favorite in Spain, as well as in several South American countries, and his self-esteem, although bruised, managed to

restore itself after the lack of success in the United States. By that time, too, Rubinstein's wit and intelligence were celebrated all over Europe, and he was additionally famous for his attraction to champagne, gambling casinos, *bon vivants*, and nobility, declining and otherwise.

As a performer he was a dazzler. He learned everything in incredibly fast time, and forgot none of it. His repertoire was vast and growing bigger. On stage, he could improvise with facility and, according to reports, often did, bringing extravagant delight to audiences attracted more by showmanship than by art. He could also drop notes all over the stage, sometimes leaving enough around, as he himself has said, to make up another recital. The sheer passionate force of his personality, though, inevitably carried the day, right through the twenties and well into the thirties.

In the meantime, a new generation of pianists was beginning to replace the old lions, some of whose claws were blunted by either age or misuse. With them they brought new, serious notions. One was that careful attention must be paid to a composer's score; another, that performances are not an excuse for bravura personality displays. Standards, in short, were rising fast. For Rubinstein, the situation was both simple and dangerous. For all he could tell in 1934, he might be swiftly moving toward a limbo a decade hence in which the old way—his way—would be sadly out-of-date. His response was characteristic.

Then recently married and the father of a baby girl, he picked up his family, left Paris, where they had been happily settled in an upper-bohemian existence, and headed for the hills, specifically a small Alpine village in the Haute-Savoie. There, at the age of forty-five, Rubinstein spent most of one summer in an airless, windowless garage restudying his entire repertoire—and *raison d'être*—on an upright piano lighted by a single candle. In a sense, it was a risk beyond risk. One summer of intense aesthetic reconsideration might easily have destroyed all that had been successful for thirty years without necessarily developing anything to replace it. Again characteristically, Rubinstein won. He emerged in the fall wiser, more mature, and newly awake to possibilities in his own performances that he had barely considered before. In one summer, he became the sole link between two ages of piano playing, retaining in himself the best of both while throwing away their excesses. He held on to the grand manner and made it even grander by adding intelligence and reason.

Shortly afterward, Rubinstein ran into Sol Hurok in Paris and was invited to try America for a third time. "There is no place for me there," Rubinstein answered. "I'm not the kind of artist they want." Hurok argued with Rubinstein, expressing his faith in the public's response, and in the end had his way. In one week of November, 1937, Rubinstein made three appearances with the New York Philharmonic, playing the Brahms B-flat Concerto on Wednesday and Friday nights and the Tchaikovsky B-flat on the following Sunday afternoon. By the end of the third performance, the final score was known: Rubinstein, close to fifty, at last had taken New York. The general feeling was summed up by the *New York Times*, which called Rubinstein "a brilliant pianist and musician who should have been heard oftener in late years on this side of the ocean." That Sunday afternoon, as Hurok stood in the back of Carnegie Hall listening to the ovation, a New York manager, famous for his envious ploys, approached him and commented: "There is a fair chance for your artist if you keep his price down to five or six hundred dollars a date." Hurok doesn't remember making a reply. "I felt cool to his advice," he says today. "Very cool."

Try to catch Artur Rubinstein and his coattails flap in your face. He is almost always moving, usually ahead of everyone else, and the direction may be Paris, the Far East, or simply the

distance from his Park Avenue apartment to Carnegie Hall, for a performance, or the Academy of Arts and Letters, up at 155th Street and Broadway, where he prefers to make his solo recordings. Like many other great artists, he has the prime requisite of supreme joy or misery: enormous energy, easily liberated and quickly focused. Even when he is in apparent repose—listening to a playback or simply smoking an expensive cigar—his face, profiled like a powerful bow, springs arrows of inexhaustible emotion into the surrounding air: bliss, serenity, displeasure, surprise, anticipation, disappointment, hope. It is the elemental vigor, of course, of a young man; at the age of seventy-three, Artur Rubinstein has barely begun to lose his hair.

He dramatizes everything in a hoarse, hollow voice that ejects words like a typewriter. When he tells a simple anecdote, it may grow into a virtual epic before he is halfway through. If Boris Karloff, say, walks into the room, he will greet him with a look of terror and perhaps add a mock, manic shriek for good measure. His clothes, on the other hand, dramatize *him*. Although he is perfectly content at performance time to wear conventional concert-hall tails, he is inclined at more informal moments to be attracted by the jaunty, the debonair, and the unforgettable. At a recent recording session at the Academy, he showed up in a red-and-black hound's-tooth jacket, black shirt, and crimson tie. Even so, what dominated the ensemble was a single, perfect, white pearl tiepin. "You look as though you're going fox hunting," he was told as he entered the room. "Hunting wrong notes is more like it," he replied.

Specifically, that day, he was hunting Schumann's "The Prophet Bird," and he set about recording the piece in the Academy's auditorium. Ten minutes later, settled in the playback room, he began to listen to the results. Fatigue closed in; the room was hot, the technicians a little nervous. But the piano sound on the tape was luscious, ripe, and as the music sang out in a long, easy line, the tension eased bit by bit. When the tape finished, the pianist stood, yawned, and offered his criticism. "A little tired the bird," he said, moving his hands like two weary sparrows in flight, and immediately set about redoing the piece.

Later he decided to have a crack at de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance," the show piece with which he always closes his recitals. No other pianist, one of the RCA Victor recording aides told him, would dare record it. "He'd be dead," Rubinstein said, and got a laugh. Somehow, the laugh reminded him of his dignity as an artist. "It is very hard to keep this dignity," he said, apparently astonished at the fact. "People always want you to be something you are not. I remember once in my Hollywood days, when I was living in Beverly Hills and recording sound tracks, I had a call from one of the big studio heads. Very big man. I was honored. He was polite. 'Artur,' he said, 'I have a wonderful opportunity for you. Are you listening?'... 'I'm listening.'... 'At last, you can play anything you want in the movies. Bach, Chopin, or uh, what's-his-name Beethoven.'... 'Really.'... 'Anything. Just so you make it short. It goes like this. You'll be sitting in this big living room, playing Bach. Then Jack Benny walks in. He stares at you. Then he laughs.'... 'No he won't.'... 'What do you mean?'... 'I mean no.'... 'Why not?'... 'My friend, I may be a funny man, but I am never funny for money. I will do a strip-tease, yes. I will stand on my head, do *une danse du ventre*, tell jokes in a Yiddish dialect. But never for money.'... 'You musicians are all alike. You have no sense of humor.'... 'My friend, we are famous through history for our wit.'... 'Wit?'... 'Wit.'"

At the mere sound of the word, Rubinstein stood up in the playback room and began to do a series of impersonations of fellow-musicians: the conductor, famous for *his* wit, who came to rehearsals with his barbs fully memorized; another conductor, whose beat was so tiny that the percussionist had to use a telescope to follow him; and finally Chopin at the piano doing an



impression of a pianist doing an impression of Chopin as a simpering romantic. "Ah," he concluded, the subject of artistic dignity and wit firmly mislaid, "I am worried about recording the Mozart next week."

Reminded of the business at hand, he moved out to the auditorium and played the "Ritual Fire Dance" twice, returning to the playback room winded. The tape was run through. "I have played it a million times in recital, and now I really hear it," he cried out, appalled. "The rhythm is all wrong!" Arrows of pain shot around the room. "The public always begins to shout before I finish it. They never get to hear all those wrong notes." He sprang up and headed for the piano, where he worked on the rhythm of the piece for twenty minutes. "I have played it too much," he called into the microphone. "It has deteriorated." He returned to his practice, endlessly repeating the articulation of grace notes. Finally he recorded it a third and fourth time. The fourth take was hot, propulsive, and accurate. When he returned to the playback room, his left hand was held in the air like a claw, and for a few seconds he swooped around the room like a stunned eagle.

The following day Rubinstein was a few minutes late for the session. He and his wife had given a cocktail party the previous night; a little glassy-eyed the pianist this morning, as he might put it. He went through the Schubert Impromptu in G almost immediately and returned to listen. "The tempo is too quick," he suggested, closing his eyes and resting his head on the back of the couch. He wasn't dreaming; he was perturbed. "It's supposed to be a moonlight night for two lovers and I play it like a storm at sea." Suddenly he began to sing at the top of his voice, laughing through the cracked notes; everyone jumped a little. "I am singing," he said, "to cover up some dirty work that will be along on the tape any second now."

Once the tape was finished, Rubinstein was told that Schumann's "Prophet Bird," which had sounded gorgeous in the Academy's playback room, did not sound so gorgeous in RCA Victor's special listening rooms farther downtown. "I am bitterly disappointed," Rubinstein said, after a moment's silence. "I was bragging about the Schumann to my wife last night. Now..." The recording aides explained that the problem was not insoluble and asked that he visit the downtown studios with them later in the day for another audition. In the meantime, work would begin on revamping the loud-speaker setup in the Academy hall so that the downtown standards could be met. Rubinstein shrugged. "Don't change the loud-speakers, change me," he joked halfheartedly. "The Schumann sounds gorgeous here and dry downtown. I will have to buy all the critics a special room in which to listen to my records. Ah, I am worried to death about the Mozart next week."

Within an hour or so, Rubinstein brought out a picnic lunch; his wife had prepared chicken and *pâté* sandwiches, coffee, and toasted *babka* for everyone. After setting his cigars neatly on a table, he passed around the sandwiches, eager for everyone to taste his wife's cooking. Delighted with the response, he sat down, spread out his lunch alongside the cigars, and began to talk:

"I am very innocent about electronics. I don't know if a hall will sound too voluptuous, too saucy. It's true. I can only hear the results. With advanced technology, recording gets more and more mechanical. No one will tolerate a wrong note these days, no matter how beautiful the whole performance. Today wrong notes are easily amputated. The lousiest artist can make a "good" recording by being spliced together. One day, apropos, I played a new record by an unknown pianist for some of my colleagues. I thought it was marvelous. They thought it was marvelous. In fact, they thought it was Horowitz. Then I heard the artist in the concert hall. It turned out there was no sound. Can you imagine? It had all been manufactured by machines. When

I think we used to record without ever hearing a playback... You know, it is far more difficult to find a good piano tuner than a good pianist? I am not joking. It is. Some of them actually do not hear. I'd rather let some of them make a table for me. You cannot imagine how important a good tuner is. Pianists can't afford to have one note stick out over another. We use certain notes more than others, just like vowels, and they must be tuned differently. Some tuners never learn that. Which reminds me that I leave day after tomorrow for Toronto to talk on television. Imagine. They are going to pay me for *talking*. Usually I get punished. You know, artists must watch out once they're fifty. They start to worry whether or not anybody's still paying attention. So they get aggressively original. Think of all the examples. Watch out. Don't get excessive when you're old. What I value over everything else is perfect form. You know, the one moment of bliss or elation that comes at the sight of a beautiful woman, from the taste of a cigar, from a book or painting. Perfect form must have a beginning and an end, especially an end. It is complete. If a symphony lasts five minutes too long, I want to blow a whistle. It's out of shape." He paused for a moment, offering a faintly bemused smile. "You know," he continued thoughtfully, "I used to love to play Beethoven's 'Hammerklavier' when I was young. The adagio is exquisite. Whenever I played it, I was in heaven. But the audience was snoring in their seats. It is music from a deaf man who was trapped by inner beauty. It's too intimate. It is perhaps a little excessive. Which reminds me of the time Paul Hindemith was invited to a dinner party and his hostess greeted him with 'Ah, you are Mr. Hindemith?'... 'Yes'... 'Mr. Hindemith the violinist?'... 'Mr. Hindemith the composer'... 'Do you play the piano?'... 'Yes. But I am a composer'... 'Do play a little for us'... 'Really, I can't'... 'Do, please'... 'You want me to play just a little?'... 'Do.' So he sat down at the piano and kept them there until four in the morning... And how will I get to practice the Mozart in Toronto? Taste the *babka*. It's wonderful toasted. Ah, that Schumann. It has heart, I think. That is all I want to transmit to the machine."

At last, Rubinstein reached for a sandwich and, after pouring some coffee, took his first bite of lunch.

The following week, Rubinstein flew to Toronto for two days, made his television appearance in the company of a rabbi and a professor of philosophy ("We had to conclude with a limerick; the rabbi's was brilliant"), returned to New York, and a day later began to record four Mozart concertos with Alfred Wallenstein and the Symphony of the Air. The Mozart went well ("His sound was incredibly pure," Wallenstein says), but it took three days of ceaseless anxiety on Rubinstein's part. At one point, the piano sounded to him "as though it had a catarrh"; he kept wanting to "blow its nose." Later he spent two hours working over the piano with the tuner, sounding each note individually, analyzing pitch, equalizing the tonal strength from top to bottom. About the repertoire itself he felt very tender. Mozart is like a beautiful woman with a face at once strong and subtle; one blemish makes for ruin. "It is much more beautiful than I can get it," Rubinstein commented about one of the concerto's solo arias. "Perhaps it should have been scored for another instrument. It must have a discreet and inside feeling. Not loud and cheeky. It must be whispered, with little inflections."

Toward the end of the Mozart recording session, the pianist himself created one of his beloved "perfect moments"—eyes closed in a listening room filled with the sound of his own playing, chin gently resting on his hand, a limpid, smiling repose. It was easeful, romantic; and it lasted only thirty seconds. But it sang the mood and action of a man who knows how to cushion his time at either end so that in between he has all the spiritual leisure in the world in which to move.



ABC—Television is a young network. It is young in operations (it has been functioning as a true network for only half a dozen years); in personnel (most of its vice-presidents are under forty); and in audience, according to its research department's analysis of who is watching. "Of course," says Oliver Treyz, the network's terribly open-minded, forty-three-year-old president, spreading out the charts which prove that vigorous, credit-using, quick-buying young adults watch ABC more than any other network, "this may be good or it may be bad. It's just a fact."

Treyz's life is full of such facts. He needs them, professionally and personally, because the opinions of his network are not so good. Belligerent, hungry, and intelligent, ABC has become, in a surprisingly short time, the industry leader in matters of programing, selling, and dealing with affiliated stations. In each area, the rival networks, most of the advertising agencies, and the staff of the FCC believe, rightly or wrongly, that the ABC influence has tended to destroy what integrity the network business had.

ABC pioneered the "adult" or you-really-see-him-hung Western and the multiple-murder mystery (both on film) and in the process virtually eliminated serious television drama. ABC successfully sold network time on the basis of one-minute "participations" rather than sponsorship of shows. ABC shortened its programs to give affiliates an extra twenty seconds an hour, over and above the sixty seconds already available to them, to sell for "spot announcements"—ten more seconds of advertising for each "station break." The other networks took a high moral tone about this maneuver for a few days, but presently they followed suit.

Everything ABC has done that seems most wicked is defensible in general, if not always

in detail. And, indeed, ABC on at least two occasions defended itself ably to the previous chairman of the FCC, who made no public statements about "vast wastelands" but who was equally depressed by what he saw on his television set. There is something a little disingenuous about the complaints of the rich and established networks that ABC has "cheapened" television by competing against them with the only weapons available to the dispossessed. Yet it is also true that the older networks live with the tattered remnants of the idealism that characterized the early days of broadcasting, while ABC—certainly from the time of its purchase by Paramount Theaters in 1953—has been strictly a business enterprise. Like the movie theater chain that owns it, ABC-Television is in the business of retailing entertainment.

Though it is Treyz who makes the public statements and gets his head chopped off for them, the guiding spirit of the network is Leonard Goldenson, a balding, athletic, handsome man who first became head of the theater division of Paramount Pictures in 1938, when he was thirty-two years old, and is now president of American Broadcasting-Paramount Theaters, Inc. Born in Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, where his father owned a dry-goods store and minority interests in two movie houses, Goldenson went through Harvard Collegè, a year in the brokerage business, and then Harvard Law School. In 1933 the Wall Street law firm of Root, Clark (now Thomas E. Dewey's firm) sent him up to Boston to help with the reorganization in bankruptcy of Paramount's New England theater chain.

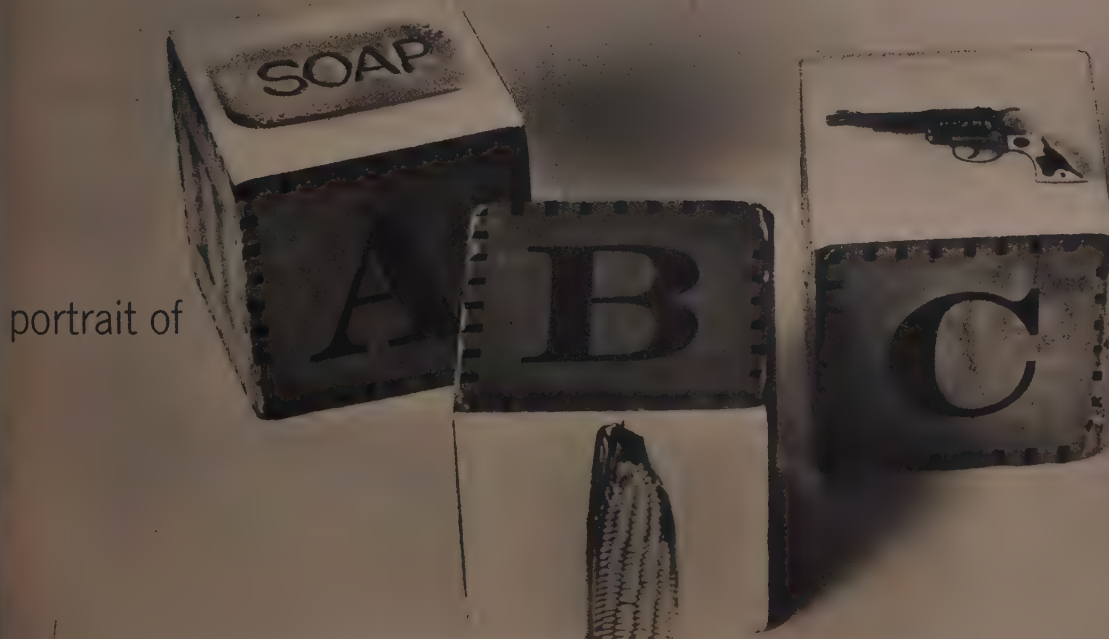
"I spent my days going over the legal conditions," Goldenson recalls, "and my nights visiting theaters to learn the function of every man. Then I got into policy—which theaters the chain ought to keep, which it

ought to drop. I'd see what did well, what didn't, and try to analyze why. After a while, I was trying to determine in advance what would do well. That's the whole business—determining the value of properties. In the fall of 1937 I made the switch out of the law and came down to New York to be Frank Freeman's trouble shooter. He was Paramount's head of theaters then. Freeman, in the fall of 1938, went out to the studios, and I took over the theaters. Twice a year I would sit down with Freeman to analyze all the studio's policies—where they were going wrong—as a retailer tries to guide a dress manufacturer, and tell him what's selling."

Goldenson carried this approach directly into television. If Clausewitz saw war as the continuation of politics by other means, Goldenson has seen network television as the continuation of the movie theater business by other means. His first concern, after Paramount bought ABC, was to find "suppliers" in Hollywood who could produce the shows on which ABC could make money. The network's production work has been done almost entirely by the movie studios, and though ABC usually pays half the cost of program development, Goldenson's small New York programing staff sits down with Hollywood mostly to talk about buttons and bows, to give the kind of guidance the retailer gives the dress manufacturer.

The situation is crystal-clear to the corporate management, if not always to the people who work at the network. "The great appeal of the motion picture business," says Simon Siegel, who has been with Paramount thirty-two years and is now financial vice-president of AB-PT, "was that if you knew your area, knew your theater, knew your public, knew your product, you would do all right. Well, the same thing is true of television."

This relation between broadcasting and



portrait of

by Martin Mayer

the neighborhood movie houses seems obvious now that Goldenson and his associates have made it work, but when the AB-PT merger was first proposed, most analysts could not see it. Operationally, the two businesses are very different. "The movie theater," Siegel explains, "is a cash operation—if a house makes a thousand dollars a week, you have a thousand dollars in the bank at the end of the week." Television, on the other hand, is a business of large advance commitments, successes in terms of rating points rather than box office, and delayed revenues. (Except for political parties, which must put cash on the line before a television station will carry a word, advertisers do not pay for their shows or their time until thirty days after the program has been broadcast, which is often more than a year after the network has made its commitment to the producers.)

This difference in financial procedure did make some trouble in the early days. "A lot of these guys," says a man who was with ABC in 1953, "couldn't adjust to the fact that you didn't have a batch of telegrams waiting at the office at eight A.M., telling you how much money you'd made the night before." But Goldenson is what actors and musicians call a "quick study"—he learns his part very fast. Soon he knew exactly what he was doing with ABC, not only in principle but in practice.

When Paramount took over, ABC's programming was essentially the same as that of the other networks: variety shows, comedians, live dramas, a few adventure serials (mostly awful), news, and antique movies—"Vaudeville," says Goldenson, surrounding the word with the contempt of a man who saw through bankruptcy a number of theaters that had placed their hopes on vaudeville. Goldenson brought in, at levels just below the top, a number of movie executives to help revise ABC's programming. None worked out; all departed.

Meanwhile, Goldenson himself and ABC president Robert Kintner (now president of NBC) went hammering on the doors of the Hollywood studios. Goldenson landed Walt Disney, whom NBC had been attempting to sign up, by investing half a million dollars in the construction of Disneyland (AB-PT recently sold its share of Disneyland for seven million dollars, and still runs the profitable food concessions in the entertainment park). None of the other studios was particularly interested in producing for television, then regarded as the dragon threatening the fair lady of the movie business. Finally, Goldenson convinced Jack Warner that broadcasting was really much the same business as movie theaters, and that a company which made money producing films for theaters could also make money producing films for television. The first result of this sale—only

the first—was "Cheyenne," and presently nearly all the movie studios were ready to buy Goldenson's argument. More or less reluctantly, the other networks bought it too.

It is somewhat ungenerous of the Federal Communications Commission to look darkly upon ABC-Television. The government made ABC what it is today, and presumably should be satisfied. Originally, what is now ABC was the "Blue Network" of the National Broadcasting Company; the Justice Department forced RCA to divest itself of its second network, and Edward Noble, who purchased the orphaned Blue, rechristened it the American Broadcasting Company. Again, Paramount held an interest in Chicago's WBKB-TV through its Balaban & Katz subsidiary. ("We had one of the first five licenses for television," Goldenson likes to say. "We were television pioneers.") But Goldenson would never have developed a major interest in broadcasting if another antitrust action had not forced the movie producers to "spin off" their theater divisions as separate companies. And Goldenson might not have been forced to compete as roughly as he did if the FCC had not dawdled two full years before permitting Paramount Theaters to buy the stations wholly owned by ABC, keeping the ABC network in limbo while its rivals were signing up new stations all over the country.

Including its wholly owned subsidiary stations, the ABC network that Goldenson took over in 1953 had thirteen "primary affiliates"—stations contractually obliged to carry, during specified time periods, any sponsored program the network might send their way. Virtually all owners of television sets in 1953 could get NBC and CBS programs on their screens, but nearly two-thirds of the nation's television households were out of range of an ABC affiliate. Severely undercapitalized, Noble's ABC had been unable to buy stars, make large program commitments, underwrite affiliation agreements, or even establish transmission lines to the new areas rapidly opening up to television. Of the sixty-three hours a week which the FCC allowed a network to "option" from its affiliates, ABC was transmitting only twelve and a half.

"We weren't a network," says Julius Barnathan, a short but broad-shouldered New Yorker, a likable infighter with a huge smile, who recently moved from the research department to be head of ABC's station relations division. "We were packagers. The only way we could hope to get our shows on the air was to send them out on films, to be run some time after the network had carried them. Even now, we always look bad in the ratings in October, when the season starts, because in so many markets we're one or two weeks behind. We couldn't do the Ed Sullivan type of show if we wanted to—there are too

many places where we'd be saying Merry Christmas in the middle of January."

In the early days, ABC was strictly a "supplementary" service for advertisers, a way to buy additional audience at relatively low cost. Selling against ABC, an NBC or CBS salesman could simply point out all the markets he could deliver that ABC couldn't. It was widely believed that ABC could never offer one of the top ten shows, in terms of audience ratings, simply because it couldn't get on enough stations at enough good time periods. "Disneyland" broke this barrier, because so many people wanted to see it that stations which carried no other ABC show made time for it; but before he could sell the show to Rambler, Kintner had to call on almost a hundred potential sponsors. Even after ABC had expanded its list of affiliates, institutional advertisers, who want truly national coverage, found the network unattractive. "The United States Steel Hour," one of the few surviving live dramatic shows on television, was originally an ABC program, but the program moved to CBS so the sponsor could be seen in Louisville, where ABC had been unable to find an outlet. ABC has seen



letters from Rochester dealers to manufacturers, complaining that the manufacturers' "nationwide" ABC television shows were not to be seen in their city—letters which ABC believes were stimulated by the proddings of rival network salesmen.

In mid-1961, ABC had almost a hundred and twenty "primary affiliates"—but both the other networks had about two hundred. There are still a number of "two-station markets," where NBC and CBS can guarantee a sponsor delivery of his show in prime evening time, while ABC often has to settle for five-thirty in the afternoon, if it gets on the air at all. Some of these markets are

important cities for potential advertisers—Louisville, Jacksonville, Rochester, and Syracuse, for example. Nationally, ABC's rates run \$7,000 an hour lower than those of the other networks, because it cannot deliver as many markets. "Even in Detroit," Barnathan says, "where our station is number one, we have to take \$200 less for our time. It's the most frustrating damn thing."

ABC has affiliate troubles in terms of quality as well as numbers. "There's no particular secret," says an officer of a rival network cautiously, "about the fact that the better owners—the good newspapers, the good radio broadcasters—were already locked up by NBC or CBS before ABC came around." About four-fifths of the ABC stations began broadcasting after 1953. Under these circumstances, ABC finds almost no support among its affiliates for "quality" programming, which, in the public affairs area, often goes unsponsored, and which tends at all times to draw smaller audiences, leaving less valuable "adjacencies" to be sold as spot announcements by the local station. Though in theory a network can demand the time for a sponsored show from any primary affiliate,



in fact the bargaining situation gives the station the whip. As Barnathan puts it, "A station clears a network show because it's to his advantage." NBC and CBS have these problems, too, but it is some measure of the difference in responsibility between their affiliates and the ABC stations that "CBS Reports" and NBC's "The Nation's Future," both unsponsored, with no revenue for the broadcaster who carries them, get onto more stations than ABC's sponsored "Bell and Howell Close-Up!"

ABC, in short, has been under the greatest imaginable pressure to deliver large audiences, and has spent literally millions to out-

bid its rivals for sure attractions like Bing Crosby and NCAA football. Apart from such guaranteed winners, the most certain way to deliver audiences has been by supplying a sensation, preferably murder, money, or sadism. Hollywood is chockablock with routine sensational plots decently executed: a touch of the button, the lights blink on and off, and the memory drum types out what is needed. Most of the big ABC successes have been primitive, violent, predictable from opening scene to final line; simple characters and complicated plots, deliberately repetitive, week after week. "All right," says Julie Barnathan. "Can you imagine where we'd be if our programming had been *bland*?"

Yet people act from instinct and inclination as well as from economic necessity. Aside from James Hagerty, who took over ABC's public affairs department on Eisenhower's departure from the Presidency, there are few on the top levels of ABC whose satisfaction comes from the quality of what they put on the air rather than from the jingle of coins. Goldenson in the early days once told a friend that he hoped to make ABC "the Universal of television—M-G-M and Twentieth Century always got the publicity, but Universal made the money." Donald Coyle, a remarkably handsome young man who came to ABC research after winning virtually all the medals the Royal Canadian Air Force could give him, and who is now director of the company's international operations, likes to say that "people are creatures of habit—they want the same entertainment every week. That's where NBC made its big mistake, when it went so heavy on spectaculars." The fact that the NBC spectaculars gave television some of its truly memorable hours cuts no ice with Coyle. Thomas Moore, a thoughtful, soft-spoken Southerner who is vice-president in charge of ABC programming, came to his present position from newspaper work, public relations at Forest Lawn Cemetery, and success at selling CBS films. The tribute most commonly paid to him is that he has a wonderful sense of which ideas for shows will sell to advertisers.

"Take Ollie Treyz," says the television man of an advertising agency that does little business with ABC. "Anybody ever seen him with a book in his hand, or at the theater unless some Warner Brothers piece of talent invited him? Admittedly, on the chicken-dropping level at which this business actually operates, he's very able. He's the most thoroughgoing, untiring, relentless human being I've even seen. He keeps an incredible amount of data in his head. He can tell you the call letters of the stations in New Orleans and what their rates and ratings are. He can drop all the right names. But a showman? Never. There isn't a professional in the

bunch over there. If there was a strike and the executives had to do the work, they couldn't produce a station break."

Treyz must have had literary inclinations once, because Hamilton College chose him as one of a handful of students to go sit at the feet of alumnus Alexander Woollcott and imbibe culture during a vacation. (He didn't like it at all, and stormed out of Woollcott's house after a couple of days, with personal antagonisms on both sides.) Recently, he has been too busy. He watches ABC programs at night, sometimes with two other television sets going in the same room, to show him the opposition, too. During the day, he is selling, or thinking up selling ideas. Aesthetic judgments do not come naturally to him. When he likes something he sees in an ABC show, he does not say, "Good, good," the way most people in the entertainment business would; he says, "Smart, smart."

On the other side, "Ollie the Dragon," as the business knows him, is one of the most attractive people in television. From crew cut and bright eyes to dancing feet, he is genuinely boyish: it still makes his day when he can figure out the gimmick that will get the passers-by to whitewash his fence for him. Appropriately enough in a network that has never had any interest in color, he sees the world in black and white. His loyalties are intense, not only to ABC, but to the people who work for him, and they reciprocate. No other network president commands the affection of his subordinates as Treyz does, and nowhere else in television is there so little fear, so little stench of internal politics. Treyz's people are constantly trying to protect him from the consequences of his own overexuberance—consequences which he usually cannot see at all. Treyz moves through his world with clean hands, and he cannot see why people get so upset just because his hand is faster than the eye.

Like Barnathan and Coyle, Treyz comes out of research, with a stopover outside ABC to organize "TvB," the Television Bureau of Advertising, which did general promotion for the television medium as against (distinctly *against*) magazines, newspapers, and radio. TvB did an amazingly successful sales job, partly because it had a good story to tell, partly because Treyz found so many ingenious ways to embellish the story with facts and figures made to order by market research outfits. He also used little devices like firing off guns in the middle of presentations, to wake people up. When Goldenson and Kintner came to a parting of the ways in 1956, Goldenson went immediately to Treyz. A network presidency, though it sounds like something else, is primarily a selling job. Advertising commitments to networks involve so much money that the president of

the sponsoring company is often involved in the decision; you can build a new factory for the cost of a hundred and fifty commercial network minutes. And presidents, obviously, like to deal with other presidents. Treyz had proved himself the best salesman in television, a distinction he retains.

It is positively inspiring to hear Treyz talk about television, and especially about ABC programs. "What makes this business so exciting," he says, "is the bing-bing-bing. The excitement of the show. Thank God, people do turn that dial. They view kinetically. That dial goes click-click-click. Particularly the audience we're after—the young postwar families, who want excitement. This year



GOLDENSON & TREYZ

we're doing 'Ben Casey,' a whole new departure in television programing. 'Bus Stop'—a modern Chaucer. We're going to do 'Stories From the Bible'—a whole new departure, a new frontier on TV."

"Stories From the Bible," perhaps not quite so original an idea as Treyz believes, is still a year or so away. "Ben Casey," which will premiere this fall, is a weekly hour-long serial about a dedicated doctor, young, handsome, brilliant, who can't get along with his easygoing colleagues; no time for women, though there's a lady intern who loves him and whom he really loves; much hospital detail, with heartbreakingly sick kids for Casey to cure. "Bus Stop," also an hour-long weekly

serial, will offer William Inge's play as one installment. The show will deal with all the interesting but troubled people who get off the bus at a Colorado stopover, to grab a sandwich and go to the bathroom. "The whole idea smells of urine," says an advertising man who refused to have any part of it. "Pioneering," says Ollie Treyz. "The world of adult emotions. Excitement!"

On the evidence of the pilot films, both "Bus Stop" and "Ben Casey," from the critical point of view, will be typical ABC material—competently done, low-quality, unsubtle movies for showing on television. Yet competence is not to be sneered at, especially in television. ABC believes that the B-picture is the correct television show, as once it was the correct show in the neighborhood movie house, and the network cares deeply, more deeply than its rivals, about the quality control in such work. "The Untouchables" and "77 Sunset Strip," for example, are probably the slickest products in television—well written, well cast, well directed. ABC picks its Hollywood people carefully; Goldenson himself has intervened at the studios "to get the right man in charge."

"So many people in Hollywood," says Daniel Melnick, the network's thirty-year-old vice-president in charge of program development, "are ashamed of working in television. I won't have them. You can't be very different very often in ideas—not in an industry based on security. The differences have to come in style. To get style, you have to go with the people who have pride in what they're doing. You're going to reach ten or fifteen million homes—you *should* care."

It is also true, as Treyz says, that ABC's Hollywood product broke up television's nasty habit of programing similar shows against each other in the same time period. Before ABC was a ponderable force, CBS and NBC ran through the night in tandem—drama against drama, comedy against comedy, news against news. For most of a decade, NBC fought Ed Sullivan with similar variety material. (Obviously, if Ed Sullivan was successful at eight o'clock Sunday night, then the people wanted variety shows at eight o'clock Sunday night, and television "gives the people what they want.") ABC came along with "Maverick" and took away Sunday night leadership. ABC's "counterprograming," as Treyz likes to call it, may have specialized in cheap goods, but it undoubtedly broadened the viewer's choice of shows at any given hour of the night, if not for the week as a whole.

At the rear of the shallow, low-ceilinged entrance to the AB-PT building, which occupies a former stable and riding academy just west of Central Park on Sixty-sixth Street, there is an architect's rendering of the pro-

jected new headquarters, a skyscraper influenced by Edward Stone's Abassid-Caliphate style, to be built in two or three years. The current offices are anything but imposing. Goldenson's room, though pleasant, could fit into a corner of William S. Paley's or Robert Sarnoff's, his CBS and NBC counterparts, and so important a man as financial vice-president Si Siegel looks out only onto the narrowest of alleys. ("All I want from the new building," Siegel says, "is a window that will let me know if it's raining outside.") Barnathan works down the block, underneath the St. Nicholas Arena, an old prize-fight club. Hagerty does not even have four walls of his own: his office is a partitioned cell with glass panels at the top through which the secretaries can be heard making their personal calls.

The plans for the new building are regarded as a symbol of new ambitiousness at ABC. A more important symbol, already in being, is Hagerty himself, hired in January to create an active and productive news, special events, and public affairs department. Hagerty has been given a wholly independent position: he reports, not to Treyz, but to Goldenson, and he has the right to pre-empt network time for anything he feels must be broadcast. (He has already exercised this privilege, kicking Dick Clark off the air to carry Dag Hammarskjöld's reply to the Russians at the UN General Assembly.) "If I didn't think I was going to have more leeway than people in this organization have had in the past," Hagerty said earnestly in the late spring, "I wouldn't be here. So far, they've given me everything I've asked for." A man who works for a rival network says he would be more impressed by that statement if he knew what Hagerty has asked for; but nobody seriously doubts that Goldenson has made here a major investment of both money and prestige.

A former New York newspaperman who first went into politics as Dewey's press secretary in 1943, Hagerty has considerably shaken up ABC's news work, instituting an eleven-o'clock broadcast from Washington and abandoning the "anchor man" who sat at the desk and did most of the talking. He has ordered his people to various parts of the world to dig out stories, and he is sending a number of them to language school. (He knows at first hand the value of speaking a foreign language, he says, because he covered LaGuardia's mayoralty campaigns in New York. "You went into a meeting in an Italian or a Jewish neighborhood," he recalls, "you grabbed somebody to sit beside you and tell you what LaGuardia was saying. It was a sure thing LaGuardia wouldn't tell you.") And Hagerty has scored something of a coup in arranging an informal "Adlai Stevenson Reports" show for Sunday after-

noon every other week, permitting the American ambassador to the UN to present his views in a format very much to his own taste.

Hagerty wants to bring TV reporting closer to newspaper work. He much admires a local show done in Chicago by a station which helped the police catch the hoodlums who had beaten up a local drama critic, and covered the hunt as it happened. "The camera acted as a reporter writing a current story," Hagerty says. "That's what it should be doing. Why must there be so much lead time between the event and the showing? Maybe we need some new machinery; we'll invent it."

So far, Hagerty has not asked to have his own camera crews, relying on outside services for news films and on outside contractors—most notably the Robert Drew Associates subsidiary of Time, Inc.—for documentaries. "I'll go outside for directors," he says. "I believe in getting many people to do this rather than a few with the same techniques." Drew Associates has, in fact, done unusually imaginative work for "Bell and Howell Close-Up!" particularly in shows like "Yanki, No!"; and the "Expedition" series, especially in the monthly local shows where stations used their own camera crews, has been a credit to television and Ralston Purina almost everywhere. In public affairs as well as in entertainment shows, however, the work of the outside "supplier" usually lacks depth, because the supplier has to make money every time out, while the network doesn't. As long as ABC buys its documentaries, there will be some question about whether Goldenson really regards this area as more important than the newsreel in the neighborhood movie house.

On the entertainment side, ABC is slowly moving away from the pulp-magazine subjects. Westerns are no longer the network's bread and butter; in fact, ABC this year will broadcast fewer Westerns than either of the other networks. Gangsters, murder, foreign intrigue, and such will still take up more than half of ABC's prime evening time, but gentler doings will also be on display. The network's outstanding hit of the 1960-61 season was the cavemen-in-suburbia cartoon "The Flintstones," to be supplemented this year by another series, "Top Cat," from the same producers, and by "Calvin and the Colonel," with the voices of Amos and Andy. One new situation comedy, "Margie," will deal with the alleged escapades of a teenager in the 1920s. Another, "The Hathaways," will be built around the Marquis chimpanzees. The "family" shows—"Ozzie and Harriet" (now ten years old, one of the most durable of television attractions), "The Donna Reed Show," "The Real McCoys," "My Three Sons"—are now staples of the network. These too, of course, are most com-

monly unimaginative stock film, with warm hearts on display instead of warm blood; but at least there is nothing in them to upset all those gentlemen who got elected to Congress because they were so sweet and kind to their mothers.

In addition, ABC will take a new plunge into live programming with a weekly variety show featuring Steve Allen. This show is to some extent a gesture of confidence toward young Dan Melnick; he pushed it hard against strong opposition from Treyz, who hated to try to sell Steve Allen after spending some years telling his customers how lousy Steve Allen was on a rival network. But Melnick is ABC's program idea man, the only theater man (he went right from New York's High School of Performing Arts to the production of children's shows at the Greenwich Village Circle-in-the-Square). "Winston Churchill—The Valiant Years" was his show, too, and will pay itself out with a profit; he has got consistently competent work from the Hollywood studios; and if he thinks Steve Allen is that good, Treyz will let him play with it—especially as no advertiser was willing to buy "The Rebel and The Yank," which is what Treyz wanted to put in that time slot.

Melnick's position illustrates both the strengths and the weaknesses of ABC. "There are only three people I have to consult on new programs," he says. "Moore, Treyz, Goldenson. We don't have rules and criteria; there's no big program board to make you settle for something less than you want. The four of us went down to Screen Gems at nine o'clock in the morning, saw four minutes of animated cartoon and some storyboards, and by ten we'd bought "The Flintstones." There was no precedent; there'd never been an adult cartoon on television. It was easy for me to have a conviction—I wasn't spending the million and a half. But because it was only the four of us, we could just go ahead." ABC will gamble on serials, investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in pilot films, because a success here may sell an hour of network time fifty-two weeks a year for five years, providing perhaps twenty million dollars of time revenue plus the network share of the profits on the production of the show. A little originality here may be worth cash money—a little originality, not too much. "My motto is," says Melnick, "I want to be doing what everybody else is doing, a year early!"

At the same time, Melnick cannot be detached to work on special attractions—they sell only once, and there are too many serials to be processed. This season ABC plans twenty-seven "specials"—shows that will not be back next week, same time, same station. Most of them involve big-name Hollywood stars, and they will be very expensive.

(Indeed, they will be more expensive than they seem, because ABC will be able to "clear" them in some two-station cities only by buying the time at higher-than-network rates, and paying the difference itself.) Some of them will be produced by so distinguished a man as Fred Coe. But nobody in ABC's front office seems very excited about them: the excitement is reserved for the young-adult audience, the high ratings, the bang-bang-bang that keeps the kinetic viewer from going click-click-click, the big sale of three hundred commercial minutes—in short, the serial, which by its nature can be none too good.

What is lacking is an interest in the form



HAGERTY

itself—in television as something different from the neighborhood movie house. ABC has profited vastly by its understanding that routine filmed serials will be done best by people who respect the craftsmanship of what they do. By the time the new headquarters building is completed, we will all have had a chance to see whether quality television can be hand-crafted, on that special, once-only basis which is the essence of art, by men who do not respect the artistic potential of broadcasting. Maybe so; it would not be Leonard Goldenson's first miracle.

This is the first of three articles on the television networks by Martin Mayer.



Portrait: Of the legendary genius whose greatest production is, and always will be, his own life

ORSON WELLES

Some eighteen years ago, in the pages of an English school magazine, there appeared a brief and sickeningly lush essay, entitled "The New Playboy of the Western World." It read, in part:

"There is a man flourishing now and being mighty on the other side of the Atlantic. He has a lovely wife and twenty-odd years of flamboyant youth, but his accomplishments do not end here. He has burst on the American scene with a heavy gesture of ineffable superiority; he is the artistic saviour of a broad land, and he knows it. For Orson Welles is a self-made man, and how he loves his maker He moulds art out of radio, the scourge of art; he is a wit as only Americans can be wits; and he is a dandy among impromptu speakers. He is a director of plays in kingly fashion, independent as a signpost in all he does; and he has carved out of a face of massy granite the subtle lineaments of a great actor. He is a gross and glorious director of motion pictures, the like of which we have not seen since the great days of the German cinema; he reproduces life as it is sometimes seen in winged dreams.

"He is all these things, vastly exaggerated and blown up into a balloon of bold promise and brash achievement. Yet with all his many-sidedness he has no dignity. 'I have,' he once said, 'the dignity of a nude at high noon on Fifth Avenue.' One requisite of greatness he lacks: artistic integrity. Perhaps he has burgeoned too soon and too wildly; but it will come with praise and age, and then we shall behold a gorgeous, patriarchal figure, worthy of the Old Testament. Until then, watch him, watch him well, for he is a major prophet, with the hopes of a generation clinging to his heels."

I was sixteen when I wrote that. I wince today at its alliterations, its borrowed sonorities, and its tone of midget exhortation. Even more, I wince at the calmness of my assertion that Welles was deficient in "artistic integrity," since that is one kind of integrity he has seldom been accused of wanting; perhaps I meant "integration," which would make a little more sense.

I quote from the piece not out of vainglory but merely to establish my credentials. In 1943 I was committed to Welles as to nobody else then active in the performing arts; and I am sure there were thousands like me, young people in their teens and twenties for whom Welles was Renaissance man reborn. He seemed to have shortened, almost to the vanishing point, the

PART I:
MY SIGNATURE
AGAINST
THE WORLD

by Kenneth Tynan

*Enfant
terrible
at 10:
poet,
artist,
cartoonist,
actor*



distance between ambition and achievement; no sooner did he approach an art than it surrendered to him. Theater was the first to fall. We had read of the Negro "Macbeth" he directed in Harlem, and of his two audacious seasons at the helm of the Mercury Theater. In his spare time he had conquered radio, unhinging America in 1938 with his adaptation of H. G. Wells's "The War of the Worlds." Then he had gone to Hollywood and subjected the film industry to its first major upheaval since the advent of sound.

Nobody who saw "Citizen Kane" at an impressionable age will ever forget the experience; overnight, the American cinema had acquired an adult vocabulary, a dictionary instead of a phrase book for semiliterates. I first saw it on a Monday afternoon in the English provinces, and was lastingly dazzled by its narrative virtuosity, its shocking but always relevant cuts (do you remember that screeching cockatoo?), its brilliantly orchestrated dialogue, and its use of deep focus in sound as well as in vision. About a dozen other people, scattered throughout the theater, shared the revelation with me. By the end of the week I had seen the film five times, once with my eyes shut in order to prove to myself that the sound track was expressive enough to be listened to in its own right. That was in 1941; and when "The Magnificent Ambersons" came along, a year or so later, my capitulation was complete. Skeptics had told me that Welles was a technical maestro, incapable of feeling; to confound them, I had only to point to his handling of Booth Tarkington's family saga, in which there were scenes of naked emotional intimacy rarely matched in the history of Hollywood. Agnes Moorehead's portrait of Aunt Fanny, eaten up with frustrated love for her nephew, seemed to me then (and seems to me still) the best performance of its kind in the English-speaking cinema. At the end of the film came the credit titles, after which a microphone suspended from a boom swung into view. "I wrote the picture and directed it," said a serene bass voice. "My name is Orson Welles." If my prayer at that moment had been answered, Welles would have written and directed the whole subsequent output of the American film industry. Thus infatuated, I sat

down and penned my eulogy.

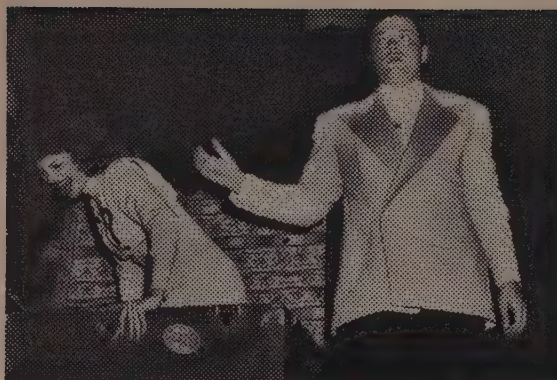
Time, I am told by many of my friends, has proved me mistaken; if the "hopes of a generation" ever clung to Welles's heels, they have long since been trampled underfoot. What, I am asked, has the man accomplished in the past eighteen years? A handful of stylish thrillers, a couple of bombastic Shakespeare films, a few hit-or-miss stage productions, a number of self-exploiting television appearances, and several tongue-in-cheek performances in other people's bad epics—what, beyond these, has Welles to show for himself? For one thing, I sometimes reply, he has scars, inflicted by a society which demands that the making of art and the making of money should be yokefellows. For another, he shares with people like Chaplin, Cocteau, Picasso, Ellington, and Hemingway a fixed international reputation that can never wholly be tarnished. Even in eclipse, he remains among the elite, to be judged on their level; the quickest ears prick up and the keenest eyes brighten at the advent of a new Orson Welles production—or rather, manifestation, since one can never predict the form in which his talent will choose to reveal itself. Apart from writing and directing films and plays, and apart from acting in both, he has tried his hand as a novelist, a painter, a ballet scenarist, a public orator, a magician, a columnist, and a bullfighter.

To understand why he carries with him his permanent aura of expectation, it is perhaps necessary to know him. Last spring I spent a week in Spain at his elbow, listening while he talked about his life and times. In Welles's company, on this occasion as on all previous occasions, I automatically assumed the role of stooge. What follow are my memories of what he said, and my comments thereon, which I hope may provide some explanation of why, whenever I find myself bored and wondering whom I would most like to see coming in at the door, the answer is always Orson.

First, a sketch of his physical presence, which is overwhelming. He has the sauntering bulk of a fastidious yet insatiable glutton. Welles is perilously fat, having taken none but the slightest exercise since the time, thirty years ago, when he



*Prepster
Welles
(second
from
right)
wrote
a book
on
Shakespeare*



*Wife
number
two
Rita Hayworth
disappears
from
magic box,
then
from
Welles's
life*



*Mercury
radio
show
sent
earthlings
to arms
against
Martians*

leapt in to challenge the bulls at every village *corrida* within striking distance of Seville. Jean Cocteau rightly called him "a giant with the face of a child," adding that he was also "an active loafer, a wise madman, a solitude surrounded by humanity." Watch him in repose at a bullfight, lonely in the crowd, his brow contracted above the vast tanned jowls and his eyes bulging with reproach; into such a frame, one feels, the soul of the last American bison might easily migrate. From the pursed lips a tremendous cigar protrudes, and the chin is grimly outthrust; yet in all this dignity there is somehow an element of dimpled mischief. Beneath the swelling forehead a schoolboy winks, and can readily be coaxed into chuckling. Orson amused is an engulfing spectacle, as irresistible as Niagara. The remark (frequently his) is made; a moment of silence ensues, during which his forehead retracts, causing his eyes to pop and his cheeks to sag, turning his face into a tragic mask. For an instant he looks appalled; and then there breaks through the thunderous cachinnation of his laughter. "A wonderful laugh," said Tennessee Williams, having listened to it, "forced and defensive, like mine." But I think he was wrong: Orson laughs to goad others out of awe into participation. "I like people to talk to me," he says. "What I can't stand is when they talk to Orson Welles."

Lunch in the garden of the Ritz in Madrid: Orson, surging across the terrace in white shirt and white tie, arouses thoughts of Moby Dick. Spanish decorum has overcome his habitual tielessness. He is in Spain for three reasons: to shoot a documentary for Italian television, to finish off his movie adaptation of "Don Quixote" (with Akin Tamiroff as Sancho Panza and an unknown Spaniard as the Don), and to go to the bullfights. The first two projects are tending to overlap, as Orson intended they should. Last year, dwindling funds forced him to abandon his own picture, with two weeks' shooting still to be done, and when an Italian TV network invited him to direct a series of documentaries, he agreed on condition that the first should deal with Spain. As a title, he suggested "The Land of Don Quixote." Thus he manages to work for himself while working for somebody else; Orson has spent much of his life in this kind of double

harness. As for the bulls, they are his passion; he is one of the very few Anglo-Saxons whose opinions are valued by the Spanish taurine initiates. Among contemporary matadors his favorite is Antonio Ordoñez, the graceful young maestro from Ronda, who achieves with the bulls he fights an intimacy so profound, so devoid of arrogance, that it once moved Orson to observe: "With Antonio, each pass asserts not 'how great I am!' but 'how great we are!'" The remark may stand as a definition of good bullfighting. Though addicted to the bulls, Orson is bored by all other competitive sports; he has no interest in skills he has never practiced.

As we eat, he talks about his childhood, and Madrid society pretends not to listen—an effort that must be made by all those who find themselves in public places where Orson is conducting a private conversation. It is not that he shouts, merely that he cannot help resounding. Except in solitude, a state rare with him, Orson has no private personality; everything about him is public, and he is open daily. This has been true as long as he can remember. "Orson at twenty-six," it was wickedly said at the height of his Hollywood success, "is still overshadowed by the glorious memory of Orson at six." He was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin, forty-six years ago last May, and claims to be more English than the English, springing as he does from generations of unmixed colonial stock. "You can find eighteenth-century Englishmen in the Middle West," he says, "just as you can find sixteenth-century Spaniards in Peru." I begin to see in him an extravagant Whig on the model of Charles James Fox, tinged with more than a hint of Byron, the first of the great romantic expatriates. But I remember that Orson hates to be called an expatriate; since the term applies only to people who exile themselves from the country in which they were raised, how can it apply to him, who was not brought up in America? And he has a point: until he was eighteen years old, Orson spent most of his time abroad.

Both his parents were travelers. His father, Richard Welles, was a Virginian who moved to Wisconsin because he owned two factories there. He was an accomplished gambler, a sedulous

globe-trotter, and an unpredictable inventor. One of his inventions was a carbide bicycle lamp that made him a great deal of money; others turned out less encouragingly. "He tried very hard to invent the airplane," Orson says. "He thought the Wright brothers were working on the wrong principles, so he designed a steam-driven car with a kind of glider attached to it. He put a Negro servant into the glider and started out, but the steam got into the Negro's eyes and he crashed into a tree. He and my father were photographed afterward, smiling across the wreckage." Orson's mother was Beatrice Ives of Springfield, Illinois, a gifted pianist, radical in her view of politics and art, and ravishing in her beauty. To this union of playboy and aesthete, at a time when both partners were approaching middle age, George Orson Welles was born, owing his first name to George Ade, the humorist, and his second to a Chicago businessman called Orson Wells. He says he had two remote cousins who later became politically eminent: Sumner Welles and Adlai Stevenson. He also had a brother, Richard, Jr., some ten years his senior, of whose subsequent history little is known; a dreamer and roamer, he was last heard of in Seattle, upholding the family tradition of intelligent dilettantism.

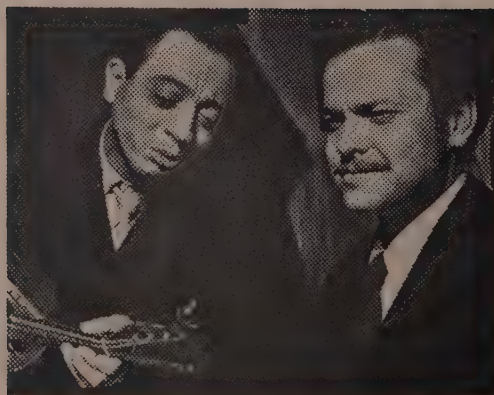
One dwells on Orson's parents because so much about them helped to shape him. He got on splendidly with them both, rather better than they did with each other; where mother had her *salon*, father favored the saloon. The child's precociousness was Mozartean. At the age of two he spoke fluent and considered English, and was familiar with the plays of Shakespeare from his mother's readings. The first great wrench came when he was six. His parents separated, and Orson went to live with his mother for two halcyon years, during which he adoringly absorbed her passion for music, poetry, and painting. He hated, however, to practice scales on the piano, and once, at the age of seven, stationed himself on a high window ledge of the Ritz Hotel in Paris, threatening to jump unless his mother told his music-teacher to stop badgering him. As always, she complied. The idyll ended when he was eight. Beatrice Welles died,

and Orson, already an adult in feeling, was whisked off to share his father's way of life, which revolved round late nights, stage doors, and constant changes of country. "He was a wandering *bon viveur*," Orson says, "and he reveled in theater people. Before my mother died, painting and music were what interested me most. I'd never thought seriously about the theater."

Through his mother he had met Ravel and Stravinsky; through his father he met John Barrymore, together with innumerable circus performers and magicians. He acquired a showman's eye (which later enabled him to act as an unpaid scout for John Ringling North) and an illusionist's dexterity. "My father loved magic," he says. "That's what bound us together." Such masters as Harry Houdini and Long Tack Sam, the Chinese conjurer who revolutionized card manipulation, were called in to teach him their mysteries. If anything, he improved on what he learned; today, Orson is one of the best-paid magicians alive. In 1960, at a London hotel, he received more than \$1,500 for one performance of a single trick: seizing an axe, he splintered a block of ice within which there was frozen a strongbox, inside which there was locked a scrap of paper, upon which there was inscribed the official registration number of a taxi-driver whom an unbribed guest had brought in from the street just before the axe was lifted. Some years ago Orson agreed to lend his arcane skills to a Hollywood celebration in honor of Louis B. Mayer. So many stars preceded him that by the time his turn came the rabbit concealed in the lining of his suit had urinated "roughly twenty-seven times." He has been wary of unpaid performances ever since.

Above all, Orson learned from his father the art of traveling. Who else of his age can declare nowadays, with eyewitness authority, that "the two great artistic centers of the twenties were Budapest and Peking"? He explored Europe in the care of various tutors, one of whom took him when he was nine to an uncommonly noisy dinner party at Innsbruck, of which he remembers little except the name of the man at the head of the table, one Adolf Hitler. Life with father was more restless and

Welles
the
official
expatriate—
pasta,
Puccini



In 1955,
a new
script
in
pocket,
a new
wife,
Paola Mori,
in hand



uncertain than it had been with mother. "How is it," I suddenly ask Orson, "that the heroes of your films have no fathers?" I am thinking not so much of Macbeth and Othello as of George in "The Magnificent Ambersons," who ruins the life of his widowed mother; and especially of Charles Foster Kane, whose father never appears, and who is taken away from his mother as a child and transported into an alien world of men and money, rather like George Orson Welles. In answer to my question, Orson says that there is no reason, that he adored his father; and no doubt he did. All the same, the parallel with Kane is curiously haunting. One recalls the sled named Rosebud, Kane's symbol of maternal affection, the loss of which deprives him irrecoverably of the power to love or be loved. (Mr. Bernstein, the lawyer who takes Kane under his wing, is admittedly based on Dr. Maurice Bernstein, the family physician who acted as Welles's unofficial guardian after his father died in 1928.) It is not inconceivable, as a perceptive American director once suggested to me, that Orson reached a stage of perfect self-fulfillment just before his mother's death, and that he has been trying ever since to recapture it.

At ten, under heavy persuasion from his father and Dr. Bernstein, Orson joined the progressive Todd School for Boys in Woodstock, Illinois, where he flourished for five years, admiringly encouraged by the school director, Roger Hill, with whom, while still in his teens, he wrote a fledgling play and edited a popular textbook called "Everybody's Shakespeare." On principle, however, he disapproves of conventional education in any form, and will have none of it for Beatrice, his five-year-old daughter: "What does it teach you except to show up at the same hour every morning—and still learn nothing?" In his fourteenth year the death of his father cast him upon a world from which security, as his parents had known it, was about to be banished by the Wall Street crash. An orphaned prodigy, he grew up hoarding nostalgia; in particular, a nostalgia for old-fashioned melodrama, for stock companies, for turn-of-the-century Americana, which he had imbibed from his father. It

persisted into later life, as many of his stage productions bear witness: "The Drunkard," William Gillette's "Too Much Johnson," "The Green Goddess," "Around the World in Eighty Days," and "Moby Dick," which Orson directed in London as it might have been presented by a touring company in the nineties. Again and again he has gone back to the flamboyant era of the actor-manager in the astrakhan collar, the era of Tarkington's Ambersons and Citizen Kane's infancy. Orson has always secretly thought of himself as a vagabond rogue.

Just before he graduated from Todd, at the age of fifteen, an ad appeared in "The Billboard." It read, in part:

"ORSON WELLES—Stock, Characters, Heavies, Juveniles or as cast . . . Lots of pep, experience and ability. Close in Chicago early in June and want place in good stock company for remainder of season."

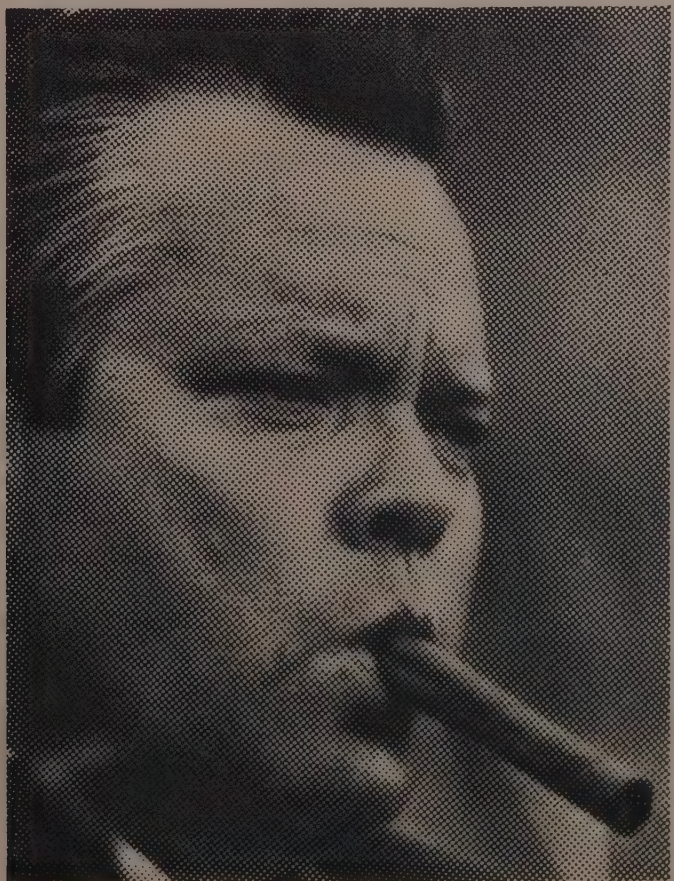
He was on his own. It is not fanciful to see Orson's life as an unfinished picaresque novel, each chapter of which is a bizarre adventure strung like a bead on the thread of the hero's personality; the raw material, in fact, for a new "Citizen Kane," different from the old in that the central character would be a maker of art, not merely a collector.

The lunch is over. Orson insists on paying, and summons his Italian henchman, a minor but authentic prince, to look after the bill. The prince sportively doubts whether he has enough cash. "Very well," says the ventripotent Orson, beaming broadly. "My signature against the world!"

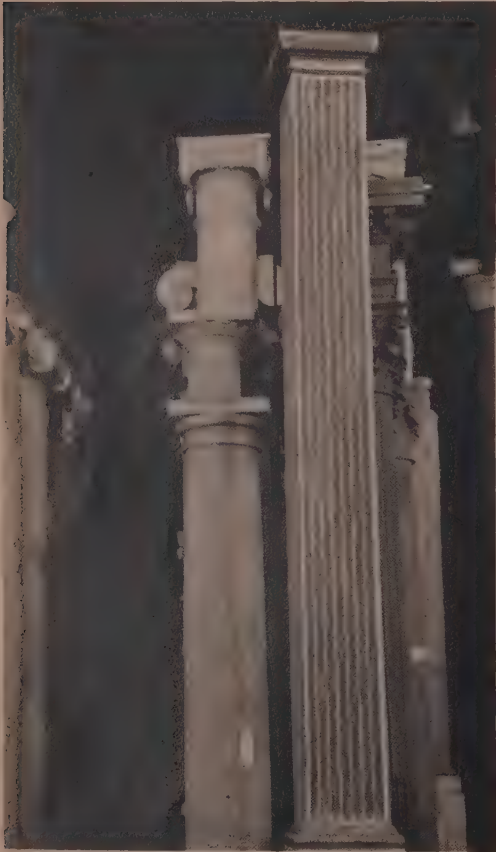
(In next month's SHOW, Mr. Tynan concludes his discussion of Orson Welles, "The Extraneous American." Starting with young Orson, who goes to Ireland (instead of Harvard) and gate-crashes the Dublin Gate Theater to become a professional actor, Tynan traces the nearly incredible life: bullfighter, palmist, New Deal director, blackface Macbeth, man from Mars, Latin-American good-will promoter, flatfooted American spy, and, of course, curse of Hollywood's front offices. Today, there remains the large, drifting genius without portfolio, who, Tynan surmises, has one just dessert.)

"As
for
the
bulls,
they
are
his
passion"

"It
is not
that
he shouts,
merely
that
he
cannot help
resounding"



HOLLYWOOD: AN ARCHÆOLOGIST'S VIEW



The marriage of Hollywood's aging studio system to television (more rich than charming) has met filial revolt among the independent companies, studio offspring which are now fleeing far from the back lots where they grew up. Financed and distributed by the studios, the ambitious productions exploring Afghanistan or stranded in the Jordan desert often wire for money, but seldom bother to write home. In Burbank, Culver City, and Hollywood the old monuments of illusion are fifty per cent given over to TV shows and industrial commercials; while Fox, making many of its own films on location, finally sold the huge West Los Angeles lot for forty-three million dollars and rents a mere seventy-five (taxless) acres there. Now, where Tom Mix sprang a thousand times to his horse, where miniature ships went down in the whispering hurricanes of Sersen Lake, bulldozers make way for two hundred acres of skyscraper apartments. Gone will be the noble columns at left, after one more stand in "Cleopatra"—gone the bogus sky behind the Chicago waterfront town where "Little Old New York" was made (facing page). This first extensive photographic coverage of Hollywood's permanent sets is also the last.





Only M-G-M has kept all permanent sets, but Lot Number 3 soon may have to go, with "Show Boat" (above), which paddle-wheeled up a two-mile river whose current can be made to run either way. Above, right: As bulldozers approach, cars prepare for the scrap heap; but Twentieth Century-Fox is saving its collection of period locomotives (right) for the Malibu Ranch, where new studios are planned. Facing page: A doomed plane nests in the old Fox jungle, and trees dolly in for the TV cameras.



STAR ON THE RISE, SUN ON THE SET

The winter set in "From the Terrace" awaits demolition in Wheeler Park, where Fox's newest future star strolls under the vantage of another century—Prince Valiant's tower. Right: When not seen wandering around "In Old Chicago" haunts of Tyrone Power and Alice Faye, British and red-headed Maggi Brown can most easily be found in her forthcoming first film, "Bachelor Flat."

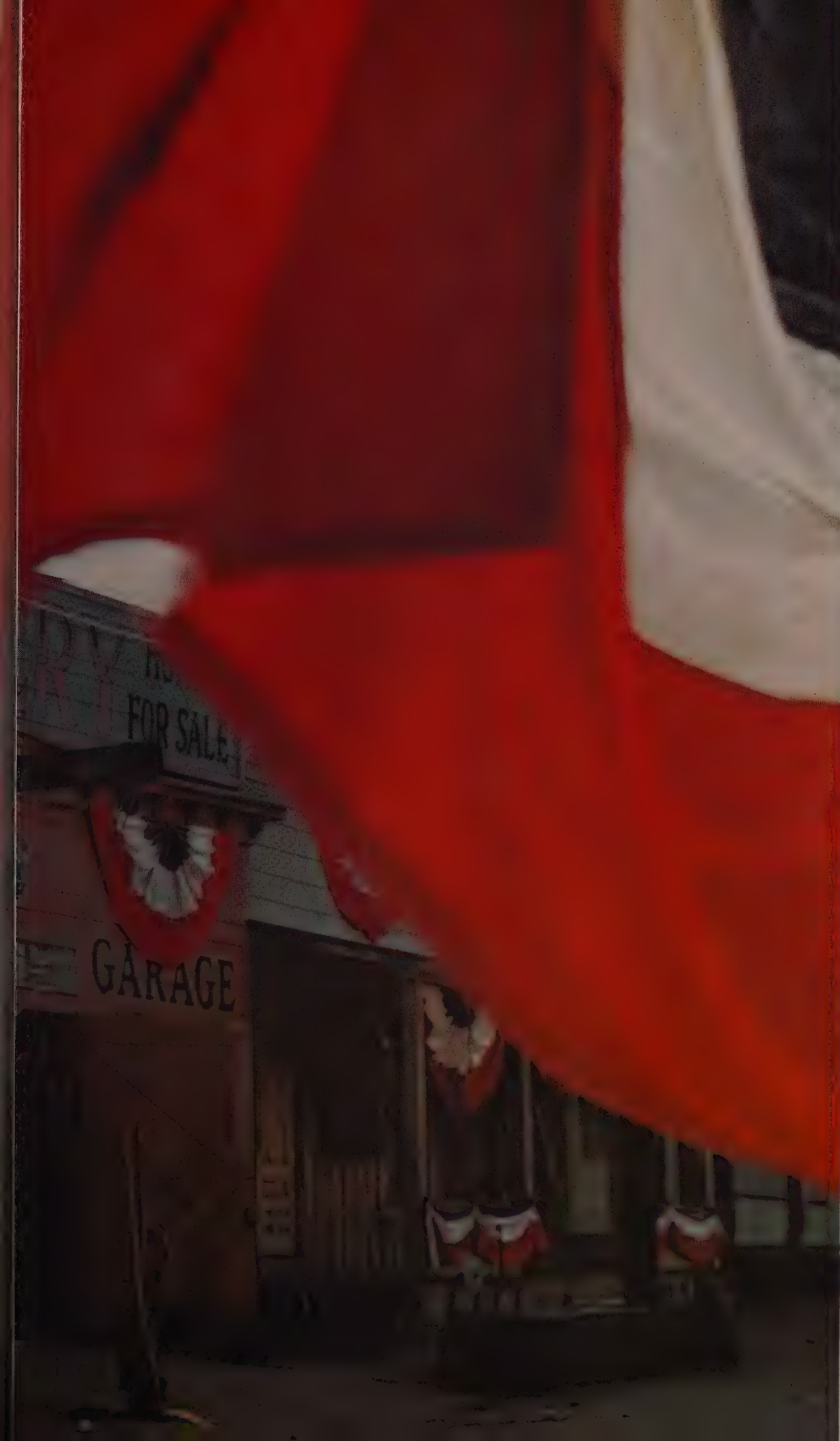


WEXLER'S

GENERAL STORE

STAY
MINES

**ALL OVER
BUT
THE SHOOTING**



On Fox's Tombstone Street, more than two hundred and fifty badmen have met their betters as portrayed by Gregory Peck, Alan Ladd, Randolph Scott, Henry Fonda, Victor Mature, et al. In "Comancheros," John Wayne gets to fire the last blank before Tombstone Street itself goes the way of all flesh.



Opposite: M-G-M's staircase never did go anywhere; but Judy Garland did, in front of a star-spangled cyclorama in "Till the Clouds Roll By." Right: A Columbia lion, after long duty guarding banks and temples on the eighty-acre Burbank Ranch, was inundated by flowing lava (a mess of wheat germ and paint) in the forthcoming Sinatra-Tracy film, "The Devil at 4 O'Clock." The Ranch itself is also half gone—the underdeveloped portion purchased by a company that will surround the lot with factories, small businesses, and homes. Columbia's famous sets—the Greenwich Village alleys and the Western streets, slices of Rocky Mountains and pieces of Central Park—these, along with the Ranch's five sound stages, are at least half occupied with rich TV shows and industrial films. The old Warner Brothers ranch is entirely usurped by homesites now. Universal-International has sold off all property to TV, but camps on its own back lot. Renting space and facilities there, U-I uses the eleven million dollars made on real estate to finance more maverick productions, like John Huston's "Freud," now being made in Vienna.



PLACE IN THE SUN

by Bill Davidson

There are two Hollywoods, the Real and the Unreal, and often it is impossible to tell which is which. As I see it, the constant conflict between the Real and the Unreal makes this bizarre company town the most unusual and most fascinating community in the world. There are idiots, bumblerers, boors, con men, robots, and physical freaks; but there are also intelligent men, interesting women, genuine creative talents, heroic souls, and humanitarians. It is a world of genius and ludicrousness, normality and abnormality, truth and fraud—all intermixed.

However, others apparently look at all this through an entirely different set of lenses. There is, for example, a one-dimensional Hollywood, incessantly portrayed by Pete Martin in "The Saturday Evening Post," in which actors and actresses converse intelligently, change their babies' diapers, cook soufflés in their kitchens, go on fishing trips, and behave like just plain folks. They campaign for the political candidates of their choice, express the emotional turmoil they undergo in searching for their souls, and tell how they really wanted to be nuns, educators, and Dr. Schweitzer.

For some reason—perhaps the perversity of my own nature—this Hollywood rarely appears to me. I go to see Kim Novak, for example, and the plain-folks quality just seems to elude me. She meets me at the door of her ninety-five-thousand-dollar house atop a mountain in the exclusive Bel Air section and her garb is not that of a homebody. She is wearing a skintight black leotard through which she bulges ominously as she slinks clumsily about the house like a maladroit panther. She makes breakfast for us. It consists of caviar, pickled green tomatoes, French toast, and Roquefort cheese. (How do you like *that* for a typical American breakfast, Pete Martin?)

After breakfast, she takes me on a tour of her domicile. She shows me her all-blue bedroom (even the screen of the television set is tinted blue), her all-purple study (walls, ceiling, rugs, mirrors, a built-in niche for a future Academy Award are all in varying shades of lavender, violet, and purple), her all-gray living room (lavender tones had to be blended into the paint by the decorator), her all-green outdoor sleeping nook (outfitted with a large mirror so she can see herself at all times, and with an open-mesh roof so she can observe the stars).

I ask Miss Novak, who claims she really wanted to be a nun, why she likes to run into the ocean with her clothes on. She says, "I can't stand planning."

I ask her why she doesn't like to fly in airplanes. She answers, "Man was given legs for walking and a brain to figure out means of transportation, but only on land. We are not here to take

over the sky, like some other country. Besides, my ears hurt."

I ask her why she weeps so much (she was known as The Crier and Our Lady of Sorrows at Columbia Pictures). She says, "I express my feelings in tears."

Not all of Hollywood's luminaries are quite so lucid as Miss Novak. I once spent two hours talking with Marlon Brando about whether or not he should talk to me. During most of this time he pondered the question from various yoga positions. Finally he raised himself up to his full height (about five feet, seven inches) and said, "I can give you one good reason why we can't communicate. Because man is an entity in space, with infinity above and infinity below, and with no connection with any other being or thing, except for a sort of astral relationship." With that, he strode out of the room, climbed on the back of a dialogue coach, and rode off.

*"Safety pins
came to me
in the middle
of the night"*

For many years, studio publicity departments have looked upon the fan magazines as ex-officio arms of their organizations. The fan magazines obviously are helpful in projecting the image of Hollywood which confuses me. I was curious recently when I saw that Debbie Reynolds, heartbroken at the news that she had lost Eddie Fisher to the siren call of Elizabeth Taylor, was pictured in the fan press in blue jeans and pigtails and with safety pins pinned to her blouse. I had never before seen Miss Reynolds attired in anything but chic, well-tailored gowns. Her speech had been salty, her manner undomestic. She had servants and nursemaids galore on whom safety pins could be more usefully mounted. My suspicions were confirmed later when one of her associates bragged about his greatest coup. "We sat for hours," he said, "trying to figure out how to handle this Liz Taylor bit. Someone hit on the jeans and the pigtails, but the idea of the safety pins came to me in the middle of the night." Said an admiring assistant, "It was brilliant, just plain brilliant, that's all."

Not long ago, the fan magazines sustained a rude shock when several of them were sued for millions of dollars by Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor in a libel action complaining about misleading cover lines which leered from every newsstand. Shortly

after the suits were filed, I ran into a fan-magazine editor in the bar of the Beverly Hills Hotel. He was drowning his sorrows with vodka and beef broth, a drink indigenous to Hollywood called the "bullshot." With each bullshot, the editor became more and more incensed with Fisher, blaming him and not Miss Taylor for the catastrophe. "What is this guy—some kind of a nut?" he kept saying. "He *knows* this junk is the lifeblood of our industry. What's he doing? I'll tell you what he's doing. He's biting the hand that feeds him. It's un-American. The guy has been in Europe so long that I bet the Commies got to him."

☛ There's a lot to be said for the old-fashioned pay envelope ☛

You hardly ever *see* money in Hollywood. The talent agencies, like MCA and William Morris, have a host of young men, neatly garbed in tight gray flannel suits, whose primary function is to go to the studio every week to pick up a star's check. The agent extracts his ten per cent and sends his own check for the balance to the star's business manager. The business manager then deducts *his* ten per cent and sends various sums to the star's press agent, drama coach, vocal coach, *couturier*, and so on. He also pays for houses, Rolls-Royces, psychiatrists, yachts, and other baubles that might have caught the star's fancy. Finally, he deposits the remainder of the check (which, after taxes, might be only about two per cent of the original total) in the star's bank for pocket money. As Arthur O'Connell, one of Hollywood's more sensible actors, told me, "There's a lot to be said for the old-fashioned method of collecting a pay envelope—with the cash inside."

Perhaps it is a residual instinct left over from long-forgotten poor or lower-middle-class backgrounds, but with some exceptions, like Red Skelton and Jerry Lewis, movie stars are among the most penurious souls in creation. Of all the hundreds of stars with whom I have lunched, dined, and cocktailed over the last twenty years, only two—Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable—have ever picked up a check.

I have had movie stars phone me long-distance to ask favors—and they reversed the charges. I know one female star who constantly receives gifts of gold jewelry which she doesn't like, and rather than give away the trinkets to friends and relatives, she has them melted down and sells the gold.

The all-time champion in this field is a male star whose earnings and investments are estimated to bring him an income of about a million dollars a year. His garage has been described as a squirrel's nest. In it he has accumulated goods and impedimenta from every film he has ever worked in. He was even observed loading several bags of manure into his ten-thousand-dollar Cadillac when someone left them unguarded on the M-G-M lot. When you go out to lunch or dinner with this star, he always makes it clear in advance that it is Dutch treat. When the check comes, even in so swank a place as Romanoff's, he laboriously figures out each person's share. Then he gives the check to one of his guests to pay, saying, "If *I* pay the check, the waiter will expect a big tip. So this will save you money."

Once, when this star went to Oklahoma with M-G-M producer Julian Blaustein for the opening of a film, he neglected to bring a pair of gloves. The weather was bitter cold, and Blaustein, noticing that the star's hands were turning blue, suggested that the star run across the street to a haberdashery shop to buy himself some gloves. The star said O.K. and dashed across the street. He was gone nearly half an hour. When he returned, Blaustein said, "What in the hell took you so long?"

"Oh," said the star, "the gloves were six dollars and it took the damn fool clerk more than twenty minutes to get your hotel to O.K. charging the gloves to your hotel room."

THE PINE-TREE STUDIO

There are several ways of getting hired in Hollywood. The first, and most difficult, is to have talent. The talented are considered untrustworthy interlopers. One of the Warner brothers, for example, used to call all writers—even William Faulkner, who was once under his command—"schleps with typewriters" (*schlep* is a derisive Yiddish expression for a bumpkin, an idiot).

A second and more common method of getting hired in Hollywood is to be born to the purple, or to marry into the nobility which controls the seven duchies which make up the Balkanized kingdom of Hollywood. At one time there were so many Cohns at Columbia Pictures that Robert Benchley called it the "Pine-Tree Studio." The late Harry Cohn, the ferocious but able head of the studio for many years, once growled to me, "I sometimes think I run a damn travel bureau here, sending my relatives off to jobs in London and Paris and every other damn place to keep them out of my hair."

Getting fired in Hollywood is a lot more complicated than getting hired. There rarely is anything so simple as the direct face-to-face firing or the pink slip. Sometimes more imagination goes into a Hollywood firing than into the writing of a script.

Perhaps the most elaborate—and what turned out to be the most expensive—scheme to fire someone in Hollywood had as its victim a publicity man at one of the major studios. We will call him Oscar, which is nothing like his real name. Oscar was feared and disliked because he had the ear and confidence of the head of the studio. He spent most of his time working for the studio head's favorite charity. Also, he possessed the best list of starlets' phone numbers in town. And so, the plot against Oscar had to be concocted with the care of a military intelligence operation, lest the plotters' heads roll instead of Oscar's.

Step number one in the plan was to get Oscar kicked upstairs. The plotters went to the head of the studio and, using flattery and cajolery, told him that Oscar's talents were so extraordinary that he was desperately needed as an executive of the studio's new television subsidiary. The boss, pleased at this affirmation of his judgment regarding Oscar's ability, said, "Sure." So Oscar got a new title and a big new office.

Then step number two of the plan went into effect. Every morning, the plotters would summon Oscar to the boss's office and ask his opinion of an idea for a television show they had in mind. Oscar, hopelessly over his head in such creative endeavors, and conditioned by twenty years of experience, dutifully said yes to each proposal.

After that came step number three. The plotters made pilot films for each of the television series. The cost per pilot film ran anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000. Most of them were dreadful. The plotters' own stupidity contributed to the debacle, and of more than eighty films only three were sold to sponsors. This was more of a disaster than even they had counted on.

But it enabled them to put step number four of their plan into effect. The plotters went to the studio head with carefully prepared cost figures. "We just want you to look at this, chief," they said. "This idiot, Oscar, has been responsible for nearly five million dollars of the company's money going down the drain."

"What!" roared the chief. "Let me look at those figures." He did, and the ensuing howl could be heard throughout the studio's sound stages. "Get rid of the bum! Fire him!" he shouted. "I

don't want that bumbling fool ever to set foot in this studio again!"

Today, Oscar is managing a liquor store in Los Angeles. When I saw him recently he was still unaware of what had happened to him. He shook his head sadly and said, "I was doing so *well* for twenty years, and suddenly I was out on my rear. I guess things ain't what they seem to be in this crazy industry."

They sure ain't.

“It's gotta be
the eleven-millimeters
or it's like
you're naked”

The greatest status symbol in Hollywood is clothing. Among the male stars and executives, the only one I ever knew who just walked into a store and bought a suit off a rack was Clark Gable. Nearly everyone else has a tailor in Savile Row in London or has his suits made by a Hollywood tailor who happens to be in vogue at the time. Thus there are always two different styles of status clothing that are considered chic. First, there is the short-jacketed British cut affected by Fred Astaire and Charlton Heston, among others. Second, there is the long-jacketed Hollywood cut favored by Tony Curtis, Sal Mineo, Ricky Nelson, Frank Sinatra, and the like. Your status when you wear the Hollywood cut seems to be determined by how tight the pants are. It would seem impossible to wear Hollywood-style status pants without an athletic supporter.

I visited a movie star not so long ago in his mountaintop Beverly Hills home and sat with him while he prepared to go to a party. As he carefully affixed his best diamond cuff links and his most expensive hair piece in front of his dressing-room mirror, which was surrounded by thirty-six electric light bulbs (he used to be a twenty-four bulb man before he won an Academy Award and became a corporation), he said, "This party is at the Ray Starks' tonight. That means we gotta go in the Rolls. I like the Cadillac personally, but you show up in a Caddy at the Starks' and it's like you come in a jeep." (Stark is a very rich ex-agent turned producer who is married to the daughter of the late Fanny Brice and the late mobster Nicky Arnstein.)

"How come you're not wearing the Sy Devore dinner jacket tonight?" I asked, referring to one of Hollywood's most popular men's furbishers.

"Not for this caper," replied the star. "I had *this* little job made for me in London. My tailor there gave me a beef when I told him how I wanted it, but I slipped him a thou and he saw it my way." The tuxedo was an iridescent gun-metal gray with black brocade piping on the sleeves, trouser legs, and lapels. This bizarre garment was set off by a dress shirt, the bosom of which consisted of dozens of overlapping layers of eyelet ruffles. There was a gun-metal-gray string tie. "Pretty jazzy," I said, as the star attached his contact lenses to his eyeballs, the better to observe his own splendor. "Yeah," he concurred.

Just then the star's wife walked in. She had spent the whole day preparing herself for the party and now she was ready. She had devoted five of the previous twelve hours to ministrations to her person at the House of Westmore beauty parlor. She had had a manicure, a pedicure, a lip-*zip*, a color touch-up for her hair, a shampoo, a set, and a professional face make-up job which included approximately half a pound of lotions and pomades and a set of real-hair eyelashes. Upon her return to her manse, she had bathed and anointed her body, after which she had spent six hours getting dressed.

With women in Hollywood, the status symbols in clothing are even more firmly respected than with men. If Edith Head doesn't design your wedding dress—the first, the second, the third, or even the fourth—you might just as well not get married. For gowns in which to do a nightclub act, Jean Louis is the man to see. For gowns for Sinatra parties at The Springs, it's got to be Don Loper. The main feature of *all* Hollywood gowns is the ingenuity of their engineering structure, since status requires that ladies show as much as possible within the limits of what the law will allow, while wearing as little underclothing as possible. Thus, dress designers contribute to the Real and the Unreal in Hollywood by creating gowns which the occupants can honestly say they are wearing without underwear. Technically that's true, but each dress has what can only be described as a corset sewn into it.

The dress on the star's wife was an iridescent silver, to match the iridescent gun-metal gray of her husband's tuxedo. It consisted of what looked to be two hundred thousand bugle beads, all laboriously sewn into place by a French *couturier*. The gown was slit to the knee on the bottom and slit to the navel on the top, delicately bisecting her copious bosom.

The star beamed and stepped back to admire the vision in its entirety. He nodded approvingly at her diamond chandelier earrings, which dangled to within a hair's breadth of her shoulders. Then his eyes moved to the double row of milky-white pearls at her throat.

At this point the star's smile faded and his face turned red. "You idiot!" he snarled. "You stupid, ignorant idiot!"

"What did I do? What did I do?" cried his startled wife.

"Your pearls," roared the star. "You're wearing the nine-millimeters. How many times have I told you? To the Starks' it's gotta be the eleven-millimeters or it's like you're naked."

“I'm going
to use
Tony's house”

Everything sets your status in Hollywood. You have it if you play golf at certain clubs like Bel Air and Hillcrest (depending on your religion), if you play handball at the Beverly Club, and if you can play tennis on your own court in your own back yard. Surfboarding at Malibu is for the peasants, and so is walking—anywhere. When the Kennedy administration came into office, touch football became a status sport, and you can see it being played in the back yards of the most fashionable Beverly Hills homes.

You are nothing unless you are seen in restaurants like Romanoff's, Chasen's, Scandia, La Rue, and Perino's, but even inside the restaurants themselves there are substrata within the strata. You are "in" at Chasen's if you are seated in a booth near the door and proprietor Dave Chasen, a former vaudeville comic, joins you at your table. On the other hand, the posh locations at La Rue are in what seems to be a glass-enclosed front porch, *away* from the door. It doesn't matter where you sit in Romanoff's just so long as Mike Romanoff comes over and graces your table. Your status is measured by how much time he spends there. If he proceeds to eat his own dinner there, you may consider yourself in the very top aristocracy, and even if he disrupts an important business deal or tête-à-tête, it's worth it.

When you vacation in the wintertime, you are considered a slob unless you go to your own home in Palm Springs, universally referred to as "The Springs." Just going to a hotel in The Springs is not enough. If you do not own your own home in The Springs, you can still maintain status by vacationing as the

house guest of a star or a producer or a director, but being the house guest of a press agent or an assistant director is considered *déclassé*. One of the best status symbols of all is to say, "I'm going to The Springs to use Tony's house while he and Janet are in Europe." (Tony and Janet, of course, are Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, but any other top names may be substituted.)

When you are at The Springs, even under these favorable circumstances, you still must protect your status by getting yourself invited to a Frank Sinatra party at the local chic outpost, Romanoff's On The Rocks, which is owned by the same Harry Gerguson who is Mike Romanoff of Romanoff's in Beverly Hills. But there, too, there are substrata within strata. These Sinatra parties involve approximately forty guests seated at a long table with The Leader at its head. Your status is measured by how close you are seated to The Leader. At one party, at which I was an unnoticed observer, the late Buddy Adler, then the production head of Twentieth Century-Fox, was seated more than halfway down from The Leader. He brooded and sulked over this indignity, but when Danny Thomas excused himself for an interlude of fishing in a fountain in the restaurant's foyer, Adler transferred himself to Thomas's vacated seat, much closer to The Leader.

“Let me
tell you about
my dog's
hearing aid”

Once a stratum is achieved, the climber may not rest. One of the current methods of securing high position is by accumulating electrical devices of all kinds. A man's worth, then, is not measured by the magnitude of his house or his bank account but by how many miles of wiring he has in his hi-fi system. Charlton Heston, for example, has some ten miles of wiring in his magnificent new house atop Coldwater Canyon, and you can't go anywhere on the premises—including the steam room—without hearing the theme music from "Ben-Hur."

The champion possessor of electronic status symbols is Jerry Lewis, who now lives in the late Louis B. Mayer's mansion in Bel Air. Lewis not only is a fifty-mile man with his hi-fi wiring, but he has tape-recorder outlets in every room, just in case the spirit might move him in the middle of the night or in the middle of a meal to do an imitation of Al Jolson or Frank Sinatra, whom he calls Frank Sinister. Lewis also is the owner of an FM radio station, KJPL, in the San Fernando Valley, and he has a remote-control microphone in his house and an electronic gadget by means of which, at the push of a button, he can cut off the station's regular program and take to the air waves himself. Thus, residents of Los Angeles are sometimes startled, in the midst of a Beethoven concerto, to hear Lewis interviewing his son Gary on the subject of juvenile delinquency or exchanging quips with his friend George Jessel, who just happened to drop by the house.

It is not this alone that makes Lewis today a serious contender for the throne of Hollywood's high society. The big thing is his dog. For many years, Lewis has had an enormous springer spaniel named Mr. Chips. Mr. Chips is rather elderly now, but in his day he was quite a dog. Lewis claims that half the springer spaniels in southern California are progeny of Mr. Chips. But of late Mr. Chips has become quite deaf. This infirmity led to Lewis's acquiring one of the most magnificent electronic status symbols in the entire film colony. He called in a group of elec-

tronic engineers he knew through his contacts at NBC, and at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars they created a transistorized, ultra-high-frequency, solar-battery-powered hearing aid for Mr. Chips. It is doubtful that the dog can hear any better, but when any discussion comes up about hi-fi equipment or citizen's-band two-way radio systems or electronically controlled gates and fences, Lewis can look down his nose and say, "Now let me tell you about my dog's hearing aid."

Up to the rank of cameraman, Hollywood's workers are little affected by such aspects of the city as social climbing and social strata. An electrician goes to his job at the studio just as if it were any other kind of factory; he returns to his home in the suburbs at night; he eats dinner with his family and then goes bowling or watches television. Similarly, there are thousands of stenographers, artists, laboratory technicians, make-up men, wardrobe specialists, clerks, lawyers, grips, gaffers, prop men, projectionists, and studio cops who lead perfectly normal lives.

The higher you go in the studio hierarchy, however, the greater the struggle toward one of the elite groups at the top: the Loretta Young-Irene Dunne Catholic Summit, the Jack Benny-William Goetz-Danny Kaye Jewish Summit, the Frank Sinatra-Peter Lawford-Sammy Davis Rat Pack Summit.

A writer friend of mine, Leo Rosten, has been studying the social structure of Hollywood for more than twenty years now, and recently he commented, "If you took all the archaeological excavations at Troy and put them on top of Jericho and Babylon, you wouldn't have as many strata as you have in Hollywood."

To my knowledge, there has been only one man who ingeniously managed to break through all the barriers at once—and only in Hollywood could it happen.

Our hero began as an agent, one of the more despised categories among Hollywood's noncreative bourgeoisie. It was about ten years ago that the agent hit on his universal break-through plan. He picked up the phone and placed a call to Cary Grant. When the butler answered, the agent said, "Mr. Grant doesn't know me, so please don't disturb him. But would you please give him a message that I am having a party for Mr. Howard Hughes, and Mr. Hughes would very much like Mr. Grant to be there." The agent hung up, and ten minutes later his phone rang. It was Cary Grant. "Sure I'll come to your party, old boy," said Grant (who didn't know the agent from Adam). "It'll be a pleasure to lift a glass to old Howard Hughes now that he's the head of RKO. Tell Howard I'll be happy to see him again."

Next, the agent put in a call to Hughes (who likewise did not know him from Adam). He got one of the tycoon's henchmen on the phone and said, "Would you please tell Mr. Hughes that I'm having a party for Cary Grant and Mr. Grant specifically asked if Mr. Hughes could please be there."

The agent thereupon called Clark Gable and invited him to a party for Cary Grant and Howard Hughes; and the snowballing technique continued with each added name until he had about a hundred of the elite from each of Hollywood's summits.

The party was a smash success. Today the agent is one of the leaders of Hollywood society. He is also one of Hollywood's top producers.

As Oscar Levant said:

“Strip away
the phony tinsel
of Hollywood
and you find
the real tinsel
underneath”

The Kiss



*Tender moments from yesterday's
silver screen
(with subtitles in English)*

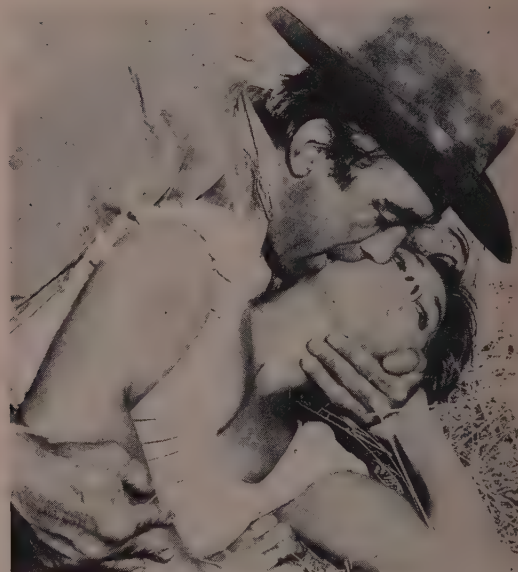
By **ROBERT BENTON**



Kiss (kĭs) 1. To touch or press with the lips, as in love, affection, greeting, etc. 2. To touch gently, as if fondly or caressingly; to touch or hit lightly.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

John Garrick & Jillian Sand in "Are You There?" 1930



We will now discuss in a little more detail the
Struggle for Existence.

Charles Darwin

Anthony Quinn & Lita Milan in "The Ride Back," 1957



Whoever you are, I fear you are walking the walk of dreams . . .

Walt Whitman

"Ridolini e la Collana della Suocera," c. 1928



Great God! this is an awful place.
Robert Scott (at the South Pole)



I am a lover and have not found my thi
to love.

Sherwood Anders

*Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey & Dorothy Lee
in "Peach O' Reno," 1931*

Jane Wyatt & Dennis Morgan in "Kisses for Breakfast," 1941

Of course, we shall have sex. As long as we have men and women in the world, we will have sex. And I approve of it. We'll have sex in moving pictures, and I want it there. But it will be normal, real, beautiful sex—the sex that is common to the people in the audience, to me and to you. A man and a woman are in love with one another. That's sex and it is beautiful, in the movies and in life.

Louis B. Mayer

Agnes Ayres & Mahlon Hamilton in "The Heart Raider," 1923



War is hell.
William Tecumseh Sherman

James Cagney & Joan Blondell in "The Crowd Roars," 1931





Interviews:

Two
women...
two
generations...
two
actresses

ON ACTING

Helen Hayes and Anne Bancroft by Lewis Funke and John E. Booth

INTERVIEWER: Helen, do you think that in general it's a good idea for someone to start in the theater at the age that you did?

HELEN HAYES: No, I don't. I don't think that my starting so young really was responsible for my learning my job. If anything, it might have delayed me. You see I have the theory that higher education—I don't care why you study, if you study mathematics or anything else—I think all of these things eventually apply to the business of acting. I really think that everything that happens to you is applicable to your, to your growth in the theater, and so just playing away in children's roles didn't forward me as an actress at all.

INTERVIEWER: Lee Strasberg once said he didn't think it was necessary to start too early; that you picked up a lot of bad habits when you started too early. I imagine you would be in agreement with that, wouldn't you?

HELEN HAYES: Yes, I would, because I've had to have some of those bad habits knocked out of me. They were due mostly to conscientiousness—attempts to keep a performance alive and vital without the knowledge of how to do so—because you can't learn that by going on the stage and playing the same kind of cute little parts, year in, year out. This doesn't give you any real understanding of how to keep the freshness and vitality of a performance. That comes with real solid technical training and I had to go out and get that.

INTERVIEWER: You have said in the past that this was a very definite problem for you—that in "Dear Brutus," for instance, you coasted on your natural exuberance and your natural incandescence—but that when it became a matter of really learning technique you had to go and work at it. What did you do?

HELEN HAYES: I went out and studied—I studied everything and anything that I could find. I studied with—well, she was a forerunner, let us say, of the Method. Her name was Frances Robinson-Duff. She was a teacher of many big actors of that time, and she used the Delsarte chart, which I never hear of any more.

INTERVIEWER: The Delsarte chart had certain positions for certain emotions—

HELEN HAYES: Yes, and it worked with—you know—it worked with the diaphragm, with breathing, with the whole use of the body, and so on. And it was very complicated and some of it seemed a little ridiculous, but it probably all added up to giving one a little more understanding of how to communicate what you wanted to an audience. When Lee Strasberg speaks of bad habits—goodness, I had them—by the time I was twenty-one I had learned to overact pretty frightfully and to use all the cute tricks that had stood me in good stead, and I was really, you know, just going in for being very cute.

INTERVIEWER: When you say "cute," what do you mean?

HELEN HAYES: Oh, you know, the jumping about, and the never-sit-on-a-chair, always-kneel bit—you know, jump on it and kneel, or sit on tables if there's one handy, and all the little things which in that period were supposed to be cute-little-girl things. I had just been having one role after the other that suited the small capacities that I had developed—that little thing that I had brought originally, that fresh sense of make-believe that children have—and they were using it over and over again. I was charming, that's what I was, charming.

INTERVIEWER: What was the first play that made you realize that you had to learn more about acting?

These interviews are abridged from the book "Actors Talk About Acting" by Lewis Funke and John E. Booth, which Random House will publish this fall. © Copyright 1961 by Lewis Funke and John E. Booth.



Helen
Hayes:
“You
just
can’t
depend
on
God”

HELEN HAYES: Well, I first began to suspect it in "Pollyanna," at seventeen, by the end of a long tour that lasted thirty-odd weeks. I shudder right now to think of what that performance must have been. From ecstatic reviews at the beginning of the tour, by the time we reached New Orleans and the eastern seaboard, I was getting some pretty appalling notices. It must have been horrifying to watch me up there, but of course there was such devotion to "Pollyanna" that people continued to swarm in. But I continued to alarm those adults who were watching me, and the people in the company. Some of the older actors were trying to give me a little help but I was too frightened to accept the help then—you know, I just wanted to shut it all out. I went on and got some good help from William Gillette and B. Iden Payne, the director in "Dear Brutus." Extra work during rehearsals with Gillette at night, you know, in Charles Frohman's office; he took me up there and worked with me in the evenings because I was in great danger of losing that job. I must have been—I must have become a really bad young actress by then, full of mannerisms and tricks and terrible strain. The mannerisms and tricks were the only things I knew to try to cover up the truth that I didn't know how to play parts any more.

INTERVIEWER: Was it because you didn't understand the parts?

HELEN HAYES: No, it wasn't that. It was that I didn't know how to communicate my understanding in a simple and straight fashion.

INTERVIEWER: Is this that something at the heart of being a good actress—being able to communicate?

HELEN HAYES: With simplicity, and not to overlay that—your method of communication—with any kind of personal mannerisms or persuasions for the audience. You know, it's that thing that they say in the Method—the actor's life is just one long search, a search for truth in his work, for the ability to be absolutely truthful.

INTERVIEWER: How do you acquire this fundamental knowledge?

HELEN HAYES: You acquire it by taking yourself apart in every way. You learn your voice—you learn about every note of your voice and just where to place it for certain things. This sounds so terribly mechanical, and it is. It almost sounds as if you—as if you have to banish all inspiration and all of God's gift to you from your being. And maybe you do, for a while, when you're learning. It's like tennis: You've been playing tennis and you can whack at the ball and get it over the net wonderfully and everything, but if you ever want to get into playing really good tennis, what do you do? You have a teacher come and he just—he just destroys your whole game for a while and you get very discouraged and you can't do a thing, and yet all the time you are learning exactly, you know, the snap of the wrist, and the use of the shoulder, and the follow-through of the stroke—well, this is, maybe, a wasteful analogy but, anyway, that is what personally had to happen to me. And that's the whole thing. Now I've got to some degree of security through study. I studied everything. I studied with about four or five different interpretive dancers, including Charles Weidman, so that I came to know what I looked like when I was moving—so, you know, in my mind's eye I know how my body is articulating something that I am feeling, and I knew through my work with voice, with Frances Robinson-Duff and with other voice teachers ... I feel that I know in my ear just where I'm overexpressing something, and I see others who don't and they just go crazy.

INTERVIEWER: One of the reasons that you reached the top is because you worked, and worked, and worked. Lynn Fontanne has said very much the same things—about how she'd stand in a mirror and see how gracefully she could arch her arm and

hand—you don't hear young people talking about this, quite this way, or am I wrong?

HELEN HAYES: You certainly are not. They would scorn this whole thing. Why, it frightened the wits out of me, you know, the way I'd feel: "Oh dear, I'm a mechanical marvel—and not even a mechanical marvel, I'm just a mechanical object up there—and shame on me." And, yet, I have worked with young actresses quite recently whom I've seen suffering, going through the same suffering that I went through thirty-odd years ago, because each performance is for them an almost insurmountable hurdle.

INTERVIEWER: Because they don't have the technique?

HELEN HAYES: Because they don't know whether God is going to come down that night and touch them on the shoulder—and, I think, you know, that you just can't depend on God who is busy as all that. You have to be able to just call on something within yourself, and I cannot believe that learning a fair knowledge of the use of yourself, which is the actor's only instrument—as Heifetz learned to use that violin and, you know, Horowitz learned to use that piano—I just don't think that my learning as much as I could learn to use my instrument for the interpretation of an author's thought—I don't think my learning that took me too far away from understanding the author's thought. You see, that's the trouble. The young people—some of them sometimes feel that if you get too far away from this inner search for the truth of what you're doing and think only of the outside, of how you communicate it, of how you put it before the world—they seem fearful that they will lose touch with that seeking for the inner truth. And, this is where I worry sometimes and wonder if they don't misinterpret the Method, and whether it doesn't fall down there because they miss that step which to me is vital. I think you can seek after the understanding of the author's meaning—and you must seek that—and you must know how that character operates in life as related to you, how you yourself would react in that position. All of these things the Method holds with—and I hold with, too, because this is one of the things that just goes on—that an actor does instinctively. This is the instinct, but then beyond that, how do you communicate this, when you've achieved it?

INTERVIEWER: How have you felt—how have you best learned life? You have said that you had the "subway method." Maybe you could describe the "subway method" for us.

HELEN HAYES: Well, that acting talent that I just defined as a peculiarly alert, peculiar awareness of other people and their problems and their lives—maybe that asserted itself at an early age. But whatever it was, I only know that I wasn't just saying to myself: Now look, there's a man who holds one shoulder higher than the other and has a funny twist to his head and that'll be a good position to assume on the stage some day for effect. No, not that. I'm like some awful amateur self-taught psychologist, you see. I say: That man has a shoulder that's higher and a peculiar twist of his head—why does he have that? What ever caused him to have that? What, I wonder, what went on in his youth. I wonder why—he must have been cringing away from something. I wonder where he lives and how he lives and what kind of life he has. And I'd sit there staring at the man with the—with the uplifted shoulder, and figuring, figuring—this is sitting on the subway—and my mother's elbow would finally come into my ribs and she'd say, "Helen, stop staring." This over and over again and I would, you know, jerk out of it, but I'd be back again. I had to solve that mystery of that man who looked like that. I once wrote an article in which I told of all the visions that go across an actor's mind—this actor's mind—you know, in the course of a performance. Now, this is all part of the Method but, as Lynn Fontanne once said to me, "What is all this business about this Method that's

supposed to relate everything to something that's happened to us? It's what we've been doing for years. You have to go on, be overwrought in a scene, all right, so you stand out in the wings and you think of the worst thing that's ever happened to you, and then you go on, you're overwrought—that's what we've been doing ever since I can remember, isn't it?" Well, anyway, this one, this actor has been doing, apparently, the Method. When I was preparing for my role of the duchess in Anouilh's "Time Remembered" I had some difficulty capturing the spirit of the role until one day in Boston while listening to the radio I heard some music written by Giles Farnaby for the virginal, you know, one of those sixteenth-century instruments. I listened for about half an hour and suddenly the idea came to me. That old duchess, I told myself, is like the music—light, dainty, period, pompous, tinkling. And, poor me, I'd been playing her like a bass drum. I had one scene in "Victoria Regina" that I played like one of my poodles. Believe it or not, it was just—it was just extraordinary how that communicated. And this vision came across my eyes once about that scene—now that gets into, you know, those things I mentioned before—that if you were ever to say at rehearsal, "Well, I think that this scene is like a poodle dog..." It's your secret with the audience and with the playwright. But, anyway, it was the scene in which Disraeli was buttering up the old queen something shamelessly, and he was just paying her these florid compliments and going on, and it was a long speech, you see, and on and on he went—I sat absolutely immobile. I didn't blink an eye, and there were times in that audience when the communication was so great—well, it wasn't very nice of me, in fact, it was naughty of me, but they'd start to laugh, and finally break into applause in the middle of the actor's speech—but it was only that inside I was just blowing up and I knew just how it felt because I had a poodle that used to just sit, and he'd almost look intoxicated because I'd say, "Oh, Turvey, you are the most beautiful dog, Turvey, you are so beautiful, what a good animal"—and I'd do this just for my own amusement and watch this poodle, you know, become a little, just a little intoxicated and believe me every night for the thousand-and-some performances of that play, I saw that poodle. And I had other things, of course. There was a famous moment in "Coquette"—I didn't know what really true way to accept the news that my lover had been shot and was dead—I just didn't. There are a thousand ways that you could accept a scene like that. And I remembered a picture on the front of one of the tabloids, the *News* or the *Mirror*, of a mother standing over her son's grave. He was a gangster, in Chicago. This coffin was being lowered, and this woman was standing there and she was holding herself as if she'd had a terrible, terrible pain in her insides. And I knew that this was the complete, complete reaction to something like this. You'll find in the reviews of "Coquette"—they spoke of that scene and the way I played it—this moment.

INTERVIEWER: What do you mean by the process of elimination in acting in rehearsals?

HELEN HAYES: This process of elimination is one that I just enjoy because it gives me courage, it gives me courage to do things, and I think you have to—you have to take a chance, and I just seem to have to do all the wrong things in any part before I can get to do the right ones. It's such hard work for me—acting—and always has been, to get a good performance, and I look with such envy at those who just walk in and don't do anything wrong, they just... I don't mean that they're rigidly and uninterestingly correct and perfect, I mean they just have a right way of approaching things while I have to go through all the wrong ways. But that doesn't matter—it's important to go through some way, and not to rehearse in whispers, and this is what I mind, you see. It's the people at rehearsals, and I know

it's fear, a fear of doing the wrong thing, that makes them do nothing, do you see? And then it makes them scared to death when it comes the time to come on, deliver. I've watched Kim Stanley do that the day she rehearsed in whispers the whole time, in "A Touch of the Poet," and I knew she was running and she was absolutely beside herself. Now, I'll tell you a little anecdote about the great Edith Evans. Edith Evans was playing Lady Fidget in "The Country Wife" and one day Edith was carrying on like a maniac up there, like one demented—posturing, waving imaginary fans, doing crazy things with them—when, from the back of the auditorium, came the voice of Tony Guthrie who was rehearsing us, and he said, "Edith, what in God's name are you doing?" And she went down to the footlights and said, "I'm trying things. I'd rather be an ass in front of my fellow-actors than do nothing on opening night." Now, see, of this I approve. I approve this with my whole heart. Do anything that comes to your mind, but don't ever allow yourself to be afraid to try things, because it just might be that something glorious will come out and, of course, nine times out of ten it's terrible, and that's what I mean by the process of elimination. I do all the wrong things, and then I finally get down to maybe what's right—I hope.

INTERVIEWER: How do you work on a role before going into rehearsal? You read the script, of course, but how do you try to get to the heart of your role?

HELEN HAYES: That's an interesting question, and I haven't thought about that. I just know that I read the play over and over, but in the course of that reading it over and over I do not try to memorize lines, although, believe me, I would be very glad if some of them stuck in my head so that during that wonderful period of rehearsal, where the thing begins to come to life inside your heart and head, you wouldn't have to be handicapped, you wouldn't have that hurdle of lines in the way. It would be lovely if you could learn that in advance, but I never have. But really, when I'm reading that play in advance, what I'm doing, I guess, is trying to just improve my acquaintance with the play.

INTERVIEWER: In preparing for "Victoria Regina," did you do a lot of reading about Victoria?

HELEN HAYES: No, I didn't. And furthermore, I've never liked to do that. When I played "Mary of Scotland"—you'll find a whole row of books over there on the wall about Victoria, and you'll find quite a number of books about Mary Stuart, because by the time I had played those parts for a long while, my interest in those people—I had become so intimate with those two women that I couldn't learn enough about them. But I didn't do that in advance, because I think—I don't know whether I thought this out then, or whether I've looked back and said, "Now, why was it that I shied away from all research about Victoria before I did it?" And Harriet Beecher Stowe—I didn't do any research about Harriet Beecher Stowe, and the reason is that I think that whoever writes the play, has written it—a character from their point of view, and you have to interpret that author's idea of the character.

INTERVIEWER: Well, through the author's lines you get the feeling of the person. But do you get a sufficient feeling of the person to—

HELEN HAYES: Then you jolly well better or don't play that part. Because if you haven't got his message, then that's the play you turn down. Sometimes I have gone into plays because people advised me to, because people thought it was right for me to be in a particular play, or some reason, you know, such and such a role was a good change in my career—all those phony reasons that you get except the one important one: that you love it, that you understand it, that you have something to give to it, and that's the only basis on which I've ever chosen a play successfully.



Anne Bancroft: "I was always able to say okay, here I am, mold me"

INTERVIEWER: What do you think of drama schools for training?

BANCROFT: Well, I'll tell you. I think they're of absolutely very little value when you're a young person, you know, because I don't really think that you know, that you understand. I mean, I, myself, my mind has had to mature so much before I'm able to understand what I'm doing, you know. I mean, I was twenty-five before I really understood what the whole creative process of acting was. And I think that everything I learned at the American Academy, you know, that was on a creative level, was of no value to me. But the good thing about that school is that it doesn't teach those things, you know. It doesn't teach theories, it just teaches voice and speech and fencing and dancing and those kinds of things, which are good. They're the only things you could learn at eighteen. I wasn't even eighteen when I went there, I was sixteen and a half when I went there. Now really, would I possibly understand anything about motivation and justification and things like that and character motivation? Never at sixteen and a half. All I cared about were boys anyway at sixteen and a half.

INTERVIEWER: You moved from the Academy directly into television. How did that happen?

BANCROFT: Worthington Miner's wife—he was the producer of "Studio One"—his wife was teaching at the school and saw me during a lunch break rehearsing a scene by myself.

INTERVIEWER: What scene was that?

BANCROFT: It was a scene from a play called "Fly Away Home." I was playing this Mexican girl or something like that, you know. Then I was—if I never knew anything about acting, one thing I always had was this great vitality, you know, whatever that means, I don't know. But anyway she saw me and told me to go up and see about this program that he was going to produce, so I did. I went up and I read amongst a number of other people and Robert Fryer, you know, the producer—he was then the casting agent—and I read for him and he loved it. He loved my work. I could tell he did and he said—he sent me in to read for Worthington Miner and I did and then, you know, they picked me.

INTERVIEWER: And from television you went directly to Hollywood?

BANCROFT: Aha.

INTERVIEWER: How did that come about?

BANCROFT: I was helping somebody with a test—he did a yearly test—and I was helping him in that yearly test. And I did a part in the "The Girl on the Via Flaminia" and Twentieth, Twentieth Century-Fox on the East Coast, thought it was so good that they should make the test for really both of us, so they gave us equal footage, you know, and equal close-ups and things like that. And it went to the West Coast and the West Coast said well, we'd like to sign up that girl, so they did, and then I went out to the West Coast.

INTERVIEWER: You made about fifteen films before you were

in "Two for the Seesaw."

BANCROFT: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: What turned you toward the stage at this time?

BANCROFT: Well, I'd reached a certain point. Now everything that happened to me, you know, in my career or artistically, the same thing was happening parallel in my life. I had reached a point in my life and in my career where everything seemed to be going downhill. I just kept getting worse and worse and worse, you know. Every picture I did was worse than the last one, and every man that I was in love with was worse than the last one. It was just—everything was just seeming to be going downhill, until finally I was really in such a stew that I didn't know if I had any talent. I was really lost and I had to do something quick. And I am, you know—I don't know—somebody must have hollered at me too loud one day, and I just went home, packed my bag, told them to call my mother and tell her I was coming back east and that I was going to study to find out if I had any talent. And I was going to get another analyst on the East Coast, you know, and—I just was very tired with what I was doing at that time. It was like I had to challenge myself because all my life, you see, I'd told myself that I was the greatest thing that had ever lived, and all my life I believed it, and it was obvious that the outside world was telling me at this point that it wasn't so, you know. "It's not so because look at this what you just did and look at that and they are pretty rotten." So I realized that I had to do something to really let myself know—"Are you what you think you are or are you not?"—you know, so it was kind of like I had to face myself.

INTERVIEWER: How did you come upon "Two for the Seesaw"?

BANCROFT: I was coming back here to New York from the West Coast and somebody had the script and said when you're in New York look up this guy Fred Coe, the producer, because I think you'd be wonderful for this part and at that point I didn't really care because I was in love at that time. So I went to see Fred Coe, put on this great big act that I was Gittel, you know, in the flesh, and I didn't bother to tell him that I was somebody else in real life but that I could act Gittel. See, I just made him think I was Gittel and he liked me very much and then I met Bill Gibson, the author of the play, and he liked me very much, he thought I was just perfect for it.

INTERVIEWER: I have seen different versions of how you made Coe think you were Gittel. Which is true?

BANCROFT: Well, I'll tell you exactly what happened. I was waiting in his outer door, you know, in the outside lobby, and he was inside his office, and I took off my shoe and was scratching my foot and made sure that when he opened that door that's the way he would see me, with my shoe off, scratching my foot, talking, you know, to this girl, very directly, very openly to his secretary, you know, just like I was Gittel. And then when I went inside—he called me—I picked up my shoe, naively, as Gittel would do, you know, and then I went inside and, and before he

could even say a word, you know, I completely dominated the whole scene. I said, "Do you have a john?" And he said, "Yeah," and I said, "Oh, I have to go so bad." And I went into the john, and I didn't, you know, and I saw I had to go through the whole thing so that, you know, he would know that I wasn't lying, putting on an act, and then I came out and I said, "Thanks," and that's how it was, like that. That's how I remember it.

INTERVIEWER: Well now, you said in describing your work, you were interviewed in connection with "Seesaw," and you said that in the movies all you did was feel, you never did any thinking.

BANCROFT: Well, I depended so much on my other actors, you see, that whatever the other actors made me feel is what I played. It never occurred to me whether the character would, you know, whether the character was different from me or what the language of the character was, you know, how that character would express it. If an actor made me feel anger, I would get angry. It wouldn't be that maybe this character cannot expose anger and therefore instead of showing anger, would withdraw. It never occurred to me that people would do anything other than exactly what they feel, you see?

INTERVIEWER: The directors in Hollywood never gave you any guidance in this direction?

BANCROFT: Absolutely none. I'll never forget—once I did a scene in a picture and I didn't know how to play that scene, I really didn't, because I'd never experienced it, you see. When I was in pictures I could never play anything that I had never experienced, and I couldn't experience it in the picture. It was a girl who was going to go out and commit suicide in the very next scene. I had never experienced anything like this in my life, so therefore I couldn't play it. And the director never, never could help me. All he did was just take the scene, thirty-three takes, and each time he was expecting me to—or God—somehow to come down and strike me with the right meaning to the scene when I had no idea. You know, like today I could do that scene in two minutes, not that I have experienced it, but I have experienced similar things to it that I could use now to play the scene.

INTERVIEWER: You said you weren't sorry for being out in Hollywood because you learned a great deal in Hollywood.

BANCROFT: Well, for one thing, you see, nobody ever... One good thing about a director never telling me anything was that I was never told the wrong thing either, so I never learned any wrong things, you know. I was just really just a bunch of raw feelings that nobody ever bothered to direct or misdirect. When I came here, thank God, I was put into the hands of a great director who knew exactly what to do with those things, and a writer who had written a part that was so perfect for me at that stage of my life, so that I could just take everything that I was, which was quite pure, because it had never been misguided, and just let it go, you know.

INTERVIEWER: Before you came into the theater proper and under the guidance of, as you say, a great director, and before you became involved with Method, how did you prepare for a role?

BANCROFT: I didn't. I didn't. I learned my lines. Then they said move here and move there, and I did. And they said bark, and I barked, or, you know, whatever they'd tell me, I'd do.

INTERVIEWER: The thing that interests me is your feeling that you'd grown so much. Was it the director who enabled you to bring across your greater powers—

BANCROFT: It was. It was the right moment for me because I was at a point in analysis, too, you see, where I was beginning to catch my own identity as a person.

INTERVIEWER: Could you tell us a little bit more about what powers were released in you by the time you got to "Two for the Seesaw"?

BANCROFT: Well, it was the simple power, I think, of knowing a brilliant man. When I saw it—and that was in Arthur Penn, the director of "Seesaw," you see, and I could recognize it and I could trust, put myself, put myself in his hands, you know, and be willing. You see, I was always able to do that, I was always able to put myself in people's hands and say okay, here I am, mold me. But my mistake in the past was that I could do it with anybody, good or bad. What had happened was that I had—I had the ability then, at that point, to recognize something brilliant in the man as a director.

INTERVIEWER: But where in your own experience, through analysis or whatever it was, were you able to call the best from yourself? Because that had to happen. Not even the best director in the world could do that if you weren't able to pull it out of yourself.

BANCROFT: Yes, too true, but I don't know, I can't tell you that. I do think that because the role was Gittel, the success was easier to achieve.

INTERVIEWER: Because that was closer to home in your own background—

BANCROFT: Because emotionally I was built a great deal like the girl, and emotionally I know people who were built a great deal like the girl. It was the emotional life of the girl that I felt similar to, and it had nothing to do with her being Jewish, or from the Bronx, or that she was twenty-eight, or she was a failure at dancing. All those were extra added things which were wonderful to have in common, but that wasn't the thing that was really—you know, was the core—of the spark between the character and the actress. It was the emotional life of Gittel and myself that was so...

INTERVIEWER: How did you prepare for Gittel?

BANCROFT: Well, the first thing I did for Gittel was to be with my sister. You see, I have an older sister who I believe is constructed exactly like Gittel emotionally. You know, underneath this very hard, funny, flippant, coarse exterior is a soul that is so sweet and so lovely and so really willing. So it was kind of like studying my sister. It was also a study of myself, and a real close study of myself, because I knew that—I sensed that areas in Gittel and myself were the same, you know, the failure in marriage and the failure with men all the time, you know. And then also I went to dancing classes and studied dancing and studied some dancers. I went to dancing class for three weeks before we started rehearsal and I was with dancers and I studied dancers, you know. Gittel was studying dancing. That's it. And many people think that when I say that she was studying with José—everybody thinks it's José Greco. But it's not, it's José Limon, the great modern dancer, you know. And so I went to José Limon's classes and studied in those classes and met, you know, people who were not talented dancers, who I thought Gittel was much more like, the nontalented ones. And also I watched, you know, Greenwich Village people, because I was at that time with Herbert Berghof's classes for a while. I didn't even know what a loft was when I studied the script or when I first got the script, and she talks about a loft all the time. But then I found out what a loft was because that's where Herbert Berghof's classes were, they were in a loft, you know. And even before I knew I'd had the part it was on my mind. You know, it's like once you read something that really, you know, inspires you, you never forget it. It's like if I bought a newspaper, I would buy it as Gittel. I wouldn't buy it as me. I'd buy it as Gittel. I know, no matter what I did, I would do it as Gittel would do it.

INTERVIEWER: And what about Annie Sullivan in "The Miracle Worker"? How did you proceed there? I know that you went to the Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, and did you go on that roller coaster blindfolded?

BANCROFT: Yes, I was blindfolded. I had a tape over my eyes, and, uh, well, I went on the roller coaster. There wasn't any calculated reason, it just happened to be there in this town where we were. I just wanted to do whatever, you know, a person might do who was—

INTERVIEWER: Whose idea was it to put the adhesive on?

BANCROFT: Mine.

INTERVIEWER: In order to see how it felt to be blind?

BANCROFT: Yes. Actually, I wanted to see what it—how it felt to feel so dependent, really dependent on other people, *really*.

INTERVIEWER: What did you do about learning about Annie Sullivan?

BANCROFT: I read everything there was to read about her. Every book that was ever written about her, I read.

INTERVIEWER: And did you go where she came from, to her home?

BANCROFT: We went up to Boston, we went up to Perkins Institute, too, while we were there giving the show. We were up there, and I saw her letters, her handwriting, you know, walked through the places she walked through. But, of course, it's not the same. And besides, I didn't find that very helpful anyway. I don't find those things helpful, you know, these exterior things. The only thing I really find helpful, I found the books very helpful, and, of course, most of all I find the script the most helpful thing. It's all right there. If there's anything you want to know, you just look through the script and there it is, one place or another. You see, I've only worked with one author whom I trust to put down the truth.

INTERVIEWER: Nevertheless, you seem to do a lot of this external research.

BANCROFT: Well, I do all those things, you see, but I find that they give me the least amount of help. Most I discard. The most amount of help comes from, you know, my author's concept, and then my director's image, and, you know, my own, which I get from the things that I read in the script, and these internal things that I do with myself, you know—where am I the same as Annie and where am I different from Annie?

INTERVIEWER: When you read "The Miracle Worker" for the first time, did the character assume proportions immediately, or is this something you think about for a long time?

BANCROFT: Oh, no. Every once in a while it'll hit you and there it is, you know. It's like, you look at the script of "The Miracle Worker." Now what is the script, you know, what is the whole thing about? It's about a woman who, if she does not teach this child, both she and the child will perish. Now, of course, I have nothing like that in my own life so I have to take something else in my life which I have to say, now if I don't do a certain thing, I will perish. So, well, it's kind of like a parallel to her struggle.

INTERVIEWER: Did you have an actual parallel?

BANCROFT: Yes.

INTERVIEWER: That you could tell us about?

BANCROFT: No, I can't tell you what it is, but it's an actual parallel that if I don't do this and if I don't go through the entire struggle with it, no matter what it entails, I will perish as a human being.

INTERVIEWER: Now, you said when you were sixteen and went to drama school, that you didn't get anything out of it

because you didn't have the emotional resources.

BANCROFT: It's not the emotional resources, but I didn't have the brains. It's the brains. I find it's the brains that are the most important thing, I really do.

INTERVIEWER: But by the time you got to "The Miracle Worker," you had this equipment? Was this a matter of living, of reading, of feeling?

BANCROFT: It's a matter of thinking. Really, it's a matter of learning a thinking process. It's a matter of becoming aware of what it is you're doing, of what it is you're feeling, and then it's a matter of controlling it any way you want with your brain. See, that's the difference between what I did in Hollywood and what I'm doing here. It's that in Hollywood all I did was just from feeling. I didn't control it or manipulate it with my brain. It just flowed, you know, as a river flows. But along comes a thing called a human being and takes that river and out of it he floats logs down it or he builds a dam and out of that comes electricity, you know, and greater things come from a natural resource. My natural resource is my, you know, marvelous energy and my marvelous emotions which flow very easily. But I never bothered to ever control them or manipulate them or really use them. You know, that's really the greatest joy in acting—getting those feelings, you know, which always come, spontaneously they come, you know. But to take them and just give as much as you want, and you just say to yourself, I want to give this much, and just that much comes, or I want to give that much and that much comes, you know, out of all these feelings. Or you say, now I'm feeling this amount of hostility. Okay, now I have to pull it in because I can't show all that for such-and-such reasons, you know. Because he is the girl's father, and I can't show too much because he might throw me out on my ear. So I control it, you know, and that's the wonderful thing, the controlling and the shaping of it, I suppose as a sculptor does with a lump of clay and he sculpts it to make whatever he wants from it. It's what you do, really. You do whatever you want, which I never did in pictures. I just did whatever, you know, came, whatever came.

INTERVIEWER: In what way did Penn stimulate you to think and to gain this control? How did he reach you?

BANCROFT: Well, it was such a slow, gradual thing. Do you know about the initial episode with him?

INTERVIEWER: No.

BANCROFT: We were doing a scene in "Seesaw" and it was written in the script that she says to him, "Come to me, come to where I am." You never heard this story?

INTERVIEWER: No.

BANCROFT: So in the script the man is supposed to be over there and I'm here. I'm supposed to be soothing him in a way, and I'm supposed to say, "Come to me, come to where I am," and he's over there. But Arthur's directing, he doesn't go by the script, you know, the movements in the script. We just moved around... we were moving around and when I came to that line the man was sitting right beside me and I said, "Arthur, we'll have to cut that line because he's sitting here," and Arthur said, "No, say it anyway." I said, "Arthur, how can I say that line? He's sitting right here." And he said, "Well, think up another meaning for it." I didn't know what he meant at first, but then it was like—I can't tell you—it was like getting one of those great insights you get when you're on the couch in analysis. It just came to me like that and I said, "Holy mackerel!" And then I could say that line meaning five hundred things. Well, not five hundred but, you know, so many things. You know, it could mean like come into my heart because my heart is still, I'm at peace, so come in there. It could just mean, you know, a simple thing....

The better part
of the
British Cabinet
gathers
for a first,
precedent-shattering
portrait
and discovers
a remarkable
kinship
with a
career Englishman
named
Terry Thomas



The Minister of Transport

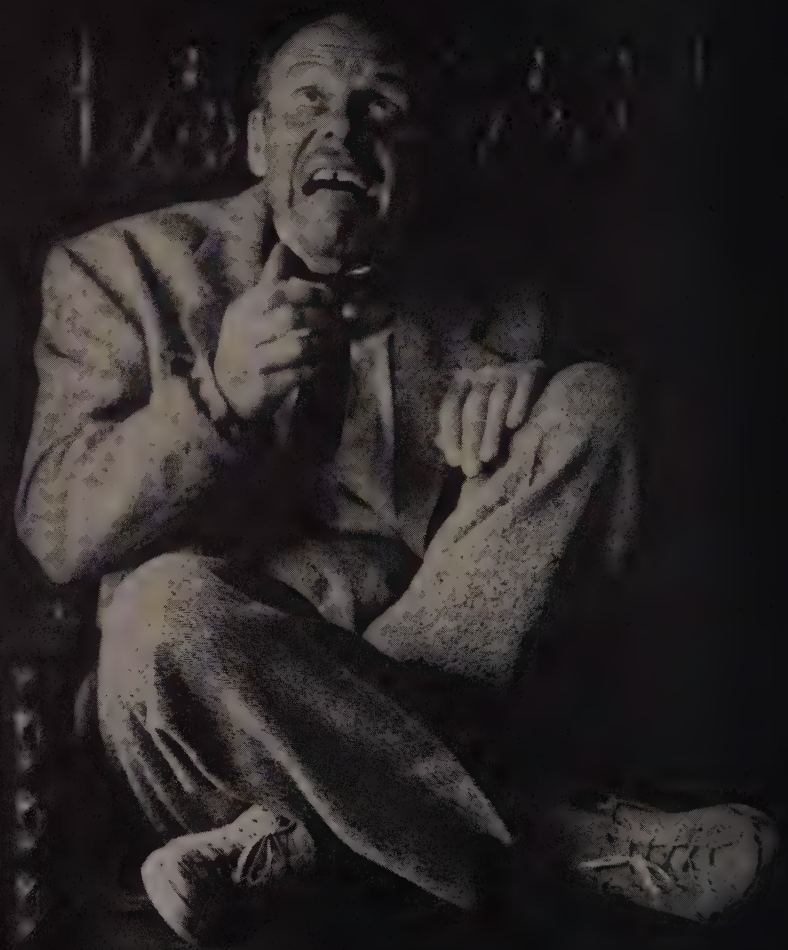
The Minister of Education



The Lord Privy Seal



The Chancellor of the Exchequer





Speaking at a radio symposium, a visiting Englishman recently recalled Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Eliza in "Pygmalion." He suggested that while Mrs. Pat was no beauty as compared to the girl who happened to be playing the part in "My Fair Lady" at the time, the older actress had "glamour" while the younger one, charming as well as pretty, had none. Other participants in the symposium immediately challenged the visitor to define "glamour." He was unable to do so. Yet he and we know that it exists—difficult as it may be to capture its essence. We recognize the presence of glamour as we recognize a fragrance, even though we cannot particularize its precise nature.

The American stage at present has no more than five or six actors who deserve the title "star," though almost every production has someone's name, or several names, advertised above the play's title—which, technically speaking, is how we determine an actor's star position.

A star in the theater is a player who shines so brightly in the public imagination that his appearance promises an evening of pleasure whether or not his "vehicle" is in itself especially interesting. Speaking even more pragmatically, a star in our theater today is a player whose appearance virtually guarantees a production a run of at least ten weeks. It takes no stage statistician to prove that we have few actors these days who can assure a run for any play which has little intrinsic merit or "draw."

The players we call stars today are very often talented or likable actors who have excelled in two or three recent roles. Some of them may have star potentiality. They may be proficient, even impressive, in a part without radiating the quality of glamour. They are, in other words, good actors without that magic which casts a spell on an audience beyond the impact of the part in which they achieve their momentary success. These brief triumphs are something their agents are quick to take advantage of: they sell their clients at salaries far above the actor's real box-office value, to hard-pressed producers chiefly characterized nowadays by fear and trembling.

But such engagements are not sufficient to impress the actors' personalities on the public memory. In their next appearance they may well fail to lure enough people to the theater to justify their status as stars. Lacking magic, they become stars without glamour—stars without, if you will, true star quality.

What is this quality which is so often missing from our actors today? Certainly it is not physical beauty by itself or even sex appeal. Laurette Taylor, in my view the most glamorous of all our actresses in recent times, was never beautiful or "sexy." I found Joan Plowright glamorous in "A Taste of Honey" but even more so in Ionesco's "The Chairs," in which she played a woman of ninety. (Curiously, I have not found her glamorous as yet in any of her "straight" parts—in "The Entertainer," for example.) Even the stringy and dry George Arliss (of whom John Barrymore once said that "schmaltz" could be defined as the quality in which Arliss was completely deficient) possessed glamour or at least certain of its ingredients.

Glamour has two components. The first is character. To attain the dimension of glamour an object must be, so to speak, replete with its own character. It's not a simple matter to have char-

acter or personality. Most people's personalities are unauthentic; that is to say, borrowed. When a person—and the actor is a person before he is a professional—radiates, because he is fully possessed of, a strongly individual human quality, he begins to exercise a fascination. (Even the old-time "ham" who played the desperate type of villain—all terrifying wickedness—held us in his spell.) To be glamorous an actor must contain within himself some primal personal force so great that he himself seems possessed by it. This cannot simply be a facet of his nature; it must be complete, all-absorbing, dominating, and unique.

The second and more elusive element in theatrical glamour is mystery. When the actor "plays" his personality, we begin to suspect a counterfeit. Even when the truly glamorous actor is aware of his special character, he still does not realize all its depth or the measure of its significance. Something is withheld: we feel there is more to what the actor reveals than he knows or we can encompass.

The source and meaning of the actor's mystery is never readily grasped because it is immersed in secret places of his being of which we see only symbols. Hidden under these visible signs are treasures of experience. The mystery in glamour is a kind of halation which glows out of some essential human truth. It is a truth we seek because of our need for it, a dream which is the emblem of something we deeply desire.

The glamorous actor is at once wholly himself and greater than himself. The mysterious character we discern in him is finally almost an impersonal trait that seems to derive from something very nearly abstract in nature or in a definite environment. That is why we sometimes speak with admiration of an actor as being typical of a people. Thus we may have loved Gertrude Lawrence for being "so English" or delight in Maurice Chevalier for being "so French."

John Barrymore was not merely a profile, a voice, an elegant figure, a man with blazing and witty eyes; he was a mind excited, baffled, and angered by a world he both reveled in and despised. This passion for living and this scorn of life, this drama of duality, were not facts we gathered from gossip about his private affairs; they were evident in his work long before his escapades became common knowledge.

Ethel Barrymore had so much glamour I was never able to judge how accomplished an actress she was, but she conveyed a grand and remarkable dignity, even in comedy. Laurette Taylor, in her sweet Irish mischievousness, seemed to me eloquent of that enduring and heart-rending loyalty of which even a foolish woman may be capable. Marilyn Miller was more than an old-fashioned musical comedy darling: she was the epitome of the gay charm of a Broadway in its still innocent days of prosperity and well-being. Helen Morgan in "Show Boat" was more than a bewitching torch singer; she was the too-easily- and too-soon-crushed promise of a genuine tragedienne.

In a word, glamour is the quality which makes an actor *representative*. Through it he represents more than himself and his sheer ability: he embodies a universally meaningful and basic character element.

AN ESSAY ON



We may have some such young actors and actresses today too: Gwen Verdon, Judy Holliday, Kim Stanley— But here I begin to hesitate, not out of fear of offending by omission, but as I begin to list the names which the readers may supplement for themselves, I see rising before me the specter of those impediments that stand in the actor's way and make our stage a theater of stars without glamour. Our young actors today rarely grow; the unusual character they may possess seldom ripens to maturity. I can no longer speak of Marlon Brando, for example, with the same confidence about his future I had in the forties, because, great talent though he is, he seems to be heading for a blind alley, an endless repetition of minor thrills in artistically paltry pictures.

Henry Irving played countless parts in all sorts of plays before he set himself up in London. Otis Skinner is reported to have played some three hundred roles during the fifty-two years of his career. Our actors possess little glamour in any sustained sense partly because they serve very brief apprenticeships. They are usually at their best in their middle thirties. Shortly after they have dazzled us with their first two or three comet flashes they are thrust into the assembly-line traffic of success. Because of the treachery and precariousness of our hit-or-miss theater routine, they are rendered shrewdly opportunistic, only

to spend their best years in the safety of picture and television performances—which, they may discover too late, are only temporarily and relatively secure. Their artistic journey is more often than not a dreary waste.

Character, they say, is innate, but it requires soil in which to develop. It needs challenge and practice to flower. But our theater has become the arena of the "single shot," the flash in the pan, the big seasonal *brouhaha* without continuity in plays, parts, critical appreciation. The result is that the audience itself has become a forgetful and superficial one; we might even say disloyal. The crass "what-have-you-done-for-me-lately?" attitude does not create an atmosphere in which an artist can gather strength or make progress.

Katharine Cornell, Tallulah Bankhead, Ina Claire were great stars in the twenties because the audiences at that time beheld in them a reflection of their own ideals or yearnings. Audiences were as enamored of the theater as the London audience still is. But our audiences today, because of what the theater itself has become, are no longer genuinely interested in particular actors, their artistic personalities and problems.

We have more publicity than ever for actors (and more prizes) but it is so indiscriminate, so trivial, so lacking in a background of respect and knowledge, so unrelated to the actor as a person, so much like commercials (as if the actor were a drug on the market) that its effect is to diminish rather than to heighten the actor's stature. The awards dehumanize and hence deglamorize the actor by emphasizing those momentary and accidental attributes which the actor shares with every other celebrity in the news, from the politician to the criminal. The actor is no longer loved, and the theater without its quotient of love is a sorry spectacle.

It is true that today more emphasis is placed on the quality of the play than on the excellence of the acting. Some people may regard this as a wholesome metamorphosis. But it should be noted that the richest period of our theatrical history—the twenties—was as notable for the presence of splendid actors as for the emergence of many of our best playwrights. If our concern and taste for actors and acting in the theater decline any further we shall soon find that the playwrights and their plays will suffer in consequence. Brilliant direction alone will hardly satisfy our appetite for superior acting.

That glamorous actress of yesteryear, Jeanne Eagels, speaking of interviews and similar channels of theatrical exploitation, once said, "Never deny. Never explain. Say nothing and become a legend." This, I know, is contrary to the gospel which dictates that the actor be "just a citizen" among his fellows (equally undistinguished?), that the least of his activities and all his foibles and failings be discussed like everyone else's (so that there are no "heroes"), that his technique or "method" be debated by everyone regardless of competence or responsibility. This is a vulgarization of the democratic ideal. It does not inspire regard for the individual, and it certainly impairs reverence. Everything flattens to the "ordinary." Where this spirit prevails, the theater and its people become so many gadgets of mass production, and their glamour is gone.



MONICA VITTI:

In life,
on film—
an
adventure

by Christopher Lucas

It is an odd reflection on Italy's film industry that its most marketable young actress earned just \$5,000 last year. It is equally odd that she reached this paradoxical situation after just two movies, both directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, both ridiculed in Italy but rapturously received abroad.

Yet Monica Vitti, the principal player in "L'Avventura" and "La Notte," is not astonished by her knotted fortunes. She stalks alone, a character in search of an author. Her world is a rarefied place, personal and distant. This natural creature must rate as Italy's first "anti-diva," a conscientious objector to the star system, a remarkable projection of the French revolution started by Belmondo and Moreau.

She does not own a villa on the Old Apian Way, she does not drive a cream Alfa Sprint, she does not wear mink or sable. She avoids cocktail parties like the virus, reads Camus, Stendhal, and Beckett.

Although she worked on "L'Avventura" for six months on a \$1,600 retainer, she is now turning down three film offers a month. And she has already rejected a Broadway play and a Hollywood contract, just so she could make "L'Eclisse," her third film for Antonioni. "My greatest luxury is to refuse work," she says. "My needs are limited, and money means nothing. I need time to think, and I need peace more than success."

She is a hopelessly attractive, prodigiously modern woman with a rare nervous quality and striking but discordant good looks.

"I know I have a hunchback nose," she says impatiently. "But I will not have my nose broken for anyone. I *know* I will never be beautiful with this face. I just ask people to accept it the way it is. Some mad people even feel entitled to call me a vamp. Because I keep my eyes half closed. But is it my fault if I am hopelessly nearsighted?"

The self-criticism is genuine, even if the mercurial Vitti can appear sensual, and bubbly and generous and funny, as well as slightly manic, taut, rebellious, and frightened. Antonioni, her mentor and constant companion, describes her as "a synthesis of Kay Kendall and Anna Magnani."

A civil servant's daughter, Vitti was born in Rome twenty-seven years ago, studied in Catholic state schools, soon grew edgy in her *petit-bourgeois* strait jacket, and at fourteen was reading Sartre's "Le Mur" under the bed sheets. Four years later, nervy, uninhibited Maria Luisa Ceciarelli ("a detestable name") was grudgingly allowed to attend the capital's Academy of Dramatic Arts. After picking up a few prizes, she changed her name, joined a road company, earned herself two dollars a day in minor roles, struggled through the classic repertory of drafty lodging houses, third-class rail tickets, Machiavelli, Molière, de Musset, as well as Brecht and Ionesco. Then a steady, un-

compromising progress until four years ago—and her collision with Antonioni, twenty years her elder, the esoteric film director, cerebral, cynical, bitter, unrecognized, but also uncompromising. "Veni, vidi, Vitti," sniped one Roman wag.

"But no," says Vitti. "It was no *coup de foudre*. I was dubbing Antonioni's film 'Il Grido.' He heard my voice and asked to see me. He said I had an important face, a face that people would watch and study.

"It was not a rose moment, it was black. I was about to marry a young architect, and I grew frightened. I fled, I reasoned, but I failed. Antonioni gave me my first fears; he showed me that even love can end. This can be very painful."

Antonioni was out of work, and it took two years to raise funds for his eventual masterpiece, "L'Avventura." [See Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s comments on this film on page 117.] For five weeks the unit was stranded on a volcanic island thirty miles off Sicily, lashed by storms, sleeping in fishermen's shacks, rising at dawn, without electricity, sometimes without food, finally without even a producer. Funds and film ran out, camera crews went on strike, the actors survived on scraps of cheese and eggplant.

Ignoring the public's catcalls, the critics awarded "L'Avventura" two prizes at Cannes. Wrapped in sudden success, Vitti has doggedly refused to join in the permissive pastimes of Rome's celebrity world. She still lives in her parents' sixty-six-dollar-a-month apartment, a scruffy three-room place on the outskirts. She scrupulously avoids the company of actors, producers, and fringe talent; has never been to a nightclub; prefers wandering the streets unrecognized, or sitting in the squares of Rome, dining or tipping ("wine, not whisky") with writers like Moravia or painters like Morandi. "I just do not like wasting my time. Anyway, when you are in love you become mean, egoistic, hostile, and you cut yourself off from others. People believe I am strong and self-confident. Well, I am not. I am weak, I am scared. I am frightened of death and I am frightened of the dark. My life is dominated by fear."

Probing her own disquiets, Monica endlessly twists a heavy gold chain, fumbles for words. "Someday, if his marriage is annulled, I would like to marry Michelangelo, and have a child. But he hates children. My life, I realize, is a paradox. I need friends and quiet and affection. But I also need Antonioni, who is dangerous and destructive. It is not easy, yet I would not change him for anyone. He is courageous, he cannot be bought, his work is modern and exciting."

Like an Antonioni character, Monica Vitti has a restless quality, an urge to explore, to test, to twitch with the surprise of adventure and discovery.

Americans are funny people. On the one hand, they have always reserved their highest political favors for the men who have best mastered the arts of the performer in presenting themselves and their causes to the voters. On the other, no nation, so the social and political commentators allege, is more wary of bestowing its votes on men who flaunt a genuine love of those arts from which much political craft stems. Therefore, the much-discussed interest of President and Mrs. Kennedy in the performing arts fairly flies in the face of tradition, and the willingness of White House sources to discuss these interests—even to take a certain pride in them—amounts to a reckless courting of political disaster.

Or does it? One can make a strong case for a shift in America's cultural mood, a higher interest in the arts on the part of the younger, college-educated men and women—the very group to which the President and his wife belong, and the group now beginning to dominate the nation socially, economically, and politically. There are more leisure and more education around these days than ever before, and both are being spent on an avid pursuit of that most elusive of prizes, *Kultur*. This avidity has led more than one sober observer to proclaim the coming of The Cultural Revolution. Certainly the nation's cultural resources have never been more eagerly pressed into the service of national policy, and it seems that hardly a day passes without some soprano, fiddler, or jazzman setting forth for an uncommitted land to woo with art the people who have yet to respond to our political overtures. At home, the desire to place a best cultural foot forward is leading to surprising co-operation between the business, political, and artistic communities in the construction of civic auditoriums, art galleries, even full-scale cultural cafeterias like New York's Lincoln Center project.

So it may be that all the flack about the cultural pursuits of the Kennedys is merely another example of the family's well-known ability to sniff out a trend before it's barely underway. Or it may be a facet of the President's equally well-known sense of history. Looking back, he may have observed that the half-dozen presidents who really enjoyed the performing arts were all men who rank high on anybody's list of great leaders.

George Washington, for instance, was an inveterate playgoer, attending the theater as often as three times a week. He enjoyed sophisticated comedy like "School for Scandal" and "Everyone Has His Fault." He also had a marked taste for pseudo-classicism and, even at Valley Forge, encouraged his men to perform amateur theatricals as morale raisers. Since Washington's attendance at a theater assured good box office, one troupe followed the first federal government from New York to Philadelphia in order to take advantage of presidential patronage. Although his appreciation of good theater was at least as high as that of any of his successors, Washington shared with them an engaging admiration of low-level entertainment. There was virtually a standing order for performances of such broadly comic dialogues as "The Poor Soldier" and "Wignall's Darby."

Lincoln's tastes ran to Shakespeare on the one hand—he saw Edwin Booth's "Hamlet" and Edwin Forrest's "Lear"—and, on the other, to farces like John Brougham's "Pocahontas." If he liked a play, Lincoln was only too willing to entertain his friends by quoting from it. Artist Francis Carpenter once heard Lincoln deliver the King's Soliloquy from "Hamlet" "with a feeling and

appreciation unsurpassed by anything I ever witnessed on the stage." It was Lincoln's favorite passage and he frequently argued its superiority over the famous "To be or not to be" soliloquy. It was, however, Lincoln's taste for comedy which brought him to Ford's Theater on the evening of April 14, 1865, to see Laura Keane's final Washington performance of "Our American Cousin," a staple of her repertoire. It is fairly certain that Lincoln was not fond of her supporting actor, John Wilkes Booth, whom he had seen indifferently perform an indifferent melodrama called "The Marble Heart." Had he been a little less forgiving in his aesthetic judgments, or less tolerant of his wife's tastes (it was she who wanted to see the Keane play—the Lincolns could have gone to a new production of "Aladdin" which was opening that night), American history might have been very different.

Perhaps mindful of the criticism, by both clergy and amateur moralists, of Lincoln's love of theater (an attitude which led some to announce publicly that his assassination was a just punishment for his support of an immoral art), his successors avoided theaters as if they were so many bordellos. Grover Cleveland broke the taboo slightly and even went fishing on occasion with Joe Jefferson, the actor. Teddy Roosevelt included the theater in his rounds of pleasure (Buster Keaton remembers that T.R. attended one of his performances), but his tastes were more bookish than theatrical. Woodrow Wilson, also a bookish man, scandalized his egghead friends by his regular Monday-evening attendance at the Keith Vaudeville House in Washington, particularly during his first, prewar term. He apparently had no interest in serious theater, but found in vaudeville an excellent escapist medium. Franklin Roosevelt was of a similar mind. He occasionally gathered members of the brain trust around him in an upstairs corridor of the White House to relax with a movie, and command performances by notable popular entertainers were a regular feature of his lengthy stay at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Perhaps because of his physical handicap, he did not go out to the theater very often, but he maintained close contact with the professional theater and, of course, had a distinguished playwright, Robert E. Sherwood, on his team of ghost writers.

Harry Truman was the first president to have a member of the family actively engaged in the performing arts since Washington, whose adopted son, George Washington Custis, was for a time an actor. Mr. Truman, of course, frequented his daughter's concerts and was a vociferous advocate of her career, as his famous angry letter to Washington Post music critic Paul Hume proved. Truman, too, maintained an active record as a play- and concertgoer, even when Margaret was not on stage.

It's probably safe to predict that General Eisenhower was the last president whose interest in the arts was rudimentary. Time alone makes the prediction safe. We are unlikely ever again to have a president who has much personal knowledge of nineteenth-century American values. Our next few presidents are likely to be, in every sense, citizens of the twentieth century. And that makes a difference. For the communications revolution, the increasing emphasis placed on the arts as a cultural value, and the sheer increase in the volume of artistic enterprise in this country assure that even a politician will have art or culture or what-have-you forced upon him like it or no.

Contrast, for the moment, Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy. The General, a product of small Western towns, West

greatness. How does Kennedy measure up?

PRESIDENTS IN THE AUDIENCE



Point, and the Army, did not pick up any very deep cultural habits from the various environments which nurtured him. He was a reader of Westerns and, to some degree, of works on current affairs and political and military history. But he was hardly a man to be found with his nose buried in a book every time you looked. He seemed to share the view of the American heartland from which he sprang, that reading should be useful rather than pleasurable. You can even fit his interest in the Western into this thesis: no one finds pleasure in any high sense in this literary stepchild of the American experience. One can, however, find Westerns very useful for relaxing tensions. In the Mississippi Valley it is perfectly respectable for a man to read them with this purpose in mind, while he might be suspect indeed if he found equal pleasure in a serious novel. Similarly, the reading of a journalistic book on public affairs is regarded as uplifting and useful, the sort of thing that makes a man an interesting fellow at a Kiwanis Club meeting.

Thus Eisenhower, although the intellectuals took considerable pleasure in sniping at the manner in which he exercised his mind, was much closer to the standard male pattern of behavior—at least, of his generation—than they were. Undoubtedly this bond contributed to his success with the electorate. The same can be said of his other cultural pursuits. He was a man who liked to relax after a hard day's work with a good TV Western or a movie. Occasionally he ventured forth to a concert at Washington's Constitution Hall; less frequently to a play. Usually such outings had something to do with his official duties. For instance, the only movie premiere he was willing to attend during his two terms was "I Aim at the Stars," a film biography of Wernher von Braun, the German rocket scientist who currently works for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. At the last minute he ducked out of that engagement and his wife went alone to the premiere. The Eisenhowers liked light music, and the musicale, a remnant of inland gentility, was a favorite means of entertaining. The orchestra concentrated on show tunes and popular favorites of a certain vintage. In short, Eisenhower's cultural behavior was pretty much like that of the leading citizen of any small town. He wasn't antihighbrow, just non. He could be counted on to lend his name and presence to good causes, of which culture was certainly one. But you could hardly say his heart was in it. And when, on a state visit to England, Prime Minister Macmillan arranged to screen "Richard III" as entertainment, a neat little mystery thriller, "Tiger Bay," was substituted with suspicious haste—as if somebody had indicated that the boss was in no mood for Shakespeare after a hard day.

The contrast between this rather old-timy attitude and the youthful enthusiasm of the Kennedys has been, to a certain element, one of the most heartening signs of change in Washington. A ladies' magazine trotted out an old piece which Mrs. Kennedy had written in her college days for a contest the magazine sponsors. The article, which helped her to win first prize (a trip to Paris), indicated that the three men she would have liked most to know were Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Sergei Diaghilev, the art critic and ballet impresario. "It is because I love the works of these men," she wrote, "that I wish I had known them. . . . It is their theories of art that I would apply to my period. . . . And they would make such good steppingstones if we thought we could climb any higher." No other first lady in history has come close to such a radical artistic judgment. Cer-

tainly, no other has been heard to exclaim, "How glad I am that I studied classic Greek," as she did after attending "Electra" at the Epidaurus festival last summer.

You could almost hear the sharp intake of breath among middle-brows when, after the election, Jacqueline Kennedy's views on art became known. In December her husband visited New York and saw "The Best Man." On another trip he caught "Do Re Mi." (Eisenhower's only visit to Broadway had been to attend the second act of "My Fair Lady.") The First Lady's first luncheon guest at the White House was George Balanchine, the New York City Center's brilliant dancing master, and shortly thereafter she attended a performance of his company in New York. Meantime, reports of the first family's other cultural interests filtered out. It seemed that the President, unlike most politicians, read all the reviews in the newspapers and magazines he devoured so omnivorously. Shortly after his inauguration he caught two movies—"Spartacus" and, in odd contrast, "The World of Apu," a picture that has set more "intellectual" types than the President to writhing in their seats. "General Della Rovere" was the first picture screened at the White House. Here, truly, was a new frontier, and the people who objected as much to the Eisenhower taste and style as to his policies quickly convinced themselves that the whole tone of the American presidency was about to change. Instead of an uneasy truce between the worlds of art and politics, there was to be a new era of peaceful cooperation between them.

Is this true? How deep is the Kennedy interest in the arts?

The Kennedys are not the village aesthetes, trying desperately to keep up with or even get ahead of the avant-garde. Being, as one of their friends put it, "probably the least neurotic young couple in America," their interest in the arts is merely one of the makeweights in the balance which they strive to maintain in their lives. "Jackie's taste is like that of any cultured young woman," says William Walton, the painter, who is a close family friend, "a young woman who has had the advantages of an excellent upbringing and good education." In short, the country in general, and the Eastern Seaboard in particular, abounds in women who share Mrs. Kennedy's interests in the arts and, as she does, keep them in balance with the rest of their lives. "Nothing," says Walton, "would thrill her more than to be remembered for having created a climate favorable to the arts during her husband's administration." But she is a rather retiring woman and she is obviously not going to mount a major crusade to bring the full life to America. One of Mrs. Kennedy's aides has said that "she's not going to lend herself to every single cultural activity that would like to use her name. She doesn't want to spread herself too thin. She'd rather concentrate on one thing at a time and give it genuine aid. She does not want the arts to be just another charity which she is obliged, because of her position, to endorse." The arts mean too much to her, as a person who has positive tastes and strong opinions, for her to give them the blanket "they're-nice-and-we-should-all-appreciate-them" kind of endorsement with which most first ladies have contented themselves. This same friend suggests that Mrs. Kennedy would like to lead by example rather than by outright proselytization.

But there are problems here. Going out to the theater has become a burden. She hates to feel every eye in the audience turned on her, and she is aware that her presence is often a distraction. Her current feeling about the theater: "It's all right

once the house lights go down and people pay attention to the work." This being so, she tends to make wistful comments about things she'd like to see (Anouilh's "Becket" and "Irma La Douce" are typical among them), but she is unlikely to put herself to the agony of attending as long as she is the First Lady of the land.

Movies are a different matter. Like many other twentieth-century Americans, Jack and Jackie Kennedy have found great solace in the anonymous darkness of the movie theater. One friend is convinced that if they were private citizens they would be off to the flicks two or three times a week. Another says that when her husband was in the Senate, Jacqueline often barely beat him home after she'd spent an afternoon at a movie.

Any one movie is unlikely to please both of them. Mrs. Kennedy tends to like "art" movies—"General Della Rovere," for example. The President, while he doesn't draw a complete blank on films of this sort, would probably rather see a big, bruising Hollywood spectacle. Still, he's not the sort of man who favors the meretricious merely because it is good "escape." He likes a Western like "High Noon" rather than a run-of-the-reel epic. Even his interest in nautical matters couldn't save "Sink the Bismarck!" for him. Being a realist with a cultivated awareness of history, he is impatient of movies that have glaring historical errors, or even errors of character motivation, although he is not likely to be compulsive about the matter. "He wouldn't care if they shot the Battle of Waterloo in the Middle West if it were a good movie," says a friend. His wife, on the other hand, wouldn't pay a bit of attention to questions of accuracy. She is more likely to walk out on a film (as she did on "Butterfield 8") if it turns out to be garish or vulgar. Her dislike of that picture should not, however, be taken as evidence that the rather inward quality of her judgments excludes her from interest in pictures that make social comments. She liked "Room at the Top" and "The Apartment" very much. ("It's a sad picture," she said of the latter.) And both Kennedys liked the neat comedy-mystery "The League of Gentlemen," which was merely classy fun.

Her taste, however, does tend to be "lyric and poetic" rather than realistic, with a distinct leaning away from the harsh, the brutal, the startling. It may be said of her that, in a very specific way, she likes the finer things—the delicate, the carefully wrought, the finely etched. Hence her liking for Debussy's "La Mer" and "Fleurs des blés." "She's a chamber-music girl," says Walton, "not an opera fan. And if she did go to the opera, you can be sure it would be Mozart rather than Wagner."

Around the house she is likely to play background music, soft and unspectacular, or, just for fun, French and Italian popular music (a good deal better in quality than the current American variety) which she has sent to her from Europe. The President, too, likes this music, as well as show tunes and popular standards. Despite his official list of favorite music, which includes works by Ravel, Debussy, Berlioz, Gounod, and Moussorgsky, a friend says, "If there's a stack of records on the machine its easy to tell who picked them." There is no word about the President's interest in ballet. He seemed to fancy the dancing which was part of the official entertainment on his European tour last June, and the word is that on his return he assigned members of his staff the task of sprucing up the quality of the welcome and the entertainment tendered state visitors to Washington, the Mount Vernon party for Pakistan President

Ayub being the first example of this New Wave.

It's obvious that Mrs. Kennedy is the member of the family most likely to respond to the romantic quality of the ballet. But here a misapprehension, based on her early-in-the-term visit to the ballet, has grown. Ballet is by no means her principal artistic interest. ("She's probably seen eighteen times more movies than ballets," says a friend, "and I'll bet you she likes standard items like 'Swan Lake' and 'Fancy Free' better than the more daring things.") Both literature and painting figure more prominently in her consciousness than the dance.

As for television, neither of the Kennedys seems to pay it much heed. They turn to it for spot news and special events. They let Caroline watch a selected number of programs for children, and, if her father has been away for a while, she is allowed to stay up and watch him on television.

But it would be inaccurate to make any list of the Kennedy tastes and call it definitive. They are the sort of people who will take a chance on anything. "His eye is extremely fresh, he'll try anything out of curiosity, and if he likes something his enthusiasm will be communicated to his friends," says an acquaintance. He is drawn to works of ideas and has a great contempt for works he regards as immoral or decadent. Mrs. Kennedy is more likely to concentrate on the beauty of the work itself and to ignore questions of the moral worth of the author or his purpose. "Her reaction," says a woman who has accompanied her to many a performance, "is likely to be an intellectual one. She can respond emotionally, but her emotions will be tempered by her intellectual feeling."

The key to the Kennedy interest in the arts does not lie in their reactions to specific works. Rather, it is in the fact, as Walton puts it, that "they are both susceptible to the comfort of the arts. They couldn't live without them—it is woven into the pattern of their lives."

In this statement lies the difference between the Kennedys and most of their predecessors at the White House. More often than not, presidents and first ladies have regarded patronage of the arts as one of the minor—and terribly solemn—duties of office, which they embraced in gingerly manner and to which they brought no great interest, affection, or knowledge. The Kennedys bring little in the way of special *expertise* to their love of the arts. Instead, they bring a habitual, ingrained appreciation of the need for art in the balanced lives of cultivated and lively people who are interested in all the works of man. It is the measure of this attitude's strangeness to many Americans that they mistake it for a grand passion. Mrs. Kennedy was once heard to exclaim, at the height of last spring's publicity about her artistic interests: "Culture! I hope I never hear the word again." What she meant, of course, was that she and her husband intended to wear their interest in the arts with the same easy familiarity as they wore it back in the days when their taste was of interest only to their immediate friends. She was saying, too, that she felt secure enough about her tastes to abandon the awed solemnity with which Americans generally tend to view the arts. Therein lies the real difference between the Kennedys and their predecessors. Like many Americans of their generation, they are moving at that level of ease in the presence of art at which one dares to joke about its more pretentious manifestations. It may be that the Kennedy manner is a harbinger of a new kind of cultural awareness, not just in politics but in the nation as a whole.

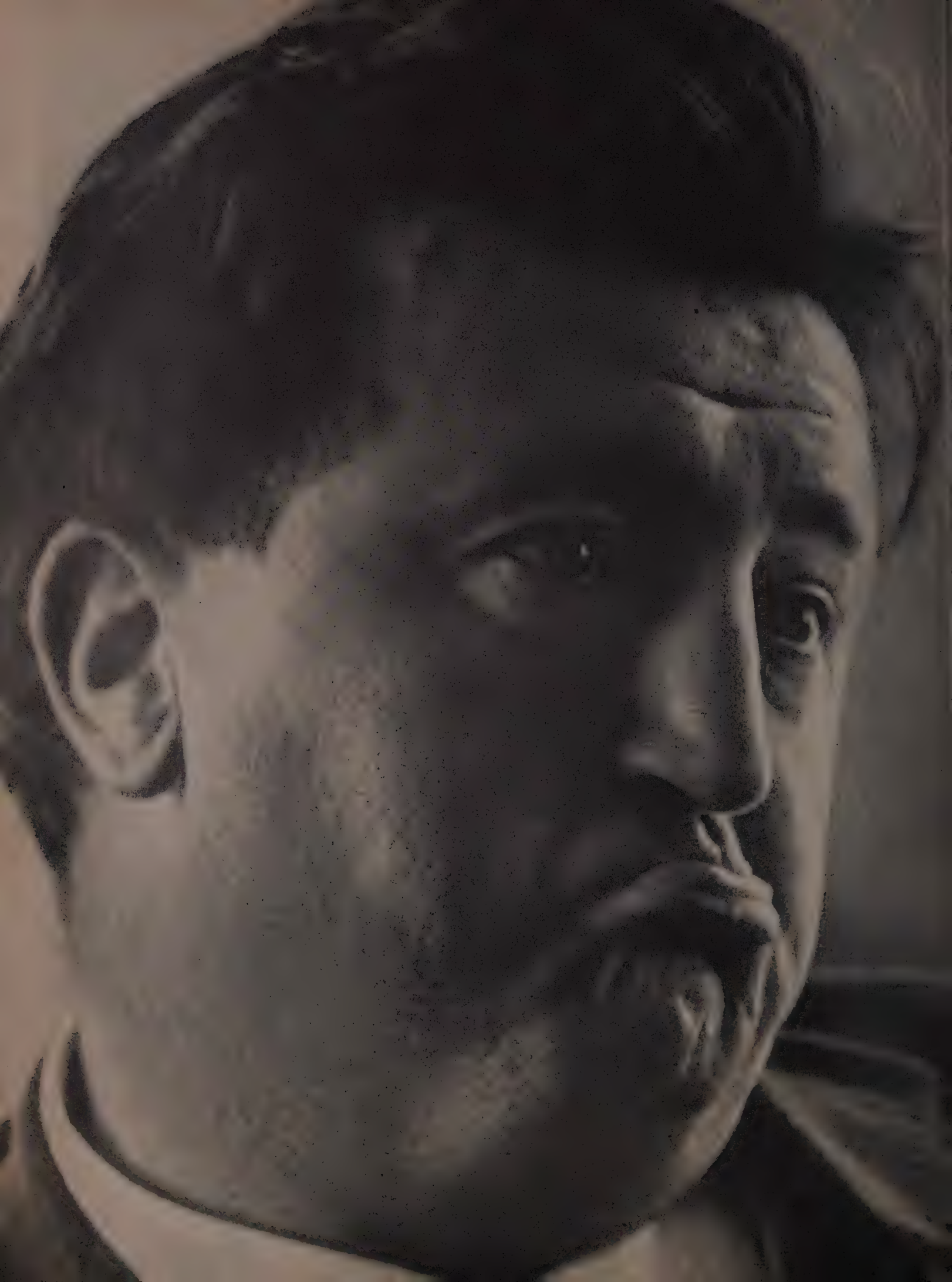
FONSSAGRIVES



Every year thousands of girls from all over the land converge on New York to work and study, bearing in their hearts the intangible but lovely assets of excitement, curiosity, courage, enthusiasm, hope. They are the youthful seekers of the dream, from whom may come tomorrow's celebrities. Such a one is Diane Brown, nineteen, born in Boston, raised on a Pennsylvania farm. Chestnut-haired, with eyes to match, a slim body, and a moon-pale skin, Diane lives with two other girls—a model and an aspiring actress—studies voice, does modeling jobs, and hopes for a Hollywood future. We show her here in two moods: left, as a sunlit gamine; right, in pose of elegant beauty.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE: DIANE BROWN





BRENDAN BEHAN

On Broadway stagehands:

They are sloppy, slow, and, above all, noisy. Their attitude is that of a stage know-all—"forty years in the business and my father before me." Their habit of shouting gossip backstage during a performance no doubt comes from the days when they milked the ancestral cows in Carpathia or yoked the oxen five hundred kilometers to the east of Budapest.

The Broadway stagehand is silent only when the lead actor is an English knight, or when a clergyman or rabbi is being sympathetically portrayed on the stage. If an English knight were to act a Catholic priest, the stagehands would be paralyzed and struck dumb, at no loss to the American theater.

Their union is the only thing about them that is a credit to them, except their dull and virtuous suburban lives. I think the stagehands are to be complimented on their union spirit, but I wish they would get the lead out of their pants and keep their bloody big mouths shut while the play is on.

On Dublin writers:

Ireland's great contribution to the theater was made by natives of Dublin city. Sean O'Casey and Richard Brinsley Sheridan were born in northeast Dublin; and from the same quarter-mile section came Michael Carr, the songwriter, whose works include "South of the Border" and "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" Carr's mother, a Mrs. Cohen, *did* come from Ireland, and is buried there, the Lord have mercy on her. Carr is a neighbor's child from my own street in north Dublin. Sam Beckett's cousin John, who is a musician of note, remarked to me that "Did Your Mother Come From Ireland?" is an extraordinary piece of music, because it shows an acquaintance with Irish traditional slip-jig rhythms.

"Well, where do you think the composer was from?" I asked.

He smiled and said, "Some Mendelssohn from the New York East Side."

"Well," I said, "if you didn't hit it, you staggered it. He is a Mendelssohn from the Dublin North Side—Morris Cohen by name."

Victor Herbert, composer of "Naughty Marietta" and other light musical works, also came from Dublin.

Beckett himself, another Dublinman and the author of "Waiting for Godot," might find it odd that he should be included with Herbert and Carr, as well as Shaw and Synge, because he brought his superb gift to the theater by way of the university rather than the music hall. The point I am making is not that Ireland has made a great contribution to the world theater, but that all our famous playwrights came from one small part of it.

On Irish audiences:

A Dublin or Belfast audience is less puritanical than most American audiences. I personally can say that my plays draw packed houses in both places. The Catholic Church and the

Orange Order have as much influence on the audiences as they'd have on a fan-tan game in Peking.

On Dublin critics:

The Dublin critic suffers from the notion that a London, New York, or Paris critic must be shown that, great as their cities are, a Dublin critic is not so easily pleased. Actually, the Irish critic is desperately trying to pass for a limey *littérateur*. The cure is for the English raj to get to hell off our island and let us have some real politics. Then we'll get real theater criticism.

As the Dublin critic also considers it the mark of a true professional to come to the show half drunk, he need detain us no longer. He is part of the problem of the country.

On Ireland's influence on the American theater:

You wouldn't have had a theater sixty years ago without the Irish: Dion Boucicault, Ira Allen, and, of course, George M. Cohan, another Irish street boy—a jackeen, as they say at home. I am giving you credit for knowing all about Eugene Gladstone O'Neill without me having to tell you. O'Neill's people came from Kilkenny. There was a theater in Kilkenny city when most of your ancestors were still living up in trees. The famous poem, "I am of Ireland, and of the holy land of Ireland, come dance with me in Ireland..." is from a thirteenth-century morality play first produced there.

Cohan was the son of Irish country people although he, himself, was born in New York. Give any bright peasant boy, whether from the suburbs of Minsk or the hinterland of Hungary, the run of the streets, and he'll be as civilized as Brillat-Savarin or Jean Genet. Meantime, a playwright does the best he can to placate the village idiot, from Ireland to Oshkosh.

On drama critics in general:

My normal custom is to describe critics as eunuchs in a harem who see the trick done every night and are furious because they cannot do it themselves. The remark is not mine; it's Gautier's.

Harold Hobson of the London *Times*, Kenneth Tynan from *The Observer*, and Friedrich Luft of *Die Welt* are remarkable for their energy and industry in writing about the theater. To this they bring the rectitude of a Mantegna and the taws of a Michaelangelo. I class them as Europe's best drama critics.

The New York critic is careful, painstaking, devoted, and, of course, vastly influential. None of them is known to me personally, except John Chapman, and the devil of much good that did my notice in his paper.

On Behan's new play:

It is called "Richard's Cork Leg" because when James Joyce sent "Exiles" to the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre in Paris in 1919, the manager turned it down, saying that France had just come through an awful war and "Exiles" was a sad play. Joyce remarked, with bitterness, to Sylvia Beach: "I suppose I should have given Richard a wooden leg."

I think it's a hell of a title.

Soliloquy

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RUFE RATKINSON

The fresh, spontaneous quality of Rufe Ratkinson's drama criticism in the Trashville, Tennessee, *Times* has captured the imagination of an entire nation. Until recently, however, few of his readers knew that Mr. Ratkinson does not write his own criticism. Mr. Ratkinson, in fact, can't write. He does speak, though, and through the good offices of Al Capp, literary agent, his latest report on Broadway is presented exactly as it was taped on his last visit to New York.

Ah figgered that before injoyin' mahself in New Yawk, Ah better go see the Mary Martin show. Ah bin payin' mah respects to this patriotic national institution since Ah was a chile. A cop tole me she was now appearin' in person at a theater named th' Lunt-Fontanne. Ah nevah heerd of that putticular fight, but Ah haint ashamed of mah ignorance on account of Ah has devoted mah life to th' theater, not boxin'.

Thar was a boy in a unifawm standin' in front o' th' box office and to show him Ah'm a Southern gentleman Ah extended mah hand to him. He took it, opened it, looked at mah palm disappointed-like, drapped it, and turned to the next fella in line.



Ah swear that fella gave him a quarter.

Now Ah is willin' to shake hands with any man, but Ah haint gonna pay no quarter for it, so Ah pushed for'ard and axed the lady in the box office fo' a free critic's ticket.

"For which critic, boy?" she axed.

"Me," Ah said. "Rufe Ratkinson of the Trashville, Tennessee, *Times*. The *Times* is a power in Trashville, an' Ah is its voice. Ah is like Harry Golden, only Baptist."

"We don't have any tickets for Mr. Golden," said the lady, and the man said, "Move along, boy, you're blocking the box office."



Wal, Ah decided to stomp right in and tell Mary Martin how her people done committed that most fatal of Broadway crimes, offendin' a Trashville critic. Not that Ah allus wouldn't review Mary Martin favorable. In 1934 Ah had stated, "Mary Martin is the freshest new talent on Broadway." Ah had stated that agin in 1939, in 1941, in 1948, and 1957, and Ah will *keep* a-statin' it as long as Ah lives, irregardless.

Ah didn't have nothin to give the ticket collector 'cept a fistful of them ole Mary Martin reviews, and while he was starin' at 'em, stupefied, Ah oozed in with the crowd. Ah wanted to see Mary Martin in the worst way, and Ah shore did, b'cause

it happened to be the night when Mary Martin, playin' the Governess, and the seven kids, playin' the Seven Kids, switched roles.



That's what must of happened. Thar don't seem no other explanation of them kids actin' so much more sophisticated than Mary Martin, and Mary Martin actin' so much like a kid.



But this is nothin' new. It is a ancient Broadway tradition which began last year when the roles of Thomas à Becket and King Henry was switched by Sir Laurence Olivier, in the play of the same name. Ah read 'bout that in Walter Kerr's paper. He is a critic like me, only he didn't get the Trashville job.

HITS BROADWAY

Now, some folks (the sort of folks you and Ah sartinly wouldn't care to be intimate with) claim that Judy Garland can beat Mary Martin a-singin', and Elizabeth Seal can beat her a-dancin', but Ah claims nobody kin beat Mary Martin when it comes to smilin' bravely, and that's what she does, mainly, hour after hour, in that musical tragedy.

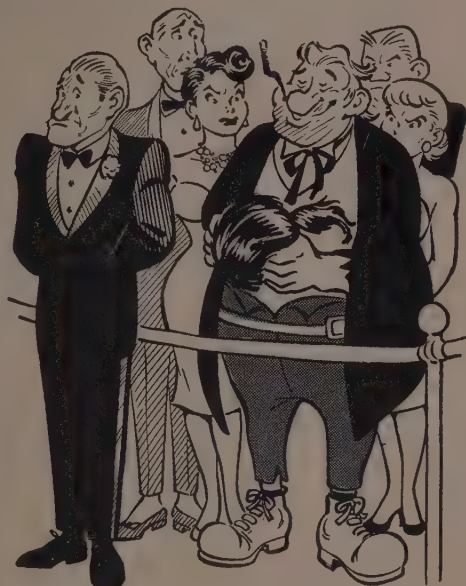
Ah never did see the end of that show. When it dawned on me that the invadin' army warnt gonna bake those seven kids, Ah left. Ah caint stand unhappy endin's. Them was the most bakable seven kids Ah ever seen.

So Ah ambles over to the Booth Theater and drifts in with the intermission crowd to see the second half of a forren play which got the Drama Critics Circle Award, but here is one drama critic wouldn't of voted for it. Ah caint even figger out why they bothered to make a play out of it.

Take the heroine. She is fifteen years old and pregnant. Any gal in Trashville who is fifteen years old and *haint* pregnant is a wallflower and a worry to her folks. She falls in love with a strange nineteen-yar-ole boy. The gal's mother is livin' with a man she haint married to—but why go on? It all haint no more onusual than a visit to the

folks next door in Trashville, Tennessee, or in Westchester, Connecticut, and Ah claims they got no right to charge money for it. It is merely a borin' slice of ordinary life.

After the play, Ah folls the crowd. When they come to a place called Sardi's they all sashay in. Ah keeps a-follyin'. The headwaiter bowed 'em all to thar tables, and then he comes to me. He looked at me, silent-like up and down for a spell.



"Anyone workin' at the horse show is welcome here," he says, sniffin' at somethin'. Ah could see he took a likin' to me. "If you'd go home and bathe, I could hold a table for you."

Warnt time to tell him Ah already bathed this season because jest then Ah see a sight that made mah blood boil. Ah pushes the headwaiter aside and rushes over to a table.

"Is you, or is you not, Jo-zay Ferrer?" says Ah.

"I am," says the man. He gives a li'l sigh, puts his food down, picks up a menu, and says, "I hope you have a pen."



"We'll need sumptin' a good deal worse'n a pen to do what we gotta do, Jo-zay, boy," says Ah. "Yo' is mah favorite singer an' Ah haint gonna stan' here an' see yo' insulted."

"NOW LOOK UP THAR!!!!" Ah pointed to a pitcher o' him on the wall. It was bald, it had squinty eyes, floppy jowls, and two purple lips. *That* was the insultin' part. Jo-zay Ferrer only got *one* purple lip.

"Find me the skonk who insulted you up thar an Ah'll tear him apart," says Ah. "One thing a Southern dramatic critic caint stand is anybody criticizin' a performer!"

"It's an honor to have your picture in Sardi's," says he.

"We kill folks fo' that kinda honor whar Ah comes from."

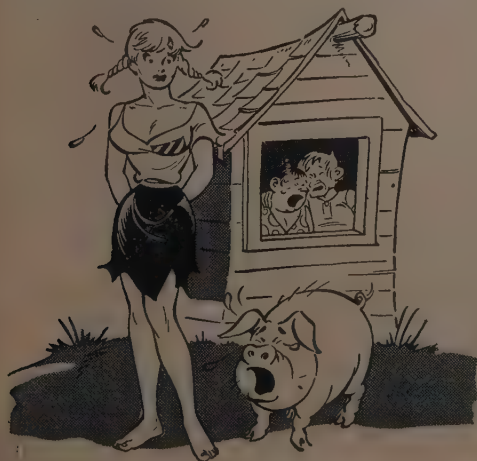
"But remember, it's just a caricature. It's not supposed to look like me."

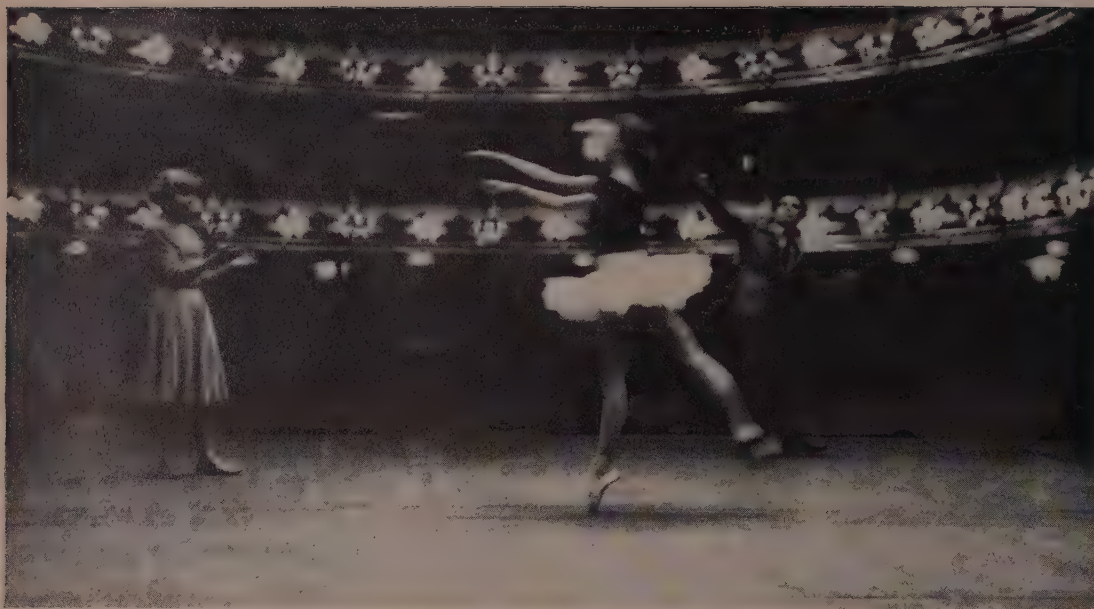
"But it do look *exactly* lak you. 'Cept you haint got *two* purple lips," says Ah, and stomped over to that headwaiter.

"You has jest lost some valoooble business," says Ah.

"Delighted," says he.

Wal, thar you has a pitcher of what's goin' on on Broadway an' Ah hope Ah captured all its gaiety an' glammer. Next time Ah comes north, Ah'll review whatever is goin' on wharever th' pig truck stops.





While the relentless pressures of the Cold War increase, the cultural exchange between the United States and the U.S.S.R. continues amiably, providing Americans with virtually the only close-up they can get of Russian life and art. So far, at least, the Russians seem to be dancing most of the time.

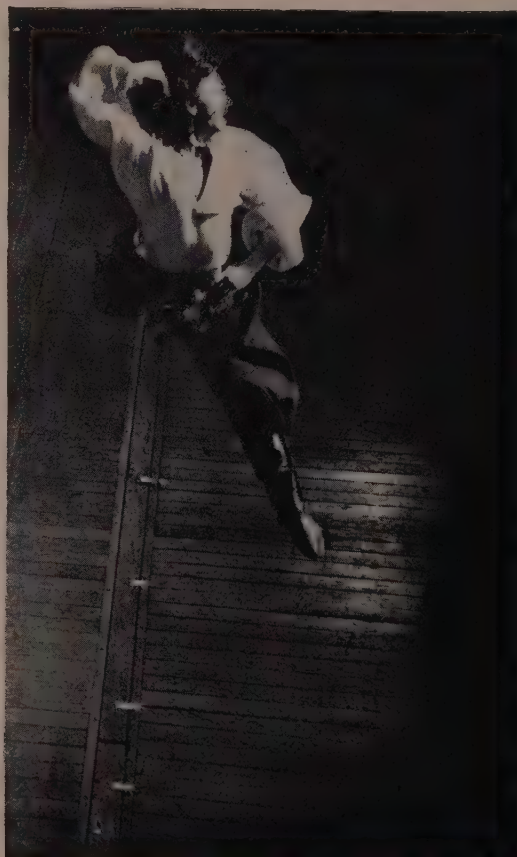
To date America has seen both the great Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow and the exhilarating Moiseyev company. Now the Leningrad Kirov Ballet begins its first American tour, opening in New York on September 11.

The Kirov played Paris and London this summer. The French did not like the *décor*, but admired the dancing. London, prideful of its own Royal Ballet, nevertheless was dazzled by practically everything the company did.

The Kirov trade-mark is elegant virtuosity, softened by a long lyric line and deep musicality. Although its dancers can jump as high as any, it generally side-steps the acrobatics of the Bolshoi; unlike its Moscow counterpart, the Kirov does not go in for smash endings.

The Kirov's repertoire includes spectacular productions of "Swan Lake," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Giselle" (in probably the most beautiful interpretation in the world today), brilliant and sometimes old-fashioned dramatic vignettes, as well as vigorous excerpts from longer contemporary works. And with it the Kirov brings the legacy of St. Petersburg's famed Maryinsky Theater—of which it is the direct descendant—the source of the twentieth century's classic ballet and original home of dancers Pavlova, Nijinsky, and Ulanova.

THE KIROV





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CRITICISM & COMMENT

Movies: Three From Italy

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

The best films so far this year have come from Italy. The Italian film industry, following its brilliant "neorealist" phase that came immediately after the war, subsided in the early fifties into spectacles and conventionality. Now it has recovered its vitality. The new wave of Italian films—"La Dolce Vita," "L'Avventura," "Rocco and His Brothers"—are as shattering in their impact today as "Open City," "Paisan," and "Shoe Shine" were a dozen years ago.

But the vitality has taken new forms. The new Italian films have moved from the brutal social criticism of the neorealists to a more complex and enigmatic moral criticism. The focus has shifted from what society does to people to what people do to themselves. "The neorealist cinema," Michelangelo Antonioni, the director of "L'Avventura," has said, "concentrated on externals, matters of the surface—living conditions, social problems, the ruin of war-ravaged cities. Today the cities have been rebuilt, but the internal damage is unrepaired. Modern cinema, like modern man, is preoccupied with interior meanings." The best Italian directors seem now obsessed with the predicament of moral identity in the affluent society. (Rossellini, the exception, hated "La Dolce Vita"; in "General della Rovere" he has returned with great success to wartime issues.)

Interior meanings are hard to portray. They are a challenge to the director's creative imagination; they are also, alas, a provocation to any weakness he may have for tricks and sensationalism. The result of attempts to project these meanings is likely to be more subtle, more equivocal, more pretentious. It may also be, in the end, no less powerful. One feels in these new Italian films, as one so rarely feels these days in Hollywood films, that the director is genuinely fascinated by and committed to a moral theme and genuinely determined to devise ways to communicate a moral vision—as if, indeed, he were a novelist or poet, not a combination of tycoon and field marshal.

There was a time when Hollywood generated some of this same excitement. We had a great period of vitality in the thirties; it is interesting to note the extent to which so many of the best films from contemporary Europe derive from Hollywood films of twenty-five years ago. Thus the new French film "Breathless" is an existentialist restatement of the American gangster movie, heightened to a pitch of near hysteria by the morbidly restless camera and the high-strung cutting. It is symptomatic of the Hollywood influence that one of the few moments of repose in "Breathless" comes when the leading character stares, lost in admiration, at a photograph of that existentialist hero Humphrey Bogart. "Rocco," the most conventional of the Italian films under review, is similarly a lineal descendant of the Hollywood family sagas of the thirties. One remembers those loud, sprawling films, with the immigrant family coming to the big city, the children growing up in different directions—one to become a respectable married man, another going to night school, a third a clean-living boxer, a fourth a gangster—with Mama holding the family together through all vicissitudes.

If "Rocco" were a Hollywood movie about an Italian family newly arrived in America, it might have seemed offensively condescending. You have never seen such a counterpoint of gesticulations, embraces, noisy family parties, operatic changes of mood, tempestuous rages, slappings of faces, sobs, screams. All "Rocco" lacks at these moments is Henry Armetta. One feels that it is laid on a little too thick, and is hardly reassured by the fact that the actress engaged for the most Italian role of them all, Mama, is the Greek Katina Paxinou. Yet Luchino Visconti's conception of his southern Italian family transferred to Milan is so intense and overpowering that "Rocco" transcends the conventionality of its tradition.

Visconti has learned much from the neorealists, as one sees in the hard truthfulness of the photography, the bleak realism of the sets, the panting, exhausting frenzy of the physical violence. But the central neorealist conflict—partisans vs. Nazis—was concrete and intelligible. The central theme of "Rocco"—the disintegrating effect of the

modern city on the family—is more ambiguous. Visconti's solution, so far as he implies one, is a return to the soil. Rocco's sacrifices for his brothers are justified because they make possible the eventual restoration of Luca, the youngest, to the village from which they had come. Still, this pastoral nostalgia is obviously unserious. What is serious is the contrast between the sturdy decency of Rocco and Luca, and the modern urban world with its excitement and corruption. The relentless projection of this contrast gives the film its undeniable power, for all its muddled sociology.

"Rocco" is a bridge between the older neorealism and the new essays into moral corruption. In "Rocco" the assault on identity is still explicit and brutal. In Antonioni's "L'Avventura" it becomes implicit, leisurely, and filled with a somber poetry. "L'Avventura" opens with the family motif: the father, a preoccupied diplomat, conveys his sense of sorrow over his alienation from his daughter. Anna, the daughter, is involved in a protracted and unhappy love affair with an architect. She soon leaves to join her lover on a cruise through the Aeolian Islands near Sicily. Then Anna inexplicably disappears, and Sandro, her lover, joins with Claudia, her best friend, in a search for her.

As the architect and the friend search for Anna, they become increasingly involved with each other. "At first I was afraid that Anna was dead," says Claudia. "Now I'm afraid she is alive." Sandro reveals his own sense of futility and disorientation. "Once you could build things of beauty to last centuries; now everything is destroyed in a decade." Sandro loves Claudia, betrays her, returns to her, weeps, is forgiven by her; and they resume a new course of unhappy love amidst interminable ennui.

Antonioni creates, by indirection, the portrait of a society devoid of value and dedicated to sensation and, in consequence, deprived of feeling. His style is profoundly personal. Some viewers have found the tempo maddening; "L'Avventura" received the slow handclap at the Cannes festival. But the pace is organic with the theme and story; and every emotion is heightened by the photography, with its marvelous sense of the deployment of people and of the framing ef-

fect of architecture, and by the sound track, with its sharp and rueful score and the masterful use of natural sounds. The quality of the film is haunting, elegiac, almost Proustian, in its evocation of decadence and despair. To see "L'Avventura" and then to see a recent American film exploiting similar moods, "Good-bye Again," is to see the difference between maturity and soap opera.

There remains a distracting air of portentous mystery about "L'Avventura." But Antonioni's essential aim is evident. Eroticism, he has written, "is a symptom, the most obvious, perhaps, of a moral disease." When modern man is anxious, he "reacts with a surge of erotic obsession. Disaster, in my film, is an erotic impulse of this sort—unhappy, ignoble, and useless. . . . Man, who has no fear of the cosmic vacuum, is afraid of a moral vacuum."

This quotation might well have served as an epigraph for Federico Fellini's "La Dolce Vita." Here the themes of moral criticism opened up by Visconti and Antonioni merge in a vast panoramic indictment of modern mass society. Where "Rocco and His Brothers" is melodramatic and "L'Avventura" is poetic, "La Dolce Vita" combines melodrama and poetry in a frame of savage satire. The film is saturated with disgust for modern society—for the vicious self-indulgence of the rich, for the self-destructing sterility of the intellectuals, for the all-consuming machinery of mass publicity. The recurrent symbol is the prying camera of the professional photographer, to which nothing is sacred, not love or religion or life or death.

The film's hero, Marcello, has abandoned serious literary work for the excitements of life as a publicity man. As one episode follows another—some comic, some desperate—he grows more and more irretrievably committed to the pursuit of animal sensation. He fights with his mistress, loses contact with his father (one of the loveliest scenes in any movie in a long time), and refuses the redemption offered by a young girl, a symbol of innocence like Luca in "Rocco." In the last scene, Marcello and his friends, after a wild and terrible party, stagger to a beach at dawn and cluster round a monster caught in a fisherman's net. The young girl reappears and calls to Marcello. He cannot hear her and

turns away to rejoin his decadent company. The sweet life.

Nietzsche once wrote, "Gaze not too deeply into the abyss, lest the abyss gaze into *you*." This would be an even more appropriate epigraph for "La Dolce Vita." Fellini, who wrote "Open City" and "Paisan," here moves beyond naturalism into an incomparable display of technical resource and virtuosity. I think that I have never seen a more brilliant film. One is left breathless by the inexhaustible invention—the ingenuity of the narrative, the style and precision of the photography, the perfection of the acting, the artistic vision which organizes the apparently disparate episodes into an inexorable progression toward the final orgiastic climax.

These films raise a difficult question: Are they not as corrupt as the things they purport to expose? The moralist is always fascinated by the evils he condemns; they attract and repel at the same time. Movies, simply because the nature of the medium requires them to *show* so much, are particularly vulnerable to the criticism that they cheaply exploit viciousness under the pretense of disapproval. Often this is so; the French film "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" is an example. Some critics have said that Fellini is guilty of what he himself criticizes, that his film caters to the very decadence it affects to denounce. I believe that this gambit, while easy, is not in this case convincing. Duplicity is inherent in any form of moral criticism. What redeems any particular example is the balance between integrity and sensationalism. "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" falls on one side of the balance; "La Dolce Vita" and "L'Avventura," in my judgment, fall on the other.

Antonioni and Fellini quite clearly see themselves as moralists. Man is in disequilibrium today, Antonioni has said, because he carries a heavy burden of emotional obsolescence on his shoulders; "he acts, loves, hates, suffers, thrust ahead by forces and social myths which should not today, on the verge of reaching the moon, be the same as they were in Homeric times." Fellini has described "La Dolce Vita" as "a film which, in spite of showing moral decay, gives a viewer a feeling of being set free . . . free from the myths of our time, for the man of tomorrow must be a man without myths."

Personally, I doubt that we will ever have a man without myths. But anything which increases our self-knowledge, as great art does, contributes to human maturity. The film, on the whole, has been a disappointing art. "La Dolce Vita" and "L'Avventura" show that movies do occasionally make contributions to human liberation.

A Night With Mr. Teas

by Leslie A. Fiedler

"The Immoral Mr. Teas" was approaching the end of a nine-month run at the little movie house in Seattle where I first saw it. Paired with it was "The Mouse that Roared," a film I had accidentally seen twice before and one for which I have small affection. I am dismayed at its sentimental-liberal clichés espousing Love and deploring the Bomb. Naturally, I arrived too early and had to endure once more the final cuteness of "The Mouse," its technicolor reassurance that our world would survive—and that its survival would be an unmitigated Happy Ending. It was technicolor I really hated, I told myself; nothing could be true or good or beautiful in those never quite convincing tones, just as nothing could be high, wide, or handsome on the nonscale of the wide screen. "Justify God's ways to man—in color and VistaVision," I imagined the modern muse telling some new Milton; and foresaw the miserable event: four stars in the *Daily News*, ennuï for any sensitive beholder.

"Mr. Teas," however, turned out to be in technicolor, too—its opening all the vulgar tints of urban Southern California: a sun-dazzled city bus stop and our hero, briefcase in hand, beside a street-corner bench endorsed with an ad for a Jewish funeral home. Los Angeles and the undertakers again. Another cliché, I found myself thinking, the by-now-not-quite-fresh-or-moving metaphor for Hell in Our Time. And I was not reassured by the Monsieur Hulot-type music of the score—tinkle-jangle-tinkle, the submelody of city life, as Mr. Teas switched from bus to bike, changed from mufti to a pair of cerise-terra cotta overalls, and began to pedal along his insipid round of work: delivering false teeth to dentists' offices.

This at least was an apt metaphor, I argued with the self that wanted to get the hell out—a quite unhackneyed figure for a setting and routine as glistening and meaningless as death: the detached smile fixed in a polished vise. But one part of me still kept asking what I was doing there anyhow.

The last erotic picture I had been to see—also after a nine-month run—had been "Ecstasy"; but that had been some twenty-five or thirty years before, in another world. How different a world became clear quite soon, as I found myself laughing at a spectacle so antiromantic that it verged, for me, at least, on the anaphrodisiac. In "Mr. Teas" there was not only no passion,

but no contact, no flesh touching flesh, no consummation shown or suggested. I remembered from the earlier film the pearls slipping from Hedy Lamarr's throat, her face blurred in the ecstasy advertised by the title. For pornography the woman's angle of vision is necessary, but here were no women outside of Bill Teas's head; and Bill Teas was nobody's dreamed lover, only a dreamer, with his half-modest, half-comical beard, his sagging pectoral muscles, his little lump of a belly creased by baggy shorts or hidden by overalls.

And Mr. Teas could touch no one—not in lust or love or in the press of movement along a street. Once in the film he lays his hand on flesh, the shoulder of an eight-year-old girl working out with a hula hoop, and she beans him with a rock. Any really nubile, desirable female is doomed to disappear into the ladies' room or the arms of some lover whose face we never see—as unreal, finally, as the girl he embraces. Mr. Teas conducts his odd business and carries his frustrated dreams through a world of noncontact and noncommunication.

In his wanderings from office to office, from home to lunchroom, the violently overalled Mr. Teas finds occasional refreshment in staring down the more than half-revealed bosoms of receptionists, waitresses, and cashiers. In his otherwise quite arid world, all females are singularly and lushly *décolleté*, as if they existed chiefly to titillate his impotent desire, and as the plot unfolds with all the step-by-step deliberateness of a strip tease, Mr. Teas is shown developing a talent for imaginarily stripping ever closer to the buff the girls who torment him on his rounds. An injection in a dentist's chair from an assistant, whose breasts become in fantasy the headrest which supports him, helps Mr. Teas create the first of his visions; but awake and undrugged, he continues to fabricate them, finally comes to regard them as a disease from which he asks a psychiatrist to deliver him.

The visions of Mr. Teas are, however, strange in a way which at first we do not notice, because their strangeness is an accepted part of a world in which we all live. That is to say, the nudity he creates is never *complete* nudity. Sitting, for instance, in a café, gnawing on an obscenely large slab of watermelon, Mr. Teas finds that the waitress who serves him has become quite naked, except for the merest doily of an apron covering the meeting place of thighs and belly. Admiring the nonchalance of Mr. Teas as he gnaws his cool fruit and pretends to ignore the feast beside him, we realize that the joke has adapted to the conditions which make the showing of the film possible: there must be an apron; he must not touch her.

It is not finally just a matter of observing certain rules of the censors, but of making those very rules the subject of the picture, the butt of its jokes. For what we are shown when the rules are observed is not female flesh, but pin-up pictures—moving pictures of moving pin-up pictures, life twice removed; and this is why "Mr. Teas," funny as it is (and it *is* funny—chiefly because of the discretion of its cameraman, Russ Meyers, and the skill with which Bill Teas projects the impassive, dogged, low-keyed lust of its *schlemiel*-hero), is also a quite serious film. It is not merely like the strip tease, the candy-box cover, the girlie calendar, and the fold-out magazine nude; it is about them.

In one sequence, during which he presumably searches for escape at the beach, Mr. Teas stumbles on a professional photographer who is running through her paces a model or hopeful starlet, first in an ultimate bikini, then stripped of her bra and finally clothed only in the surf. How icily the girl simulates the poses of lewd appeal, wild abandon, and sexual allure, though for the camera only and on cue as the camera clicks. Meanwhile, Mr. Teas, too, has a camera, a miniature Brownie that cannot compete with the equipment of the professional any more than the meager personal dreams of Mr. Teas can compete with those professionally produced. He inhabits a world of prefabricated fantasies, stumbling into one situation after another in which those fantasies are being manufactured for men powerless to evoke for themselves even the intangible shadow of sex.

We are, therefore, constantly being reminded of how we, too, live in a world where, whatever the natural bent of our desires, we are forced by billboards, nightclubs, stage entertainments, cartoons, and photographs, by the very ads which assail us for brassieres and Kleenex and Pepsi-Cola, into playing the Peeping Tom; and of how we, too, are not only teased by the ten thousand commercially produced provocations, but become finally our own teasers—stripping but not possessing (not even in the deepest imagination), as we have been taught. There is one unforgettable scene, in which, as Mr. Teas aimlessly walks down a street, a window shade springs up and, plastered almost against the pane, a female body is revealed from just below the shoulders to just above the waist—a noseless face in which the nipples make wide eyes above the pursed, tiny mouth of the navel; a face which seems to stare back at the starrer, as if all flesh (not only male flesh, as our convention demands) had become eyes and the only communication in either direction were peeping.

As the picture draws to a close, we follow Mr. Teas on a day's outing to a lake, where he is after the same game as always, though by now he has become terrified by his talent, thinks he flees what he seeks; and he finds it. This time there is not just a single girl, but four at once, who, quite naked, rock themselves on hammocks, dip and splash in the shallow water or swim where it is deeper, row boats, and toss a ball, while Mr. Teas ogles and spies, smiling his half-beatific, half-idiotic smile, and separated from them still, as if by the invisible glass pane of the TV toothpaste commercial.

So stylized, so indistinguishable from mass-produced fantasies in every premeditated, robotic gesture are the girls he watches that it is difficult to tell whether the whole episode is intended to be taken for an actual event or merely the most extended of Mr. Teas's dreams. Certainly what of the audience remained to the end the night I first saw the movie (several more clean-cut pairs of college sweethearts had walked out early in the game) argued about it vehemently from either side. But the point, I suppose, lies really in this ambiguity, this irreality. And just as the girls were, in their gestures, more the fabrications of mass culture than of nature, so they were also in their dimensions and their textures. It is impossible to remember, two days after leaving the theater, what color their hair was.

These girls do not quite seem to be women, adapted as they are to the mythical dimensions of pin-ups and to a more than mythical smoothness of texture. Nowhere is there pimple or blemish or sagging skin or untoward wrinkle or mottled flesh. The loving, patient camera (not really a movie-maker's camera at all, but that of the still photographer) that follows the play of light and shade on haunch and hollow finds no human imperfection, not even goose flesh or beads of sweat. Such girls seem more like fruit than flesh—hothouse fruit, serenely perfect and savorless, not to be touched or eaten. Only looked at. Unreal. Unreal. Unreal. This is the sadness of "Mr. Teas."

As old restrictions crumble in our society, the naked flesh assumes its proper place among the possible subjects for movies, the place it has always held in the other, less public arts; but meanwhile, in the United States, we have been long corrupted by the pseudo arts of tease and titillation, conditioned to a version of the flesh more appropriate for peeking than love or lust or admiration or even real disgust. In European films like "Room at the Top" or "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," we have been offered newer versions of nudity appropriate to serious art, versions of a nudity not so much seen as felt, responded to in tenderness

and desire. Whether equivalent versions will prove possible in American films seems to me doubtful; perhaps our way will have to be comic rather than passionate or even sentimental. If this is so, "Mr. Teas," for all its lapses into the obvious, may someday seem a pioneering effort. Its makers have not attempted to surmount the difficulties which confront the American movie-maker who desires to make nakedness his theme; but they have, with absolute good humor, managed at once to bypass and to illuminate those difficulties. The end result is a kind of imperturbable comedy, with overtones of real pathos.

How especially stupid in light of all this are the cuts demanded by the censors of New York, who, in deleting some twenty minutes, have eliminated not only the nipples and buttocks they were obviously after but also the wit and pathos and point of "Mr. Teas." To New York moviegoers I am moved to say: Stay away from what will be called "The Immoral Mr. Teas" in your theaters. It will be a tease in the worst sense of the word, the merest leering hint, the dullest remnant of a once witty film—a joke of its own kind on public standards of decency. Decency! How hard it is to believe that the names of those involved in the production are not anticipatory jokes which this final one fulfills. But DeCenzie is apparently the actual name of the producer of the film, Bill Teas that of the chief actor, and Cantlay the real name of a real California street. It pays to be lucky!

I do not know whether the makers of "Mr. Teas" were merely lucky or really aware of the implications of the movie they were making; and New York viewers will have no way of deciding for themselves without a trip to Atlantic City, where an uncut version is being shown. Perhaps DeCenzie and Russ Meyers, the cameraman, are themselves only two more victims of the process which reduces sex in America to sex in the eye, and are critics of the process only inadvertently. I have been reading press releases about how Russ Meyers, who shot "Mr. Teas" in four days at the cost of only twenty-four thousand dollars and dreams of earning a million on it, has produced another film, another bareback quickie, called "Eve and the Handyman." Maybe from the start he has just been cashing in on the new freedom which provides new ways of exploiting the mindless audience. I would like to believe that this is not so, that he knew all along not merely how funny but how sad "Mr. Teas" really was. In the end, it doesn't matter. The artist is entitled to whatever can be found in his work. I hope he makes the million.

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Theater: A Decalogue for Critics

by Jack Richardson

This summer, a book called "The Death of Tragedy" appeared. Its author is George Steiner and its subtle thesis is admirably summed up in the title splashed boldly across its cover. But the notion that tragedy is a subject which appears on our stages only in costume—a refugee from older, better times—is not altogether novel. In three different universities, and in three different languages, I've heard the sad biography of tragedy narrated from its royal birth in the house of Aeschylus, through its wild Shakespearean days, on into a dignified senescence at the hearths of Racine and Corneille, and finally to its whimpering end in our own time. There are chips and edgings, to be sure (right now many of our collegiate critics think Brecht had a bit of the old fire in him), but the consensus is that a noble stand of timber has fallen forever. Mr. Steiner's work thus provided no great illumination. What it did do, however, was remind me that there are certain minds abroad who arrive at our theaters with rather grand and imposing baggage in which to pack the current play, be it one with pretensions to tragedy or intentions to entertain.

This attitude is comically excessive. To bludgeon Dore Schary with Ibsen or chide Jean Kerr with Oscar Wilde would be like withholding your vote from a semiliterate congressman because he hasn't the polished statecraft of a Talleyrand. But what of the works that are honest, near-successful achievements? Should the critic think of himself simply as a man of taste at a particular time in a particular place being pleased or pained by the sensations he receives from certain words and postures? Or should he arrive as one conscious of the social position enjoyed by his intellectual favorites, anxious to examine every credential of the present play before he allows it to marry into the family?

It was the previous century that produced the haunting image of the professional critic—an image which everyone earning a living wage by judging others' efforts has done his best to eradicate. We all know it: the well-paunched, myopic moralist who, while the stringy genius washed his lungs away with absinthe, opened a mouth stuffed with *pâté* and misquoted Boileau or Lessing for posterity. This may very well be an unjust literary fantasy. Still, I'm certain it haunts the private moments of every modern critic, and, anxious to atone for this tainted ancestry, he has become liberal and tolerant, to such an extent that he may be in grave danger of obliterating his function altogether. No reviewer now dares allow moral sensibility to creep into his columns; three hours of

unmitigated sodomitic sadism on the stage would be greeted, I'm sure, with no sterner censure than something like "The playwright's single preoccupation tends to wear a little thin before the evening is out." Experimental forms, which critics once reacted to in much the same way as horses did to the first automobiles, now enjoy nearly unscarred lives; for the self-assured appraisal "Mr. Jones is a sad example of lunacy" has made way for the relative summary that "Mr. Jones presents us with an unique, personal perspective."

The modern professional critic, then, has emancipated himself from the extracritical prejudices of his fathers. But having an open mind is no excuse for having an empty one, and this tolerance, I fear, even more than the historical chill of Steiner *et al.*, masks an inability to discern just what a play's credits and debits are. Thus the novel is often mistaken for the new; the pretentious for the portentous; the drastic for the dramatic; and on and on until such ineptitudes as Archibald MacLeish's "J.B." or Anne Meacham's imitation of a neurotic newt in "Hedda Gabler" are discussed with absurd seriousness. No, if the *sub specie aeternitatis* faultfinding of the academy is extreme, so is this irresponsible charity on the part of so many of those who aptly describe their function as being that of "aisle sitters." The true working critic who has some respect for the times he happens to be living in must take to middle ground: he shouldn't trample on those frail flowers blooming on and off Broadway with his academic buskins, but neither should he throw a lot of fertilizer about, hoping thereby to change weeds into roses.

Exactly what the landscape of this intermediary ground is like, however, is not easy to tell. Each critic, I'm afraid, has only the accumulations of his own personal life to make his final decisions by. Mulling over the absence of external standards has caused me to create my own critical decalogue, which runs as follows:

Thou shalt never profess an inability to understand a play's meaning and then go on to praise its power, theatricality, or whatever. The necessary condition for enjoying a work of art is understanding it. Though this is a near truism, one often finds the penitent critic pretending to be stimulated by confusion.

Thou shalt not mistake pure behavior for acting; but neither shalt thou be indifferent to the force of true personality.

Thou shalt give revivals the same hard scrutiny that thou subjectst the contemporary play to. The boredom felt while reading a "great work" is often justified when someone coaxes it back upon the stage.

Thou shalt not excuse the fair idea, mortally wounded, on the grounds that the producer had good intentions. Producers never have good intentions.

Thou shalt not forget that acting, too, is an art worthy of detailed analysis and, by the same token, worthy of being practiced more often than it is.

Thou shalt be slightly jingoist about the number of foreign plays producers import in order to give their lives a little tone.

Thou shalt give up criticism when nothing sustains thee but Carlyle's dictum about expecting the noose and counting it a blessing if you're shot.

Thou shalt remember that constructive criticism is a euphemism for pompous patronizing.

Thou shalt never use one writer to chastise another; nor shalt thou use the co-ordinates of his colleagues to place an artist in easy perspective.

Finally, thou shalt never, in moments of black despair, call the musical comedy a true American art form.

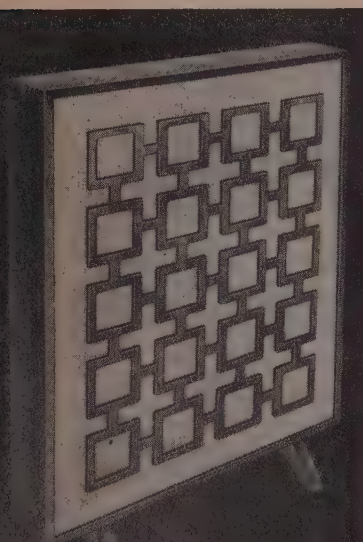
I wish I could claim that these precepts descended with me from a mount of perfect judgment; but, after all, there is consolation in the fact that, as I will assuredly often break them, the consequences won't be as dire as if they had.

Music: Vanishing Intellectual

by Virgil Thomson

As contemporary music has become more and more intellectualized, it has progressively lost its appeal for intellectuals. Yet in an earlier part of this century—almost up to World War II, in fact—music was held in high esteem by many cultivated people who had no particular ear for it. Not too long ago, the concerts of the League of Composers in New York used to bring out painters and sculptors, poets, librarians, museum employees, literary dandies, and women of fashion. And today any occasion starring John Cage can still bring uptown some of the beatniks, and along with them whole coveys of slightly roughed-up but very attractive Musés.

In Paris the concerts of Le Domaine Musical, which feature the music of Pierre Boulez and of that whole "far-out" group of which he is the star, also draw hordes of the bearded. But one sees there also some elements from the stylish world—well-known writers, museum directors, former opera singers, and certain visitors from abroad, along with a handful of mature and still successful composers pretending to bless the operation. For it is an operation, a very skillful one, designed to publicize



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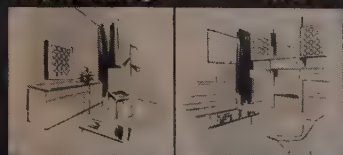
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a new-since-the-war group of musicians and some partially new-since-the-war ways of making music. Now there is a women's committee; funds are raised; all the paraphernalia of a proper concert series are mobilized, including large parties at the house of a generous lady.

This lady, with her five or six such receptions a season, one after each concert of Le Domaine, is today the only musical hostess left in Paris. And she is part of the Boulez operation, because all subscribers to the series are invited to her parties and nobody else is. I think the party is the bait that still brings out the intellectual world. For the concerts themselves are not quite so novel an artistic excitement as they were at the beginning. Yesterday's novelty, now official, is a little less attractive to the intellectually curious. People still come for the parties and for any piece by Boulez, who holds for them a fascination comparable to that exercised in earlier times by Igor Stravinsky. But I do not think they are much interested by his Italian, German, Danish, Greek, Belgian, or even his French confreres, though many of these are genuine advanced composers.

Outside of this series, Paris offers no purely musical events that seem to interest the aesthetically literate. The concert halls are full, but only of melomaniacs, of music addicts. Even the ballet and the opera publics are a dreary lot unless the participation of some fashionable painter or novelist has brought out the lively-arts crowd. A fine painting show, ancient or modern; certain theatrical first nights; or the Théâtre des Nations, where troupes from all over the world come with their best—the Chinese opera, the Berliner Ensemble doing plays by Bertolt Brecht, the Old Vic doing Shakespeare, the Jerome Robbins Ballets, "Ulysses in Nighttown" with Zero Mostel—these are places where you see every class of society and every profession, including the oldest. But just music? It's for the nightingales.

It mostly always was, of course. Musical collaborations involving dancing and costumes and hand-painted scenery—these make ballet. Include tragedy and powerful singing, and you have opera. Add religion, and you have the oratorio—or poetry, and you have the great epochs of madrigal singing in England, of lieder in Germany. It is the nonmusical elements in all these forms that have enabled music in certain epochs to join the humanities. The operas of Richard Wagner, which mobilized philosophy, poetry, mythology, politics, and the whole musical advance itself, not to mention centuries of aspiration toward a genuinely German expression, created a rumpus in every intellectual domain save perhaps pure science. And before

their excitement had wholly quieted down, along came Sergei Diaghilev's Russian ballets, another powerful essay at integrating the arts, and one involving another genius composer, Igor Stravinsky. The only basic difference between Diaghilev's productions and Wagner's was the substitution of dancing for singing (and, naturally, of Russian

aspirations for German).

The stimulating effects of these creations were world-wide and far from merely musical, though the ideal of the unexpected uppercut masked by a deadpan joke, which was Diaghilev's operating principle, has survived both in Stravinsky's music and in contemporary dance design (witness the cho-

reographies of Martha Graham, Agnes de Mille, Frederick Ashton, George Balanchine, and Jerome Robbins—humorists every one, and hard hitters).

The impact of the Diaghilev ballets, due in no small measure to their musical strength, which has outlasted all of their dancing (no ballet males in the West can dance "Petrushka" any



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more) and some of their staging (no choreography has ever stuck long to "The Rite of Spring" or "Les Noces"), opened hearts to musical excitement exactly as the Wagner operas had. It also opened the doors of high society in London and Paris to composers, scene designers, and choreographers, who began to frequent the great houses (even Pablo Picasso did for a while in the twenties), where they were found vastly more amusing than the clergy or the capitalists or the big-game hunters or the politicians. And in return, the world of fashion backed the ballet seasons, bought modern pictures, and began to come out for certain music events that it hoped might satisfy its newly acquired taste for violations of tradition.

After Diaghilev's death in 1929, European hostesses went on inviting artists to their homes, buying modern pictures, and being seen at advanced musical events. Some went in, too, for surrealism or for political subversion. In America the Depression made everybody worker-conscious and, with the coming of the WPA, conscious of American music and native theater. All the levels of society and all the skills got involved in encouraging the arts, and wide fraternization prevailed till the second World War. But even the fall of France and the Battle of Britain did not discourage hopes of our mixed intellectual public's finding beauty and distinction through the mixed art forms. After all, our newer composers, having broken into the orchestras in the twenties, had

in the thirties made some impressive commando invasions of the opera, the ballet, and the films. We were not wholly dependent on Europe.

The intellectual audience began to retire from music after World War II. Modern music concerts of the old kind seemed suddenly out of date, and there were very few of any new kind. By the fifties, the young composers everywhere were treading the twelve-tone path or otherwise dallying with complexities; but nowhere in the new wave was there any visible aspiration toward an achievement that might interest anybody but professionals. Painters did the opposite—went in for large canvases and the most casual workmanship, fell into a boom market and world celebrity.

Larger and larger audiences, easily satisfied with the most familiar music, betray in Europe now, I think, as in America, the influence of the canned-music inundation. With music, music everywhere so loud you cannot think, addicts of the auditive would seem to flock to concert halls, or turn on gramophone records, as a refuge from the radio. But only musicians—and not many of them—are interested today in contemporary music. If Pierre Boulez and his friends had not made their small but successful foray into the world of the intellectual audience, they would have been buried ten years ago under their musical elders' belittling. They would have enjoyed sparse performance, less publication, and no advertising at all (which is what the intellectual audience really serves for). By capturing that audience, they have captured also the two most powerful German publishers, all the German and Italian radio commissions, and a whole batch of important teaching posts. Boulez himself is being offered the Lamb Lectures at Harvard.

There is just a chance that in America a general audience, with important critical support, may start to work for music again. The species of music chosen would be electronic music. In this kind of composition we are far behind Europe, where it has been practiced in state-supported radio laboratories since 1945. There are studios for it in Paris, Cologne, and Milan. Tokyo has one, too. When the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center gave a concert last May at Columbia, it brought out, I am told, one of those representative-of-the-best New York audiences that had not been seen in some time. There were press attacks, too, letters in defense, and lots of sauciness. This means, I suppose, that the word "electronic" carries a powerful charge. There is an audience waiting for whatever turns up as music of that origin. And, thank heaven, not just a musical audience. Mu-

sicians would kill it with tolerant ridicule, just as music-lovers, especially those of the hi-fi sect, might smother it with kisses. Let us be thankful for our intellectual curiosity seekers of diversified vocations and tastes. In the long run—though as professional opinion their vote means nothing—they are the people among all people who in matters of art have the power to make the other people make sense. The other people are the not very educated ones and the artists themselves.

Let us hear no foolishness about how music must speak to the heart. Electronic music? It can scare the living wits out of you. For exposing material like that, even in its present unquestionably infantile state, give me a few people of brains in the audience, please.

Popular records: Miss Ella

by Douglas Watt

A single record, recently released on the Verve label, presents us with Ella Fitzgerald in free-form vocal interpretations of two old chestnuts, "Mr. Paganini" and "You're Driving Me Crazy." They are also part of a collection to be issued this month on an LP called "Ella in Hollywood," and they present Miss Fitzgerald in the dazzling, riff-singing style that was her stock in trade until, some five years ago, she gave us the first of her "Song Books."

That first "Song Book" was an investigation of Cole Porter's vivacious and often haunting combinations of words and music. With it, Miss Fitzgerald immediately won the affections of that somewhat aloof and stoutly principled group, the show-tune buffs; composed of fanciers of the popular song in its more artful manifestations, usually to be found in Broadway show scores, this group was squarer, perhaps, than her old fans, but at the same time more sophisticated. At any rate, its interest in the Porter collection was considerable enough to inspire five more "Song Books," devoted variously to the output of Rodgers and Hart, Duke Ellington, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin, and Harold Arlen, in that order—most of them two-record sets, like the Porter. During this period, Miss Fitzgerald's nightclub salary leaped, and she made occasional guest appearances on television.

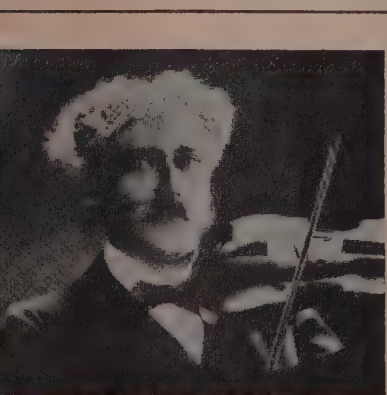
The last of the "Song Books," the Arlen one, came out late last winter. There are, at this writing, no plans for any more. Left waiting in the wings are Jerome

Kern, Vincent Youmans, Arthur Schwartz, and a few other hopefuls. The select body of new fans she acquired with her "Song Books" may well be disappointed, for the series, in addition to providing a fresh insight into the art of modern song writing, sharpened Miss Fitzgerald's own art.

The "Song Books" vary a good deal in both content and appeal. The least of them, to my way of thinking, is the one concerned with Irving Berlin's product. The master of simplicity is here revealed as perhaps too simple to be taken in such a large dose. Then, too, a particular facet of Berlin's writings—his long preoccupation with two subjects, the weather and dancing—is likely to induce monotony in the course of any survey of his works. The blandest of the "Song Books," it supports the soloist with competent but scarcely notable orchestral arrangements by Paul Weston. But Miss Fitzgerald can make almost any song come to life, and when the innocent world of Berlin achieves the insipid, as it frequently does, she takes off on some fanciful vocal flight to avoid tedium.

It is probably in the Rodgers-and-Hart set, featuring skillful instrumental arrangements by Buddy Bregman, who served in the same capacity for the Porter "Song Book," that the singer faces her greatest challenge. For more than any of the other collections, the Rodgers-and-Hart one emphasizes the character song. (The Gershwin set, voluminous though it is, does not include anything out of "Porgy and Bess.") "Bewitched," for example, is the confession of a middle-aged sophisticate, first stimulated against her better judgment and then wryly disillusioned. "Ten Cents a Dance" is a taxi dancer's catalogue of debasement. "To Keep My Love Alive," an added number in the 1943 revival of "A Connecticut Yankee," the team's last collaboration (the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein "Oklahoma!" had already begun its career), consists of the arch admissions of a medieval murderess. "Give It Back to the Indians" is a New Yorker's ironic listing of the city's follies. I am of two minds about Miss Fitzgerald's treatment of this material. Being the kind of singer she is, interested primarily in musical values, she makes no attempt at all at characterization. On the other hand, her clear and always musical expression of the pungent lyrics is often enough to make them carry conviction, as, for instance, in "Ten Cents a Dance."

The Gershwin cavalcade, running to ten sides, is probably much too long, except for the most indefatigable show buffs. (True, the records can be purchased singly, and the programming, which follows no chronolog-



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ical order, invites the buyer to shop around.) After all, not every song Gershwin and his lyricists, of whom his brother Ira was the principal one, wrote is indelible, and there are several that I could do without, though a few of them, very early products, undoubtedly have historical interest for the musicologists in the crowd. But oh, the velvety beauty of "Embraceable You" and so many others in which the singer and the conductor-arranger, Nelson Riddle, found a perfect meeting ground!

The recent Arlen "Song Book" finds Miss Fitzgerald in extremely compatible surroundings. For Arlen's work not only has great rhythmic and harmonic interest; it also is the product of a man who has long been associated with Negro performers and who achieved a distinctive style through a kind of wedding of the cantor's keening art and the Negro's blues-and-spiritual art. The "Song Book" goes no further (except for "The Man That Got Away," an old Arlen tune that Ira Gershwin equipped with a lyric for the 1954 movie, "A Star Is Born") than the 1948 film "Casbah" in covering Arlen's career, but it offers a good, representative collection of his hits, from his early association with Ted Koehler to his later one with Johnny Mercer, and the Billy May arrangements are peppy and incisive.

The recent album called "Get Happy" contains two items left over from the "Song Books"—Gershwin's "Somebody Loves Me" and Berlin's "Blue Skies." For the rest, we have "Cheerful Little Earful," "St. Louis Blues," "You Make Me Feel So Young," "Moonlight Becomes You," and such nondescript items as "Like Young," "Cool Breeze," "Gypsy in My Soul," "Goody Goody," and "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar." It is a grab-bag representation of Miss Fitzgerald's art, as is the forthcoming "Ella in Hollywood." But whether or not there are to be more "Song Books," the five collections stand as one of the more significant contributions to recorded popular music of the last decade or more.

Classical records: The Big Nine by Herbert Kupferberg

The first conductor ever to record the Beethoven symphonies complete was the late Felix Weingartner. He started the job in 1927 and it took him a decade to finish it. Some indication of the rarity of this achievement in those days may be seen in the passage of seventeen years be-

fore somebody did it again, that somebody being Arturo Toscanini.

After Toscanini, the deluge. Today, eight conductors have recorded all nine of the Beethoven symphonies. In alphabetical order, and with label affiliations in parentheses, they are: Ernest Ansermet (London), Otto Klemperer (Angel), Josef Krips (Ev-

erest), Herman Scherchen (Westminster), Arturo Toscanini (RCA Victor), Herbert von Karajan (Angel), Bruno Walter (Columbia), and Felix Weingartner (Columbia). Moreover, a half-dozen others, including Antal Dorati (Mercury), Fritz Reiner (Victor), Georg Solti (London), and George Szell (Epic) are well on the way to similar glory.

Three conductors—Krips, Toscanini, and Walter—have the distinction of being represented by single-unit complete sets of the Nine, boxed in handsome albums and accompanied by more-or-less lavish brochures. Obviously, no one will go far wrong on any of these—the taut, dramatic power of the Toscanini set, which triumphs over its less

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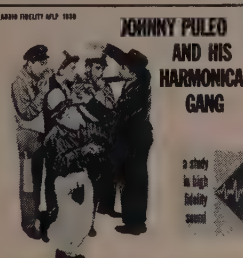
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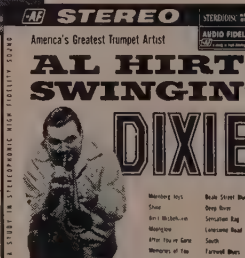
ROME WITH LOVE, Jo Basile, Accord. & Orch.—Luna Rossa, Non Dimenticar, Torna A Sorento, etc. AFPL1822/AFSD5822



THE BRAVE BULLS, Music of the Bullfight Ring, Banda Taurina. AFPL1801/AFSD5801



JOHNNY PULEO Harmonica, Vol. 1 Peg O' My Heart, St. Louis Blues Boogie, etc. AFPL1830/AFSD5830



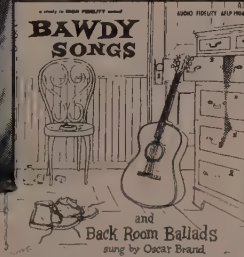
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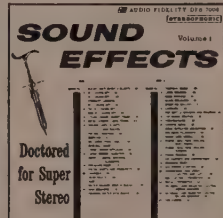
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than modern sound (the performances date from the late forties and early fifties); the *gemütlich* warmth of Bruno Walter; the surprising (since he is the least renowned of the three) skill and strength of Krips, which is combined with some particularly effective stereo engineering.

But my own inclination is in the direction of diversity—not because nine heads are better than one, but because Beethoven represents so vast and varied a world that more than a solitary explorer is needed to chart it all. Fortunately, all of the Beethoven symphony recordings, by no matter which conductor, are available individually, enabling anyone to play the fascinating game of piecing together a complete set, giving full weight not only to the special tastes of the listener, but to the special talents of the conductor and his orchestra.

There's an old joke about the supercilious music student who, upon being asked how many symphonies Beethoven had written, replied, "Three—the Third, the Fifth, and the Ninth." Another equally ancient and equally unreliable system of ratings places the even-numbered and odd-numbered symphonies in separate but unequal categories, the latter being of supposedly greater stature. In the descriptive brochure accompanying the

complete Toscanini set, still another, and even more fanciful, appraisal is offered: "The nine symphonies of Beethoven are like the rungs of a ladder that lead from earth to Heaven. . . . Perhaps they should be renumbered in accordance with their true position in the spiritual scale. They would follow, then, perhaps in this order: Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 3, 7, 8, 6, 9."

None of this proves anything except that there are differences among Beethoven's symphonies just as there are among Shakespeare's plays. And just as no one expects an actor to be equally proficient throughout Shakespeare, perhaps no one should look for a conductor to be uniformly perfect throughout Beethoven.

For a beginning, I think I might want Bruno Walter to set me off in the right direction. In the twilight of his career, this octogenarian brings unique sympathies to whatever music he touches. No one's Beethoven has more heart. Since his recordings of the First and Second Symphonies happen to be coupled on a single LP, there is no reason to search further.

In the Third Symphony, the "Eroica," one comes squarely against what might be called the "Toscanini problem." In his own time, Arturo Toscanini knew no peer in Beethoven; for years his "Eroica" was *the* "Eroica." But modern technological improvements have made many Toscanini recordings outmoded, though not obsolete. Otto Klemperer (the latest to complete the cycle) made a superb "Eroica" in excellent monophonic sound a few years ago, but a subsequent attempt to repeat it in stereo proved less imposing. Among stereo "Eroicas," the one by Georg Solti and the Vienna Philharmonic has the greatest drive and drama.

Beethoven's Fourth has the distinction of being the least frequently recorded of the set; current catalogues list a mere eleven versions. Those by Ansermet, Dorati, and Walter all offer special qualities of warmth and lyricism, with Ansermet's perhaps the best sounding. Dorati's, with the Minneapolis Symphony, has the additional advantage of being coupled on one disc with the Eighth, another of the composer's less monumental works.

Beethoven's Fifth has been recorded more times than any symphony by any composer; at last count, there were more than forty versions extant. In so broad and bewildering an area, even fools may fear to tread. Yet two stereo recordings released during the past year certainly belong well up on the list, those by Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony and Georg Solti with the Vienna Philharmonic.

Sterling recordings abound of the Sixth ("Pastoral") and Sev-

enth Symphonies. But in these two instances, at least, I would resolve the Toscanini problem by sticking with the Maestro, whose recordings withstand the challenges not only of the stereo age but of a dozen other conductors.

If one picks Dorati's recording of Beethoven's Fourth, the Eighth, as I've said, comes with it automatically. But Krips's Eighth has an earthy, robust humor that sets it a shade apart from the others.

To a conductor, the Ninth ("Choral") Symphony of Beethoven is one of the supreme tests, just as to listeners it is one of the supreme experiences. A measure of its unique qualities is that no existing recording seems to do it full justice. Toscanini's concept is the noblest, but its articulation by the NBC Symphony falls somewhat short of what he might have wished. Walter's warmth and von Karajan's intelligence are much in evidence, yet both leave heights unscaled. Weingartner's performance with the Vienna Philharmonic was, for sheer music, the greatest of recorded Ninths, but its sound is a quarter-century old, and Columbia has unfortunately permitted it to go out of print.

To this listener, the choice of a Ninth lies between two sets: Otto Klemperer's balanced, thoughtful, yet dramatic performance, and a "sleeper" in the sweepstakes, an Epic recording by Franz Konwitschny and the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra which has crystal clarity of sound to enhance its keen musical insight. If neither of these two attains absolute perfection, it's well to remember that the books on Beethoven's symphonies are still a long way from being closed.

BEETHOVEN BY THE NUMBERS: A RECOMMENDED DISCOGRAPHY

No. 1—Bruno Walter and Columbia Symphony (Columbia MS-6078)

No. 2—Bruno Walter and Columbia Symphony (Columbia MS-6078)

No. 3, "Eroica"—Georg Solti and Vienna Philharmonic (London CS-6145)

No. 4—Ernest Ansermet and l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London CS-6070)

No. 5—Fritz Reiner and Chicago Symphony (Victor LSC-2343)

No. 6, "Pastoral"—Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony (Victor LM-1755)

No. 7—Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony (Victor LM-1756)

No. 8—Josef Krips and London Symphony (Everest 3089)

No. 9, "Choral"—Otto Klemperer and Philharmonia Orchestra, with soloists Hans Hotter, Waldemar Kmentt, Christa Ludwig, Aase Nordmo Lovberg, and chorus (Angel S-3577-B)

Children's theater: All That Glitters

by Selma Gordon

It was bound to happen, given the vast multitude of "advantages" we daily press upon our children (Busy Boxes for their cribs, pre-nursery-school diplomas for their budding egos). Someone has gone and invented a Broadway musical for children, complete with all the trimmings. It won't be confined to Broadway, either: by Christmas, there will be at least one national road company in the Chicago area, and others will soon follow, probably in San Francisco and Cleveland, if all goes according to plan.


The commander of this ambitious task force to broaden the juvenile theatrical horizon is Arthur Shimkin, originally of Little Golden Records and presently producer and founding father of the Little Golden Theater as well. There is no question that the children's theater circuit lacked a big, brassy Broadway musical all its own before the Little Golden Theater's premier production of "Young Abe Lincoln." The question is whether the gap really cried out for filling. In any case, the pioneer effort was one misguided and sorry enough to jade the tastes of children before they emerge from grade school. One would think there was time enough for that later.

The Little Golden Theater's effort is spankingly professional. The performance opens with a brassy overture strongly reminiscent of a decade of well-digested Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical fare. The general air of reminiscence is only enhanced when the curtain rises on New Salem, Illinois, 1833. It could be argued, I guess, that the medium will not be so familiar to children, but unless the Broadway musical idiom has something special to offer young audiences, I cannot see the virtue of scaling an adult formula down to an hour's running time and calling it children's entertainment. There were, of course, some variations on the theme. Abe sings an opening song that assuredly would have died in New Haven. Full of the most laudable historical sentiments, and quite irrelevant to the plot, it runs to lines like: "The strong must help the weaker," and, "He gave our people dignity." I had the uncomfortable feeling it was included simply to impress upon parents who had gone to the trouble of bringing their children that the performance was educational and therefore worth-while.

A couple of the tunes—notably one called "Cheer Up! Cheer Up! Cheer Up!"—are en-

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gaging and sprightly, oases in a turgid succession of tableaux which substitute for plot. The entertainment is perversely preoccupied with problems borrowed from the adult world—whether to settle down to being a likable failure or go into politics; whether to continue to brood over a personal loss or to submerge the destructive element. Such worries seemed to me entirely alien to children's theater. Perhaps I romanticize the world of children, but somehow it seems a better error than discounting it, as did those involved in "Young Abe Lincoln." Although they did throw in a rip-snorting fight to satisfy the blood lust of those under ten.

The hero of the piece, Darrell Sandeen, has a grand, rough-hewn face for the Lincoln role and is a thoroughly ingratiating musical comedy performer, as are most of the rest of the cast. But, again, I couldn't help feeling that there must be a style and a form more appropriate to children than the Broadway musical. I would unhesitatingly list as mandatory two elements that "Young Abe Lincoln" conspicuously lacked: a sense of fantasy or enchantment; and childishness, by which I mean a kind of innocence.

So puzzled was I by what the Little Golden Theater had in mind that I looked up Mr. Shimkin himself. He clarified several points. First, his aim, he explained, was to give young people a theater as full of glamour as a Broadway first night. Second, he was tired of children's theater that consisted almost exclusively of what he disdainfully called "rehashes of some old fairy tale." He wanted to present original works, fit to engage the attention of sophisticated "young people," by which term he envisaged an audience eight years old and up. He saw early teen-agers as his ideal audience.

When I left Mr. Shimkin, my thoughts ran to the following: Children are, after all, small-scale compared to adults. Perhaps this is a hint that their theatrical fare should be conceived less grandiosely. Mr. Shimkin's avowed goal is to have "a 'My Fair Lady' of the junior circuit." Basically, the American Broadway musical is a worldly genre, designed lightly to engage the fancy but not heavily to tax the attention of the average distracted adult. Children, on the other hand, thrive on productions which demand total absorption and even encourage active participation. A "My Fair Lady" of the children's theater strikes me as a little absurd—not unlike a five-year-old got up in her mother's high heels.

Perhaps this comes nearest to touching on what seems to me to be Mr. Shimkin's chief error. He has fallen into that trap, so prevalent in this country, of

providing handsomely something for which there is absolutely no need. One cannot help but wonder how and why so much technical competence comes so often to be wasted on superfluous enterprises. A good deal has been written on the subject of "conspicuous consumption" in the United States, but nothing at all about conspicuous produc-

tion. Recently, an advertisement for a compact car was headlined "the bigger small car." Now, it seems to me we either need big cars or small ones, but not a bigger small one, or a smaller big one. In the same vein, Mr. Shimkin has turned out a bigger small musical.

In the end, I suppose it's uncharitable to damn the Little

Golden Theater out of hand on the basis of its maiden effort alone. Some of Mr. Shimkin's future subjects have much in their favor, and if he focuses his sights closely on the audience which genuinely needs children's theater instead of on bigtime razz-ma-tazz, something of merit may yet emerge from this high-flown venture.

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TV: The 21" Stereopticon

by Brock Brower

A decided doubleness hangs in the most reasonable definitions that even members of its own small staff have worked up for NBC-TV's "Project 20," one of the few cultural moths that still remains a mild irritant in today's Big Bland Eye. Writer Richard Hanser now thinks of himself as a writer of "fact dramas," a thought more concise, but hardly less double, than producer-director Donald Hyatt's bracing concepts of "nonfiction programing" and "entertainment in the broad public interest." But in a medium where thirteen weeks is the life of the average insect, "Project 20" has lasted ten years now by never holding itself precisely to anything, including the limits of the twentieth century, which was the original reason for calling it "20." If it had, some of its better shows—"Meet Mr. Lincoln" and "The Coming of Christ," for example—would have fallen outside its scope. To get them in, and for little better reason than that he simply wanted to do them, Hyatt doubled a little on the "20." "Lincoln is a part of us in the twentieth century. Or if he isn't, he should be."

The same goes more so for Mark Twain, the cowboys, and the Good Lord, whose "Coming" last December 21st pulled down the highest rating ever posted by a "nonfiction program" in the Eye's history. Nobody is going to argue definition with an audience that size, and I don't think "Project 20" need be more closely defined than to say it is a sort of specialty bakeshop at NBC, which, in a generally humanistic spirit, serves up wholesome bread in some shape of circus. What makes that circus go round—so that visually it appeals to the same mass audiences that normally prefer any West to the Real West—is worth a little closer attention, and right away I suspect two hidden influences. One is the old stereopticon, and the other is John Dos Passos.

The stereopticon was once the best instrument the American parlor possessed for glimpsing a scant, lost reality in an old, old photograph; and a similar *triomphe d'oeil* is the most endearing effect yet achieved on "Project 20." Everybody loves a mirage, especially one of the Past, and through lively cutting and an intricate tracery of carefully motivated camera movements, Hyatt has often created a sense of vibrancy, if not quite of life, in a standstill, album world. The trick is to render each picture "infinite." "The viewer should have the sense that in all directions there is more," he explains. "The picture should never be

given a frame, or 'moved into' just to keep movement going. When that happens, the whole world is lost." The whole world is not always gained through this technique, but in several instances it has produced mountings for episodes in the "fact drama" that are near perfect (and much superior, by the way, to the "action sequences").

In "Meet Mr. Lincoln," for instance, the 1864 election is handled entirely through a series of newspaper caricatures. A half-dozen grotesques of Lincoln—scheming, defeatist, bestial—are clicked off in fast cuts (*Narrator*: "Abraham Lincoln is vilified and mocked in the press as no other President has ever been"). Then the last portrait flashes on the screen (*Narrator*: "But the people are not misled. As Lincoln says: 'Truth is generally the best vindication against slander'")—a tall, thin, split-rail Lincoln, of whom we see at first only head and shoulders, until a camera glide takes the eye seeming miles down the gaunt figure to the words at his squared feet: LONG LINCOLN, A LITTLE LONGER. In seconds, it gives a stronger impression of Lincoln at the polls than anyone ever got from Raymond Massey, for all the film footage he spent stumping the 1860 campaign trail.

The stereopticon also represents an old habit of "viewing" that "Project 20" indulges. Old picture albums, peep shows, tin-types, tooled-leather scrapbooks, cigarette cards, posters, and such, are the haunts of American nostalgia, and everybody seems desperate nowadays for a parlor peek. With some of the "Project 20s," it's a tossup whether they're triumphs of television or daguerreotypy. Those beards. Those *mustaches*. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we still had the old paddle-wheelers? Even the more recent movie clips that Hyatt and Company put together for latter-day shows like "Life in the Thirties" or "Not So Long Ago" have this semimorbid attraction. Will Rogers not only never met a man he didn't like, but he was the Last American Everybody Loved, and a glimpse of Will in front of the mike, chewing his gum and jawing, is a chance for millions to unstopper and tell their children How Grand It Used To Be.

And I suspect the influence of John Dos Passos because "Project 20" frequently seems almost a sly transposition of his literary techniques into the lesser medium of television. Such shows as "Meet Mr. Lincoln," "Mark Twain's America," or "The Story of Will Rogers" bear a marked resemblance (without the pungency) to Dos Passos' "interspersed" biography that so deftly passes the man to get at the institution the man became. (An approach, by the way, that has many advantages over the usual Hollywood feint at a man's warm, human, and, most likely, blind side.) Even more so does the Dos Passos "Newsreel"—no newsreel

at all, of course, any more than "Project 20" is a real documentary—seem the model for the impressionistic run-together of song snatches, headlines, news clips, and whoopee in "The Jazz Age," "The Great War," and the other "Project 20" period pieces. They work like the Newsreel. In "The Thirties," a period dance tune insinuates behind quick takes of Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes, ironically pointing up the New Deal "honeymoon" that was so soon over. In "Not So Long Ago," a snatch of postwar tune—"Ac-centuate the Positive, E-liminate the Negative, Latch on to the Af-firmative..."—works as a short bridge between the time the boys come home on troopships and the time the boys go off again to Korea, on the same troopships.

The camera constantly picks up phrases. \$1200 to 1250 DOLLARS! FOR NEGROES!! on a poster in "Meet Mr. Lincoln." ALL NATIONS WELCOME HERE BUT CARRIE on the flap of a saloon tent in "The Real West." There are quick comedic inserts—Robert Benchley lecturing on the Depression, or Mayor LaGuardia reading the funny papers during a newspaper strike—that almost topple over scenes of the Bund, a death-masked Klansman kissing the American flag, or Whittaker Chambers accusing Alger Hiss with crocodile regret. The total effect is that of a heady onrush of pictorial phrase on top of pictorial phrase—always cut short, and captioned by music as much as by narration (itself more phrases than sentences)—that gives the emotional pitch of the times portrayed. In short, Dos Passos minus critical insight.

The series is not consistently crackerjack. One of its worst bores, in fact, is a Main Street theme that crops up every so often in the interest of continuity. Let's see what Ma Perkins was doing while the world was going to hell in a handcar. Obviously, Ma—and all plain folks from 1493 to 1984—was pretty much doing for herself, as the narration, politely as possible, says about nineteen different ways. Also, Main Street is pictorially just Main Street, and the camera could dolly up and down it, begging with a tin cup, all day long and still not capture much excitement. Hyatt complains that "the intimate stuff" simply can't be found in the film libraries, but this is hardly an excuse for the lawn-sprinkling, toast-toasting footage that looks as if it has been scissored right out of a Home Ec preview.

Also, there seems to be a tendency to fudge a bit now and again. In "The Real West," Billy the Kid is called at a safe distance "a homicidal moron from the slums of New York," but when it comes to Gerald L. K. Smith, ranting voicelessly on Visual, the Audio says, "The Rev. Gerald Smith falls heir to the Share-the-

Wealth movement, a political enemy murders Huey Long. 'I always talk loud,' says the Rev. Gerald Smith, and too many come to listen and believe." Believe what? In Share-the-Wealth? In shouting? There's no indication that the Rev. Gerald Smith might want to eliminate the Jews.

Another limitation on "Project 20" is the obvious familiarity of the material covered. A lot of us have had the course already. The late Henry Salomon, whose "Victory at Sea" was the first "Project 20," discovered some marvelous film that had never been shown before, but the usual course of research is summarized in Hyatt's remark about the production of "The Coming of Christ": "We didn't dig up a single new scroll." "Project 20" does not "impart new information," and that is why it holes up in Programing at NBC, rather than moving over to Public Affairs. Educationally, it's a quick crib for the adults, and a first primer for the kiddies. But if "Project 20" doesn't exactly advance the frontiers of knowledge, it does invariably draw a moral. Or, better, draws on some moral force, even if erratically, for most of its energy. An atavistic desire to Say Something is what gets Hyatt moving on any particular idea for "Project 20."

The general technique has now sufficiently caught on to earn the dubious accolade (after winning most of the prizes in television), of increased sponsorship. This coming season, Hyatt, under his larger hat of Director of Special Projects, is producing some "Project 20-esque" shows for Du Pont, only the legendary figures here are not Lincoln and Twain, but Bob Hope and Flo Ziegfeld. This sudden, richly endowed threat to good taste and privacy of viewpoint is being met by keeping the title "Project 20" still an NBC label, and not a new Du Pont one. (By contrast, it may come to mean something definitive after all.) The projects that will really be "Project 20s" are "Laughter, U.S.A.," a "fact drama" on American humor, and the other half-hour of the Christ story, "He is Risen," which so far looks like the year's strongest entry. It has the Bible for script, the world's *musées des beaux arts* for picture sources, music from the Gregorian chant on up, and every color in that NBC peacock's tail. It also has in its favor Hyatt's good sense in choosing to remain tightly inside that still world of great art, letting the Voices of Silence speak the loudest. Although that kind of arrangement can't be made every day on television, it's to be hoped that "Project 20" continues to try for it as often as possible. It would be a shame to see one of the few television enterprises that has stalwartly remained a real project over a decade of abandoned experiments turn into just another messy anthology. Or to see that Main Street rift open any wider.

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE

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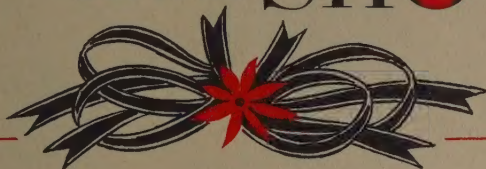
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